ACPL ITEM
DISCARDED

URBAN SCHOOL SERVICE
PUBLIC LIBRARY
FORT WAYNE & ALLEN CO., IND.

jU.S.

US690196

j590 K12

PUBLIC LIBRARY
Fort Wayne and Allen County, Ind.

EXTRACTS FROM RULES

A fine of two cents a day shall be paid on each volume not returned when book is due. Injuries to books, and losses must be made good. Card holders must promptly notify the Librarian of change of residence under penalty of forfeiture of card.

EXTRACT FROM STATE LAW

Whoever shall wilfully or mischievously, cut, mark, mutilate, write in or upon, or otherwise deface any book, magazine, newspaper, or other property of any library organized under the laws of this state, shall be fined not less than ten dollars nor more than one hundred dollars.

Acme Library Card Pocket

KEEP YOUR CARD IN THIS POCKET

LIBRARY BUREAU CAT. NO. 1165

K12
US690196

DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS FROM POCKET

S70

ACPL ITEM
DISCARDED

Jungle Babies

JUNGLE BABIES

By

EDYTH KAIGH-EUSTACE

Foreword by

KERMIT ROOSEVELT

Illustrations by

PAUL BRANSOM

and

DON NELSON

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
New York · Chicago · San Francisco

Copyright, 1930, by
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
All rights reserved
Edition of 1935

Printed in the United States of America

B-35

U. S. 690196

To My Husband

The Foreword

JUNGLE BABIES represents a very happy combination of author and artist. It must be evident to any reader that Mrs. Kaigh-Eustace is thoroughly acquainted with her subject, and writes from a sympathetic knowledge acquired on the ground.

Normal children, almost without exception, take an eager interest in wild life. I remember how keenly we used to follow the careers of Lobo, and the other characters in *Lives of the Hunted;* for Ernest Thompson Seton had just started writing when we were youngsters, and he came to stay with us in Albany when Father was Governor.

Chunk, Fusky, and Snout, Young's delightful story of the life of three wild pigs, had at an earlier date held us enthralled, as it has my own children, and, of course, it was then only recently that "a new planet had swum into our ken" in the shape of the *First* and *Second Jungle Books.*

It was not until sometime later that Kenneth Grahame turned from *Dream Days* and the *Golden Age* to give us *The Wind in the Willows,* in which he surmounts seemingly an even more unscalable peak than did Rudyard Kipling; for he not only makes his animals speak, but he makes them live in semi-human fashion. How he succeeds in this with an audience of every age remains a mystery.

Of late years books about our neighbors of the wood and the field have appeared in ever-increasing numbers, but here, as with everything else, there is always room for another if it is the right kind, and *Jungle Babies* most emphatically is the right kind.

Mrs. Kaigh-Eustace manages to crowd an amazing amount of accurate information into her book, and while doing so, she yet succeeds in avoiding that didacticism which would go so far to destroy her hold over her young audience.

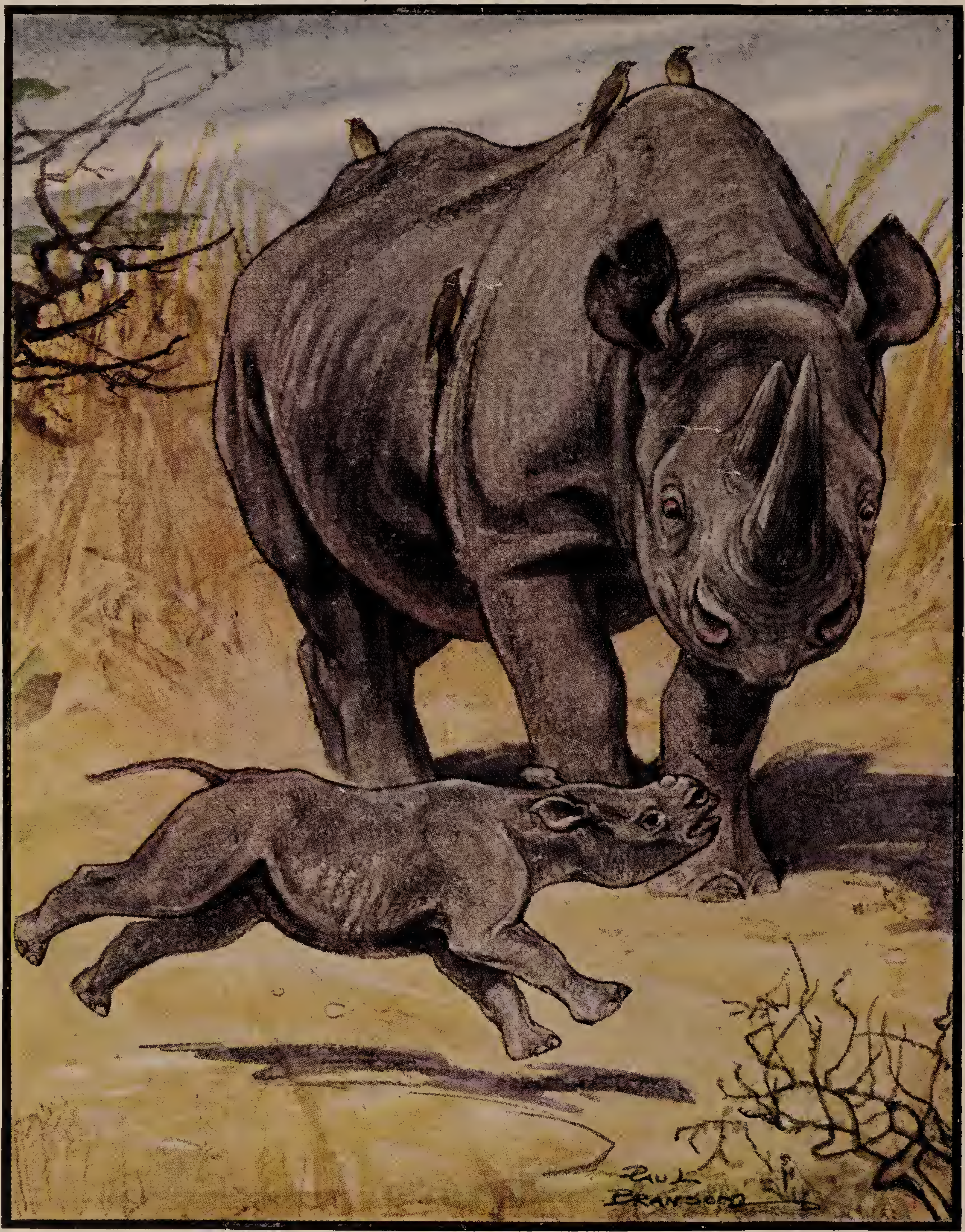
I say "young audience," and it is, of course, primarily for children that she is writing, but I am certain that most of the children's parents, when once they have read a few pages, will not surrender the volume until they have finished it.

Mr. Paul Bransom's color illustrations and Mr. Don Nelson's pen-and-ink drawings are admirable in every way, and such illustrators must inevitably increase the value of such a book immeasurably. We are indeed fortunate in having such a union of forces, and doubly so, in that Mrs. Kaigh-Eustace should be one of the rare individuals who not only has had the opportunity of leading the life to fit her to do the writing, but in addition has possessed the talent to avail herself of her experiences.

Kermit Roosevelt

The Contents

PAGE
The Foreword 7
THE BLACK RHINOCEROS 13
THE LEOPARD 29
THE PORCUPINE 47
THE HIPPOPOTAMUS 63
THE LION 81
THE KLIPDAS 99
THE OKAPI 113
THE HYENA 125
THE HONEY GUIDE 137
THE WART-HOG 151
THE GIRAFFE 169
THE DESERT ZERDA 187
THE MARABOU 201
THE ELEPHANT 215
THE ZEBRA 233
THE CHEETAH 247


PAUL BRANSOM

I run round my mother as hard as I can go

The Black Rhinoceros

SNIFF, sniff, sniff.

What a strange way to begin a story!

Yes, it certainly is. Of course, you know that it is impolite to sniff, but when you are a rhinoceros you cannot help it, because a rhinoceros always sniffs—it is a habit of his.

I am a little rhinoceros, and so I know all about this.

I live in Zululand, which is a very nice part of Africa. Sugar cane grows in this part of the country, and all manner of nice fruits; monkey nuts grow here, too. Sniff, sniff, I can smell some now.

A rhinoceros will sniff for a great many reasons—if he is pleased, or angry, or surprised, or hurt. If he meets another rhinoceros they will both say "Sniff" and when my mother comes up to me she will say "Sniff" gently, and put down her head with the long nose horn on it close to me, and she will say "Sniff" again.

I said "Sniff" just now because I could hear Mother coming back to me, and it is my way of showing I am pleased.

She is walking through the noisy grass, the grass which the native people call the *tchigonankondo* grass. This name means "the grass which gives warning of the approach of an enemy."

That certainly is a lot for one word to mean, but we are like that in Africa, you know. We make one word work hard, and mean quite a lot.

The *tchigonankondo* grass rustles and makes quite a loud noise and gives warning to any animal hiding in it of the approach of some one else.

This is very useful, and this is why Mother likes to leave me in it, and why she likes to rest in it herself.

We went for a walk, Mother and I. It was a fine, hot day and Mother became very thirsty.

She said to me, "Emu′-ne, my son [*Emu′-ne* is African for "black rhinoceros"], I am very thirsty. I think I shall go down to the water hole for a drink. But it is too far for you to go, for you have walked a great way already"—and Mother sat down on her tail. She braced herself with her front feet as we pig people like to do, and looked at me.

She sat there quite a while until I said, "Well, Mother, why don't you go to the water hole?"

Mother stood up and shook herself. Her tail with the few thick hairs on the end of it swung from side to side, and with her right foot she pawed at the ground as if she were anxious to be walking.

"Well, Emu′-ne," she said, "I *believe* I can trust you not to go away out of the *tchigonankondo* grass, for I have trained you to be very obedient. But if the turtledove comes along, or the little bird we saw yesterday comes and sings to you his song, 'Come away, come away,' perhaps you might forget and stray off. I am half afraid to leave you." And Mother stood there and looked at me very seriously.

I went up to her and rubbed my tiny little nose horn, which is just beginning to show, against her big side.

I said, "Mother, you can go for your drink. I shall not leave the *tchigonankondo* grass. I shall wait here until you come back, in spite of the birds."

So Mother said, "Sniff, sniff! Come down into this hollow under the shady tree and perhaps you can go to sleep for a while."

So I lay down in the hollow under the tree and I went to sleep.

I think I had not been asleep for very long when I was roused by a soft voice saying, "Go *fur*ther, go *fur*ther." And I woke right up.

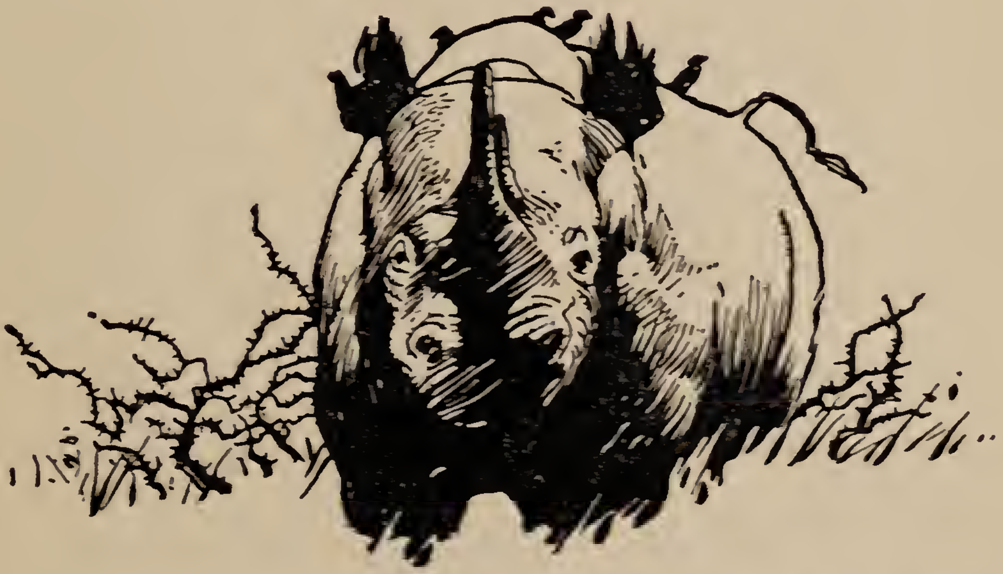
The soft voice kept on saying, "Go *fur*ther, go *fur*ther." I could not see anyone at first and I wondered who it was who spoke so softly to me.

I looked all around and could see no one. Then I looked up into the tree and there I saw a beautiful turtledove. He was sitting on a twig bobbing his head up and down, and always he was saying, "Go *fur*ther, go *fur*ther."

Have you ever heard a dove coo? The next time you are in the woods, listen—and you will hear it say "Go *fur*ther, go *fur*ther." And perhaps *you* can go further, but I remembered what Mother had told me, and I said to the dove:

"I *can't* go further. I am waiting for my mother. She told me not to move."

The turtledove put his head on one side and looked down at me with a bright little eye. "Go *fur*ther," he said, "go *fur*ther."



Mother looked at me very seriously

I pretended not to hear him, and just then I heard the *tchigonankondo* grass rustling, and I knew it was Mother coming back to me, because I heard her sniffing. So I said, "Sniff," too, I was so pleased.

Mother stood at the top of the little hollow and called me to her. I went at once.

A baby rhinoceros is very obedient. He keeps very close to his mother because he can see only a little way ahead. He is short-sighted, so he has to learn things very slowly.

But I can play. Did you ever see a baby rhino at play? Only I have no one to play with. Sniff, sniff!

Mother rhinos have only one baby at a time, and my mother is too big to play with me so I have to play all by myself and make up my own games. Sniff!

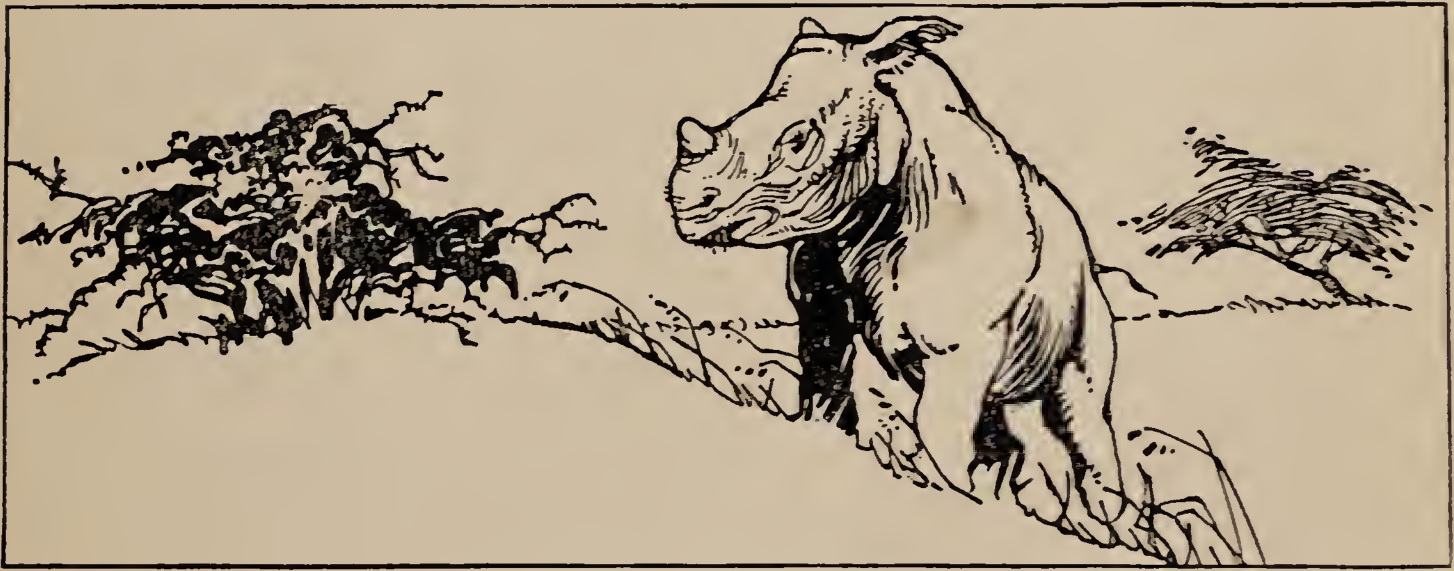
But I have plenty of fun. Shall I tell you of some of my games? I like to run up a little hill and stand on the top. Then I paw at the ground until I have made a little furrow. I am pretending that an enemy is coming up the hill and I am keeping him away.

Then I have another game. When I see a bush in front of me, I sometimes run at it as hard as I can run. The game is to stop just short of the bush, before it touches my nose.

Then, sometimes I feel very gay, and I start to run round my mother as hard as I can go. It is quite a long way round Mother, she is so very big. I like to see her great head turning from side to side as she watches me gallop round her. I pass under her nose and round by her tail, and round and round again.

It is great fun for me. But Mother gets worried if I do much of this running round her. She has forgotten that she was once a baby rhino and that *she* used to run round *her* mother in just the same way.

So sometimes she stops me. She says, "Come here,



I like to run up a little hill

Emu′-ne, and take a lesson in turning on your own axis."

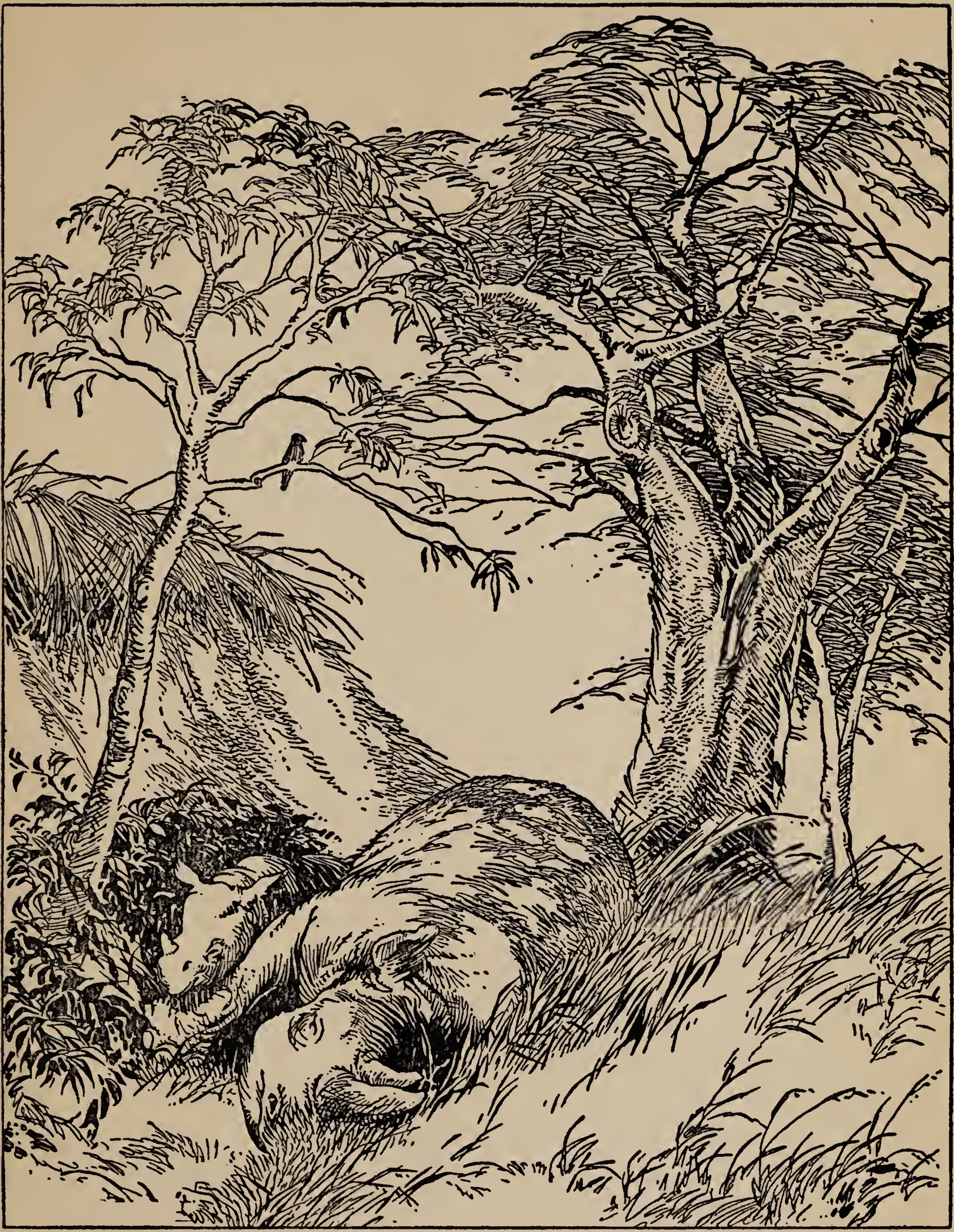
I come at once. I like this lesson; it is fun.

First, Mother makes me run a little way as fast as I can. When she blows a big sniff, I stop and swing my body to one side with all four feet close together. Then off I go again until Mother blows another sniff, and I bring my feet together again and give a swing to the other side.

This is called "turning on your own axis."

Every baby rhino has to learn to turn on his own axis because of his poor sight. It helps him to get away from danger quickly.

When my lesson is finished, Mother makes me lie down and rest for a while. She lies down herself before I do. Watch her and see how she does it. First she stands quite still and sniffs; then she begins to swing slowly from side to side, then she sits down. Then she lies down on her side on the grass. She stretches herself out, and lays her big head on the ground and closes her eyes. I cuddle close to her side and have a good rest.



I cuddle close to her side and have a good rest

There is a lot of mud on Mother's coat today. When she went to drink she rolled over and over in the water, and came up out of the water hole all over thick, soft mud.

She likes to do this, and she does it for a good reason; the mud helps to keep her cool. It acts as a kind of overcoat against the hot sun of Africa.

The mud does not stay on her coat very long. It cracks and falls off, and the tick bird pecks at it, too.

The tick bird is one of our friends. He rides about on Mother's broad back and picks off the ticks which worry her.

He is a sort of sentinel, too. If he sees something coming toward us when we are lying down he will fly up in the air over us and call out a warning. Then we get ready for whatever is going to happen.

Do you see the two horns on Mother's head? They are not really horns, though they are called so. They are really made of long hairs all pressed very tightly together and growing up into a sharp point.

The horn of a rhinoceros is one of the wonders of the world. No one knows or ever will know why it is or how it is that our horns are made of hair instead of ivory or instead of real horn such as the antelope and the buffalo have.

Mother takes great care of her horns, for she knows that if they are knocked off, they will not grow again.

It is with these nose horns that we dig up out of the ground the roots on which we feed. We eat twigs and green leaves, too, and shoots of a big thorn called the "wait-a-bit"—*wacht-een-bitji*—thorn.

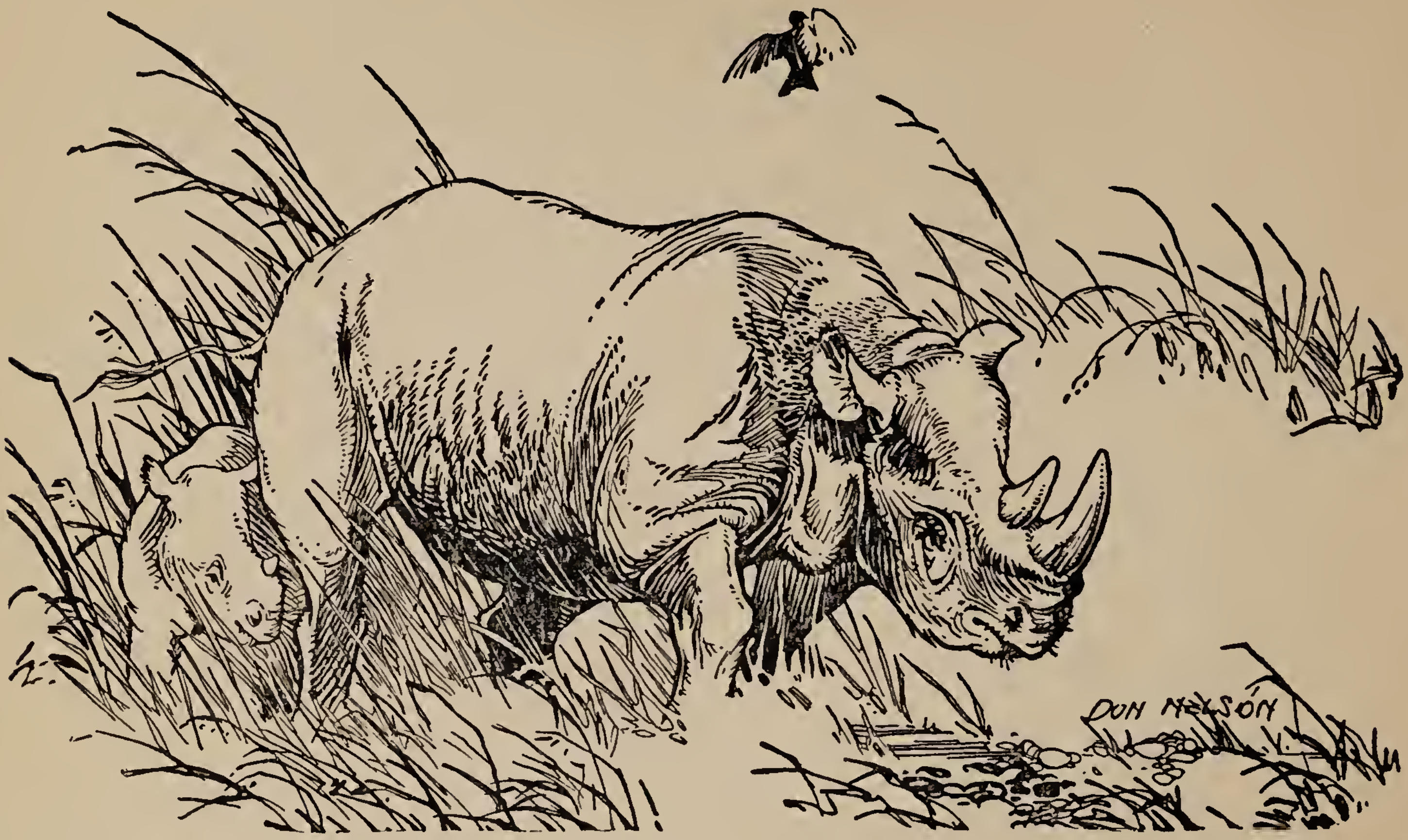
This thorn is called "wait-a-bit" because it has a long hook on it, and the hook catches in your coat and makes you wait a bit before you can get it out.

A rhino's coat is about two inches thick, so *we* do not mind the thorns. We eat them and they are good food for us.

We have not many enemies, but there are a few animals whom we do not like to meet.

One of them is the leopard. The leopard could not do much harm to Mother, but he could injure *me* badly if he were to attack me while I am still small.

So when Mother sees a leopard in the grass, or one



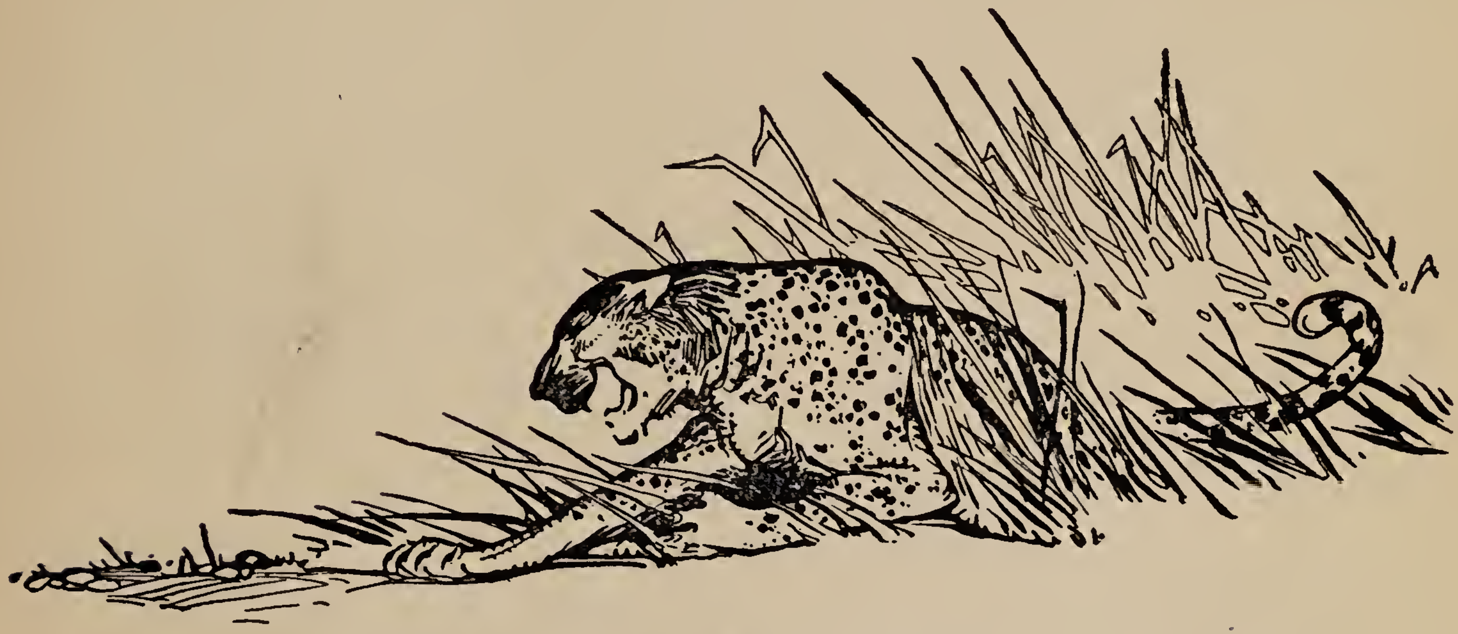
Mother said, "Sniff," in a terrible voice

coming toward us, she makes a fuss and runs at him to drive him away. She is so afraid he will spring on me and hurt me.

One day Mother took me for a walk through some tall grass. The path was very narrow; it was what we call a "game trail." Suddenly we noticed another rhinoceros coming toward us.

He was a *BIG* rhinoceros with a long and thick horn on his nose. He stopped and said, "Sniff." And Mother and I stopped, too, and we both said, "Sniff."

The big rhinoceros stood still in the narrow sandy trail for some time. And we stood and waited, too, as the pathway was too narrow for us to pass by. Presently he put down his head and turned off into the long grass; it was very long—it stood higher than we did. He walked into the high grass and passed by us; then he stepped into the trail again.



The leopard snarled and crouched low in the path

Mother did not see him go because she walked right on at once, when he had gone, but I turned around and saw him go on down the trail. He had seven tick birds on his back and head.

It was nice of him to make way for us. We went on down the narrow trail, and what *do* you think we met next? A great big ***LEOPARD*** with a long narrow head and a long furry tail!

Mother did not like him at all. She stood with her four feet very firmly planted on the ground, and she said, "Sniff," in a terrible voice. Then she put her big head down low; she was going to toss the leopard out of the path with her long nose horn. I ran round behind Mother to get out of the way of the leopard.

But the leopard did not wait for her to toss him away, he was frightened. He snarled and crouched low on the path. Then he jumped into the thickest part of the tall grass and was gone in an instant.

We did not see him any more, but we could hear him growl.

When I am grown up, I shall have a fine nose horn like Mother's. Then I shall dig for roots, and roll in the mud as she does, and frighten the leopards out of the path.

It will be great fun! But I must wait a *long* time before I can do all these things.

Sniff! Sniff!

The Black Rhinoceros Song

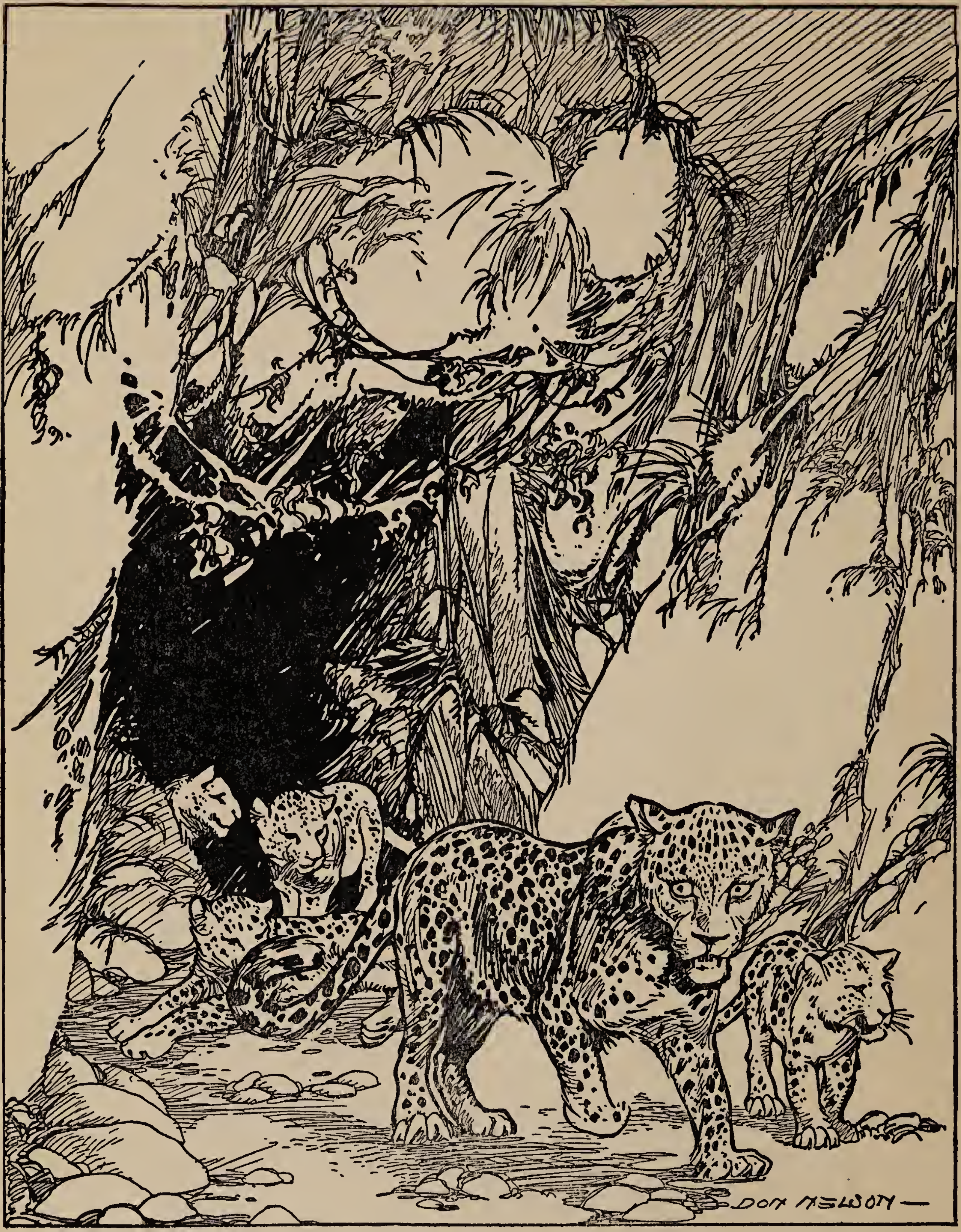
Little Black Rhino of Zululand
I see you now as I pass,
Little Black Rhino, how still you stand
In the African noisy grass!

Little Black Rhino on your hill,
Keeping your foes away,
You know there is nobody there—but still
Some one might come today!

Little Black Rhino, you should not run
Round and round like a top;
For you will get so hot in the sun,
Little Black Rhino—STOP!

Little Black Rhino, charge your bush
Fast on your little black toes.
Be very sure that you reckon your rush
Or you may damage your nose.

Little Black Rhino, enjoy your play,
Happy in sunshine or rain.
Live and grow big, and I hope some day
That I may meet you again.



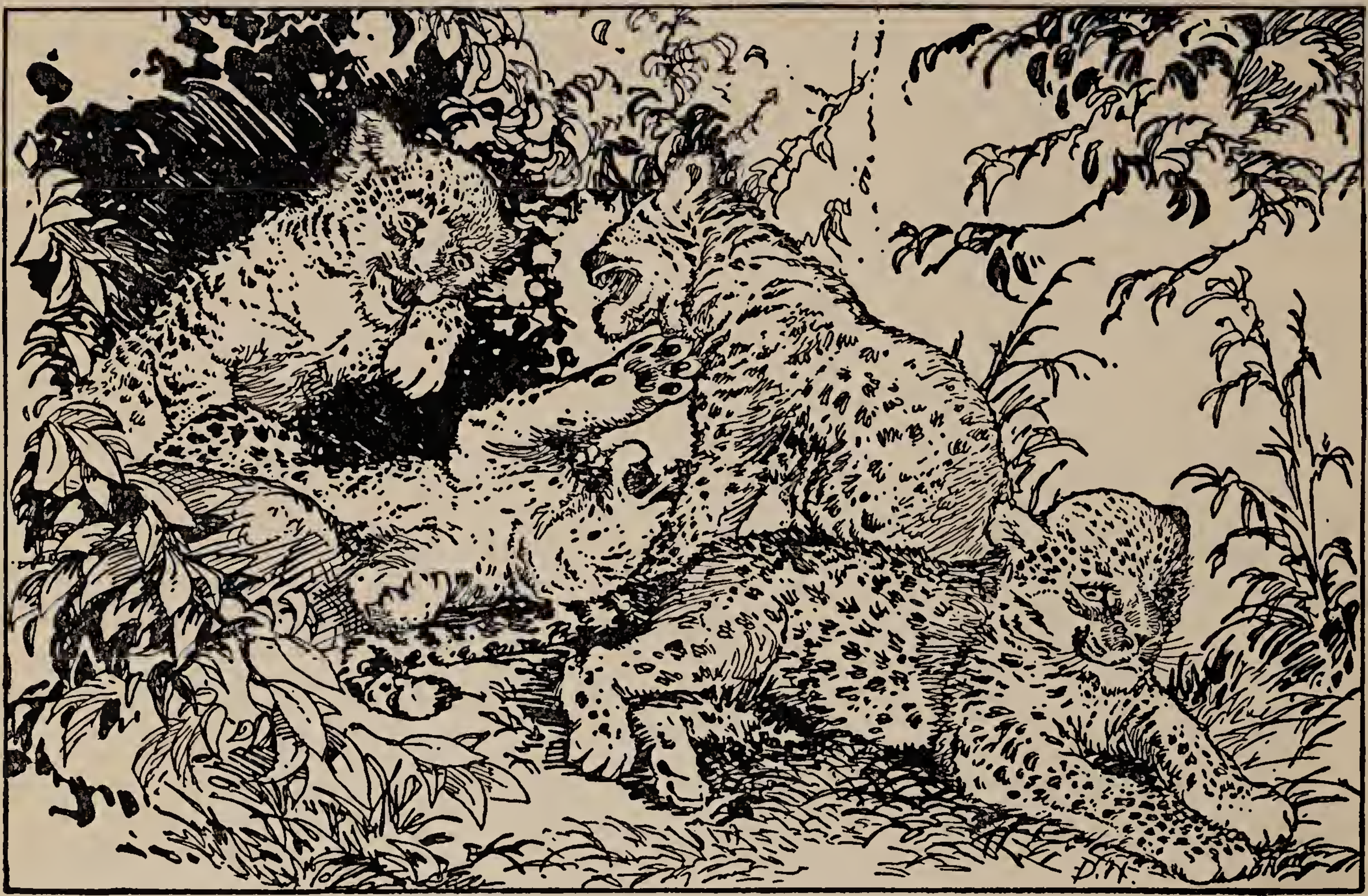
We have our family den high up on a steep hillside

The Leopard

IN A certain part of Rhodesia, there is a deep, dark, wide, low cave, halfway up a great pile of rocks and overlooking the "rain-dance hills."

Native girls dance on these hills in the October of every year, as they believe their dancing will bring plenty of rain—and to have plenty of rain is very important in Africa.

The large dark cave is on a hill called *Injelele,* which means "the slippery-sided mountain."



You see, we are just big kittens

It is not an easy hill for men to climb, and that is why we have our family den up here. It is called "the den of the leopards," and we can lie on the rocks outside it and gaze over the country below.

There are four of us here—four babies, I mean—Father and Mother Leopard are out hunting.

We are still rather small, but quite old enough to play around with you, and have a fine time. A leopard baby loves to play. You see, we are just big kittens.

We have very useful eyes, because we can see almost as well with them by night as by day. You know, of course, that all cats can see very well at night, and we are cats, true cats.

We have cat claws, too. Will you take my paw in your hand and look closely at them? You see they are already getting strong. We can shut them up when we walk and we can thrust them out when we wish to exercise them. They are curved and very strong.

They are useful to us in climbing trees, and for clinging on to great branches when we are getting ready to leap down to the ground. And if we did not have these strong sharp claws of ours, we could not hold our food after we catch it.

It is a sad day for a leopard when he loses his claws and can no longer hunt and catch an antelope for his dinner. Then he has to lie in wait for wood mice, ground squirrels, frogs, and other small things.

If he is very hungry indeed, or impatient, and ready to catch the very first thing he meets for his dinner, the first thing may turn out to be a porcupine wearing his long, dangerous, barbed quills.

Generally a leopard will be wary of a porcupine, but sometimes he does not stop to think how easily the quills will enter the soft pads of his feet, or how difficult it will be to get them out again. He will spring upon the porcupine, and the porcupine's loose-fitting quills will enter his pads and give him much pain.

We must be very good hunters; for the kind of meal we leopards like best is the nervous, swift animals—the most excitable ones in all the jungle or open plain.

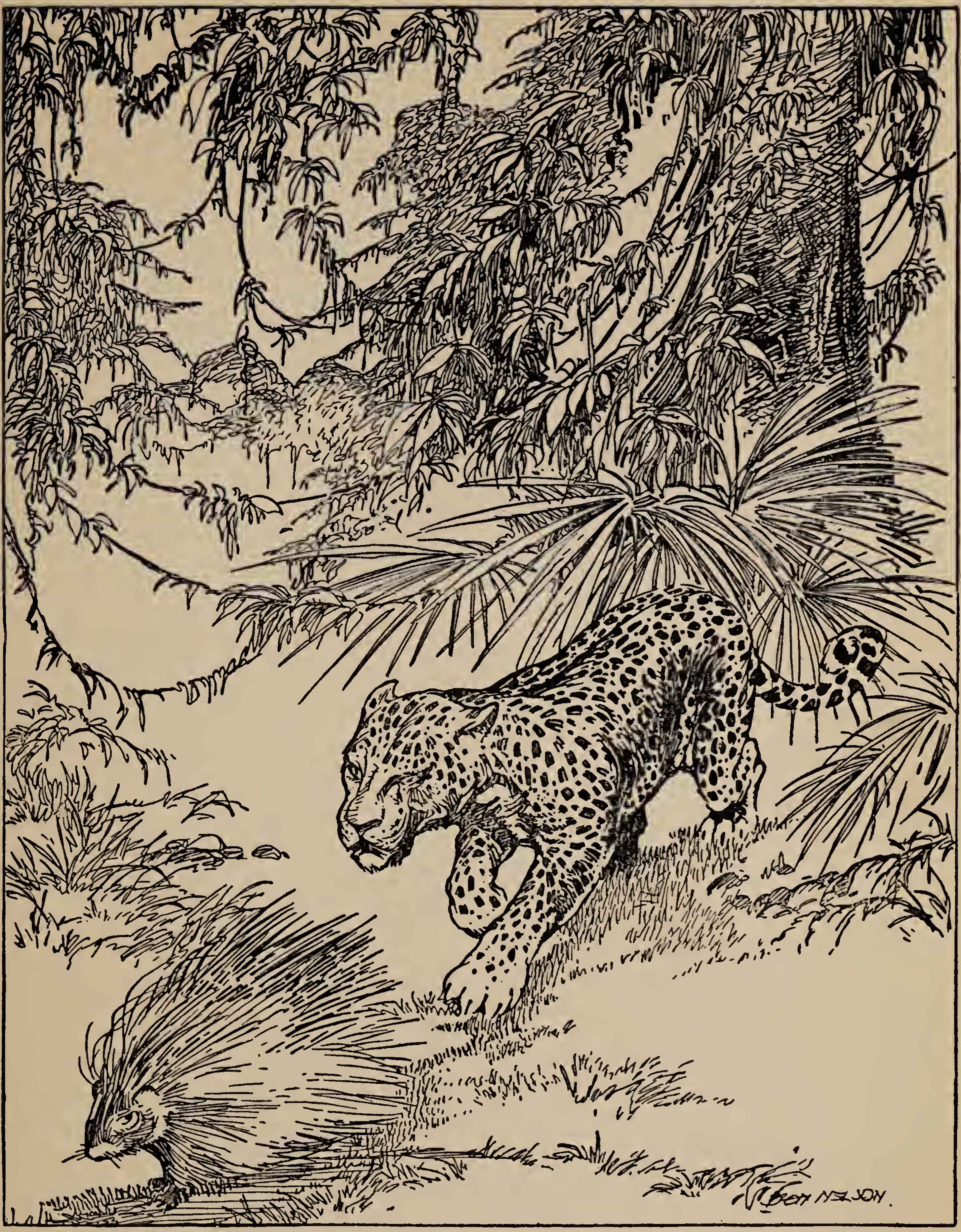
Do you know that, though so many people call us "tigers," even in Africa, we are not really tigers at all?

A leopard is quite a different animal from a tiger. Real, true, proper tigers do not live in Africa at all. They live in many other parts of the world, but you will never see a tiger in Africa, except in a zoo.

We leopards are very fortunate animals in many ways. We have no natural enemies who hunt us, and try to kill us for food or for any other reason.

We have only one real enemy, and that is—Man!

A hunter will bring his gun into the part of the country where we live, and he will set about trying to find out where we leopards are.



The first thing he meets may be a porcupine

This is not easy. We live in bush and wooded land as well as in the mountains and we hide our dens well. You may pass quite close to a leopard's den and never know it is there, if you are a stranger in Africa.

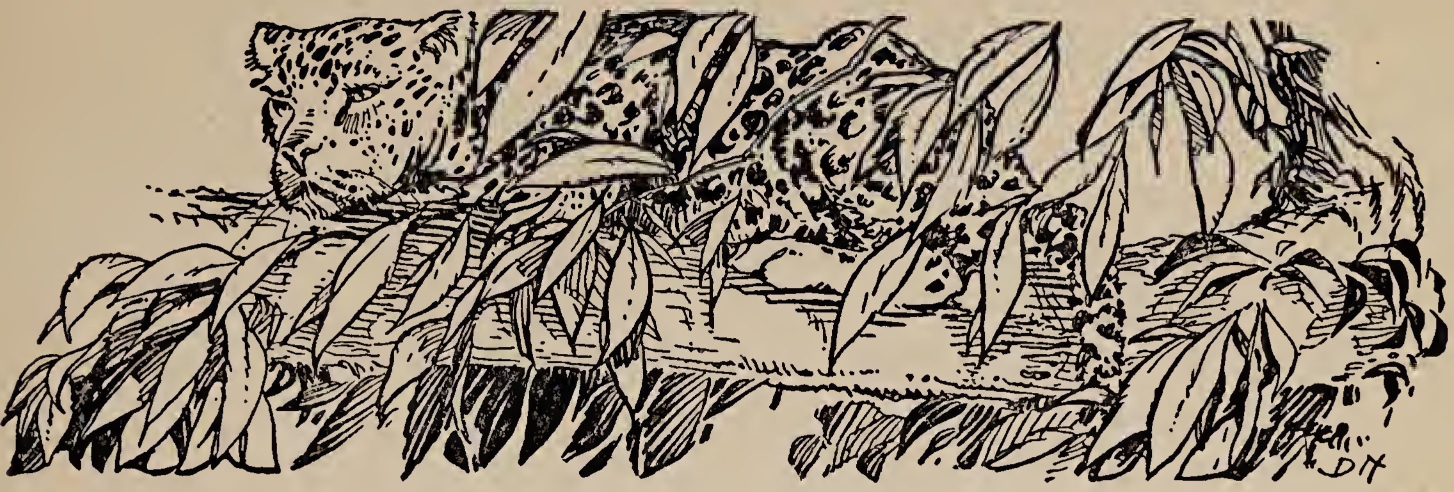
But if a hunter belongs to Africa and has hunted leopard before, especially with a black man who knows a good deal about animals, he will know at once if there is a leopard's den close to him, even though he may not see or hear an animal at all.

I will tell you the reason why.

If you have ever looked at some leopards in their cage in a zoological park, I expect you have noticed a special kind of scent, coming from their cage. Perhaps you have thought that this was because the cage was not kept perfectly in order, but there is another reason than that for this scent.

A leopard always has this particular scent upon him, even in the wildest wilds of Africa, where no one ever sees or hears him roaming about.

Some people think that this scent is given him as a warning to other animals. They notice it, and, startled, look around to see where it comes from. And



Lying on a branch of a tree, almost hidden

very often they see the leopard in time to run away. So, you see, the leopard has cause to be very careful when he is hunting.

U. S. 690196

Perhaps this is why he lives so much in the trees; the jungle people do not notice this scent so much when the leopard is away above their heads.

If a man is hunting and suddenly notices this special scent, he will say to himself, or to his black boy, "There is a leopard's den close by." Then he will be very wary and attentive. He will look out very carefully all around, in case the leopard should be lying on a branch of a tree just over his head, almost hidden in the foliage, and ready to drop down upon him and, very likely, kill him. For it is the truth that the leopard is dangerous to man and to other animals.

Do you want me to tell you a story? Well then—

On a certain evening that we shall never forget, Father went out to hunt all by himself.

It had been a very hot day, so hot that we were all glad to lie in the cool shelter of our family den, waiting for the nighttime to come.

We had arranged to go together down to the river to drink, and then Father and Mother were going to show us how to find our way through the darkness back to our den. This is one of the lessons we have to learn when we are young. But first they had intended to try to catch an aardvark for supper.

The aardvark is the African anteater. He is very large, and if Father and Mother caught a big one there would be enough food for our supper and some left over for breakfast. So we looked forward all day to a fine feast that night.

Well, it was so hot that Mother took us to the back of the den and told us to go to sleep; then she went to sleep herself. It was very quiet in the den.

The sun went down and the air became cooler; and first one of us woke up, and then another, until

Mother said, "Now, children, it is time to go out," and we all scrambled to the front of the cave.

Mother walked to the entrance of our den, stretching one long, lithe limb after another, and rolling her tongue over her teeth as leopards do when they are going on a hunt.

She looked around the den with her cat's eyes, which can see in the dark, and she peered out into the velvet black night. Then she said, "Why, children, where is your father?"

We little ones all looked at Mother and then out into the black night, but we could not tell her where Father was.

Then Mother drew back her lip and snarled; she bounded about the cave, and her long beautiful tail began to lash her sides. She was becoming angry.

Suddenly she stopped snarling; she put down her head and, holding one paw off the ground, she thrust her neck out as far as she could. She looked as if she were listening to something. So we all listened, too.

Presently, from afar off, we heard a long drawn-out call or cry. We did not know what it meant, but

Mother knew; it was Father's voice, and he was calling her to come to him.

Mother did not like the sound of Father's cry; she stood on the rock and snarled and snarled. So all we little ones tried to snarl as well; it seemed the proper thing to do.

"Come, children," said Mother then. "We will go out and see what is the matter, and why Father is calling us."

Mother Leopard leaped down the rocks, and waited till we had scrambled down; then she took a narrow sand trail, and we all trotted along behind her.

Once she stopped, and sent out a call that sounded like a rusty saw going through wood, and quite close by we heard Father Leopard's voice, answering her.

We all ran in that direction. Mother Leopard got there first, and when we arrived we found her standing and looking at Father.

Poor Father Leopard! No wonder he called to Mother for help.

Right there, in the middle of a clump of bushes, almost hidden by the twigs and leaves, was a large cage made of strong iron bars. And sitting inside the cage, all tired out with jumping about and trying to escape, was Father Leopard!

Mother Leopard was furious when she saw that Father had been caught in the cage. She leaped at it, and bit the bars, and shook it until it rocked so much it nearly turned over on its side. But she could not free Father.

Then she and Father Leopard began to talk. Father told her that some men had put the cage there to catch something, but that he did not know it until it was too late. He said he wished he had not gone hunting by himself that night.

"When I saw a nice piece of dinner in the cage," said Father Leopard, "I thought I would get it and bring it right back for the little ones, and now I cannot get out at all."

Mother snarled again. "Dear me, dear me," said she, "this is terrible; whatever can we do?"

The words were hardly out of her mouth when there came a flash of light out of the velvet darkness, and a great and loud *bang,* and then another *bang,* and we all turned and ran as hard as we could; we were so frightened.

It was a man with a gun!

I ran and ran until I ran up against something sitting under a big bush. I ran right onto this thing, and it put out its paws and held me—fast!

And the thing was another man!

What a terrible adventure for a small leopard!

But the man did not hold me long. I bit and kicked and scratched with my hind legs until he had to let me go, and I ran back into the sand trail. There I found the others.

Mother Leopard took us back to our den, and then she went back to Father. She hid in the bushes until the men had carried off the cage with Father Leopard in it. Then she followed them a long, long way, until in the distance she saw a place called a zoological park. When she saw this, she turned and came back to us in the cave. She knew it was no use to go any farther.

Now listen to what happened. The black men who were carrying Father Leopard took the iron trap up to a very large cage in the park and opened a big sliding door in it. They pushed the trap with Father in it into the large cage, shut the door, and, reaching through the bars with a long hook, they opened the door of the iron trap.

Father jumped out at once and trotted and ran round and round the big cage. He was very much upset at being caught and put in a park for people to look at all day long. It was so dull to be shut up, after roaming all his life in the bush and the beautiful open country.

He was so vexed that at first he would not eat the food that the black keeper put through the bars for him. After two or three days he began to eat, but he never learned to be happy in the cage, and he was always trying to get out.

This is a real zoo that I am telling you about, not a make-believe one. There are no gates or hedges around this zoo, only a low wire around a large open piece of ground with a few cages in it.

Now comes the thrilling part of the story.

On a certain afternoon a lot of people were visiting the zoo. There were a great many white people, some

Indian coolies, several Chinamen, and of course plenty of black men.

It was feeding time and, as usual, the animals in the cages were excited.

The honey ratel had stopped playing with his flat piece of board.

The old cheetah whose tail had been cut off by accident when the iron door fell on it, was purring over a big bone.

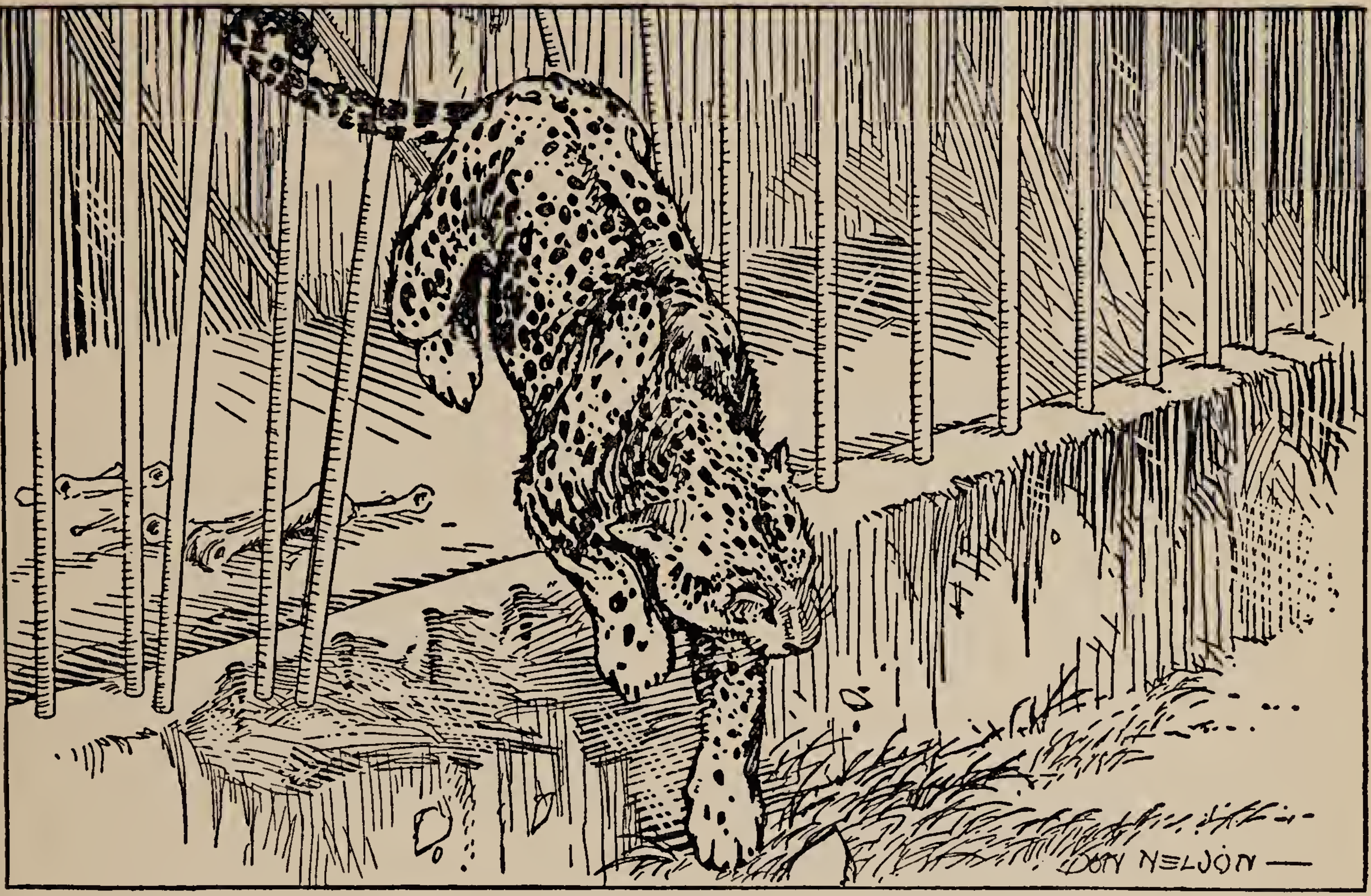
The two lion cubs had stopped rolling their big wooden ball and were looking through the wide bars of their run when the black keeper with the food came to Father Leopard's cage.

All the people, quite a crowd, stood behind him anxious to see Father seize his piece of meat, when—suddenly—

Father threw himself against the bars of his big cage, and shook them, and fought with them.

People came running from all parts of the park to look, and the black keeper stood back from the cage.

Then a wonderful thing happened! The plaster in which the bars of the cage were fixed had become dry



Father jumped lightly to the ground

and brittle in the hot African sun; it cracked, and as Father flung himself against the bars once more, they swung outward, the plaster below the bars fell off in a big piece, and Father Leopard stood with his head and shoulders thrust through the gap.

All the people turned around and ran as fast as they could run; the black men ran faster than any. There is no place to hide in these gardens; they are very bare, so everyone ran for the little bridge where the donkeys stand in a row, waiting for children to ride them.

Father Leopard stood half in and half out of the cage, and watched them go. They reached the bridge, and some of them turned to look back. Father looked at them, and jumped lightly to the ground.

Once more they were all going to run, when they saw Father shake his head and bound off in the other direction.

Over the low wire and out into the free country of Rhodesia he ran, and back to Mother and us babies, who were still living in the same den, waiting for him.

How pleased we all were ! Father and Mother kissed, and nuzzled, and washed each other's faces just like two big cats.

But ever since then, Father has been very wary of anything that might even look like a trap; and he is teaching us to become as careful as he is himself.

The maidens were gathering on the rain hills for their midnight rain dance, when we all went down to the river below Injelele for a drink, before going on a hunt to catch something for our supper.

Leopard, Spotted Leopard

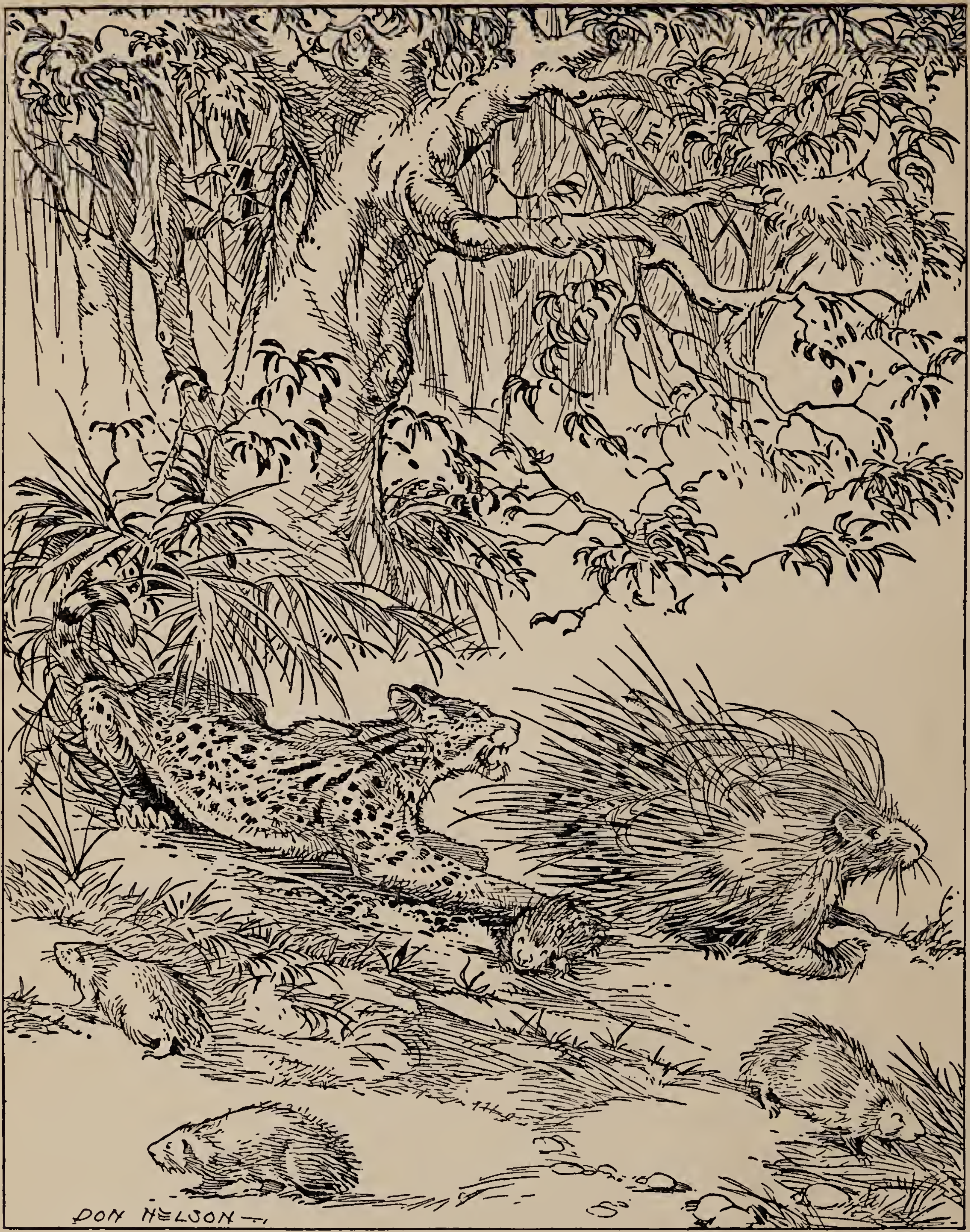
Leopard, spotted leopard,
Coat so soft and fine,
Lying on a leafy bough,
Hoping soon to dine;

Leopard, fearless leopard,
Eyes of golden hue,
Are you just a tree-cat
Hidden there from view?

Leopard, graceful leopard,
What a splendid bound
From your shelter 'neath the leaves
Brought you to the ground.

Leopard, daring leopard,
Catch your prey, and then
Pick it up and take it to
Your babies in the den.

Leopard, lordly leopard,
I can understand
How you love your roving life
In your noble land.



The serval cat yelled and took his foot off the baby

The Porcupine

DO YOU know what the word "porcupine" means? No? Well, I will tell you. It means "a spiny pig." Isn't that funny?

I am a porcupine, so I suppose I must be a little "spiny pig"!

I do not know so much about the "pig" part, but I certainly do have spines, a whole lot of them. And as our family have been called "pigs" for hundreds and perhaps thousands of years, it may be so.

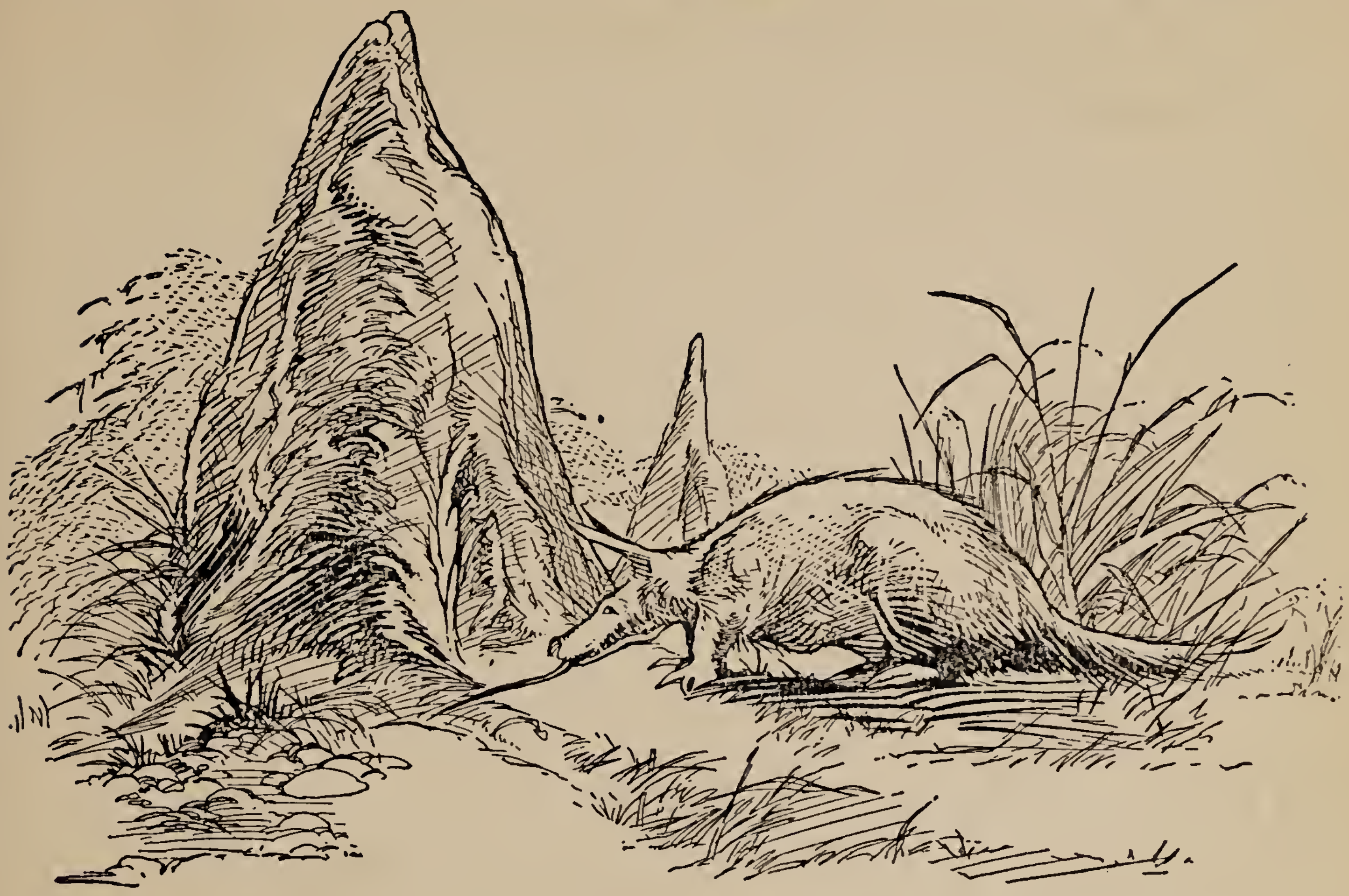
In the old days people used to call us *porkespine,* and other names, all meaning "spiny pig"; so I suppose it is all right.

Still, many African animals are called by names which do not really belong to them. For instance, there is the "ant bear," the aardvark, who is not a bear at all—we have no bears in Africa—and the klipdas, the "rock badger," who is not a badger, who does not look like a badger, who has nothing of the badger about him at all!

These names were given to them by Dutch people who came to live in our country at the Cape of Good Hope, in South Africa, over three hundred and thirty years ago.

When they arrived, they were not at all careful to find out just what or who we animals really were. They would just give a name to an animal when they first saw him.

They would see a queer creature digging away at the foot of a large nest of white ants, and would say: "This is something like a bear. We will call him an *aardvark.*" And so he was called an aardvark.



The "ant bear" is not a bear at all

Then presently they would see some little animals running busily up and down hill, digging their burrows, and sitting up on their tails in the sun, and they would say:

"These look like badgers. We will call them *klipdas*." And that is how the klipdassie got his name.

Did you know that a porcupine is a very noisy little person? He is one of the most talkative of all the animals in the African jungles and plains.

And yet the sounds he makes are soft and pretty.

The first noise to be heard when we are coming through the jungle is a kind of soft rattle, quite different from any other sound you may hear either in the bush or on the plains.

I wonder if you have any idea of how we make this rattling sound? Can you guess?

If you look at my picture, you will see that my coat is made up of quills. A quill is a kind of spine, long and pointed at each end. One end of the quill has rather a blunt point—this is the end which fits into our skin. The other end of the quill is very, very sharp, sharper even than a needle, and it can do much more harm than a needle, too.

This sharp end has three or four tiny little barbs on it, like the barbs on a little fishhook. These barbs make the quill unsafe to handle.

The point of the quill is so sharp that it easily runs into the skin of another animal. The tiny barbs run in, too; but when the animal tries to brush the quill away, he cannot do so, for these barbs, or tiny hooks, hold the quill in his skin.

It is not only difficult to withdraw a quill if it has gone deep into the skin, but it is very painful. These quills may seem cruel, but they are the only protection a porcupine has against an enemy.

Our quills are very pretty. They are black and white, and brown and white, and some of them are very fine, thin, long, and soft. These are the young quills—new-grown, young spines. Other quills are larger and thicker. Often some of the big quills are an inch round; these are the quite grown-up ones. All of our quills are hollow.

Then we have yet another kind of quill, quite a different kind. It is four inches long, and it is not pointed at all; it is not even blunt. It is open at the end, and it has an elastic stalk.

Now I am going to tell you how we make that soft, rattling sound. As we walk along we shake our quills, especially these open ones, and they quiver and shiver as we go. The open quills brush one against another, and because they are hollow and open at the end they make a gentle little noise, "shake, shake," and "rattle, rattle." We wear these open, noisy quills over our tail.

Then we make another kind of noise. It is the sound of our busy little voices; it is the noise of our murmuring and our chatter. As we walk through the bush and travel through the forest, we are nearly always talking.

We chitter and we chatter, and grunt a little bit, and then perhaps we will give a little groan.

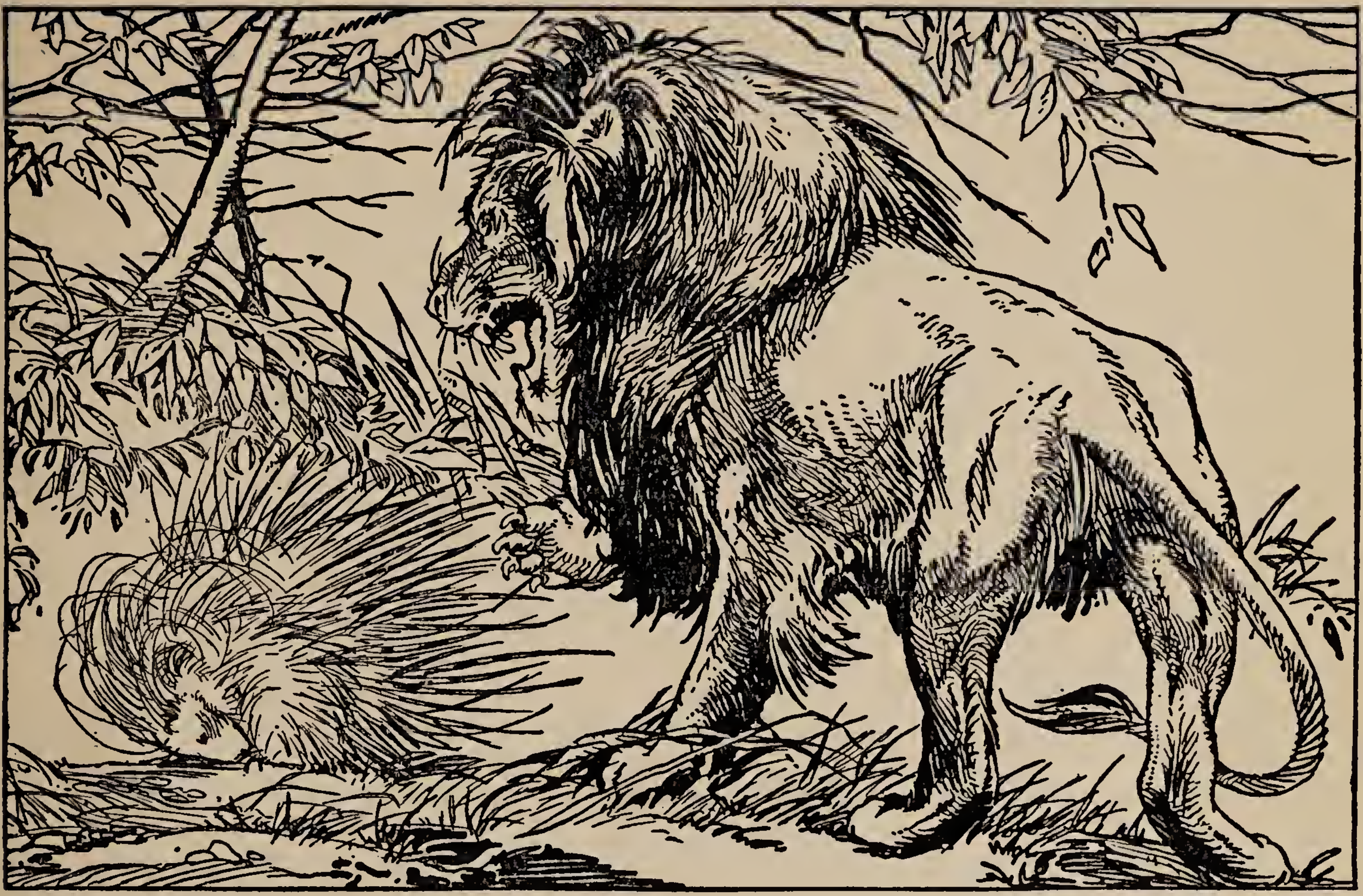
We know that, as a rule, an animal will not attack us. He is afraid of our long, sharp spines with the barbs at the end.

Our spines are set in so loosely that they will fall out at a mere touch, sometimes they even drop out, and when we are angry or scared they stand up quite stiff, like a little forest of swords.

This is the time when other animals fear us and keep away from us, because they know they are in danger of being hurt.

Sometimes, though, a hungry lion or big bush cat will take a chance and strike at us with his sharp claws. Usually he does not hurt us, but he gets a lot of our sharp spines in his foot.

We porcupines are little woodsmen; we can always



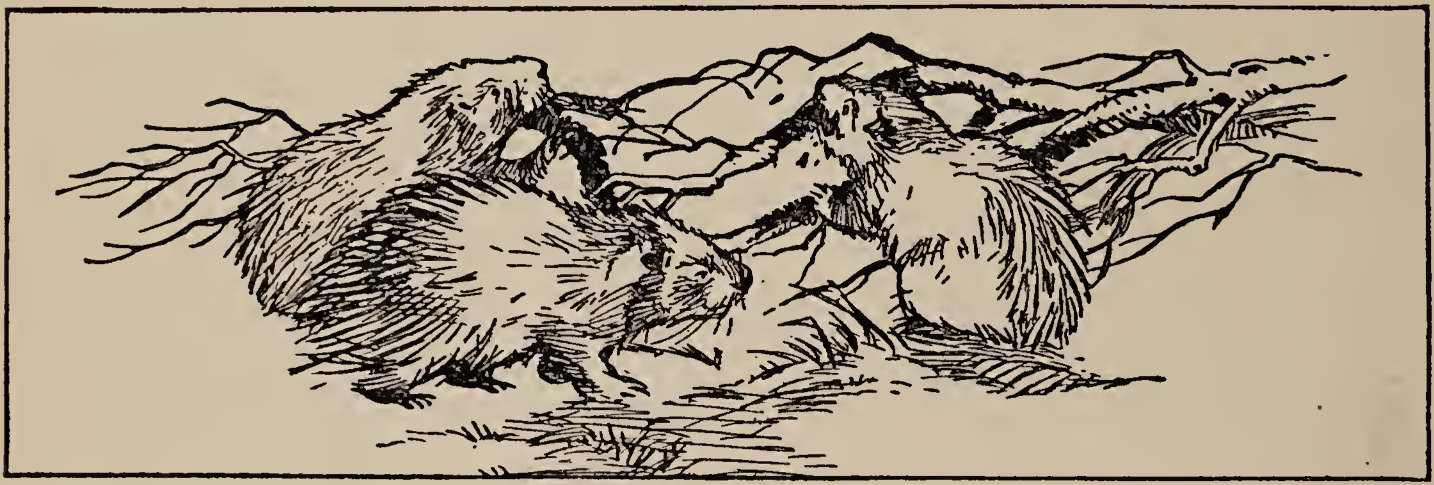
He gets a lot of our sharp spines in his foot

find something to eat, wherever we are. We eat green leaves, and young tree shoots, tender plants, and the sweet bark of trees. And sometimes, when we can find him, we eat a little beetle or two just for a change.

Our nest is made of leaves and bits of soft bark and grass. It is warm and cozy and rather large, too.

We belong to a family called the "Gnawers." Our front teeth look like the teeth of a rat, only, of course, much bigger. They are fine for cutting bark off trees.

We live in a burrow which is sheltered among bushes or in a nice warm cave in the rocks where the rain cannot get to us. We trot about both in the daytime and during the night. Whenever we feel we would like a walk we just go, whatever time it is.



A baby porcupine is shaped like an egg

A baby porcupine is a funny little creature to look at; he is shaped like an egg, of course a big egg.

Look at our picture and you will see the rather short and pointed little face we have. See our short and round little ears, and our small black eyes, which shine like bright beads. See our funny little whiskers, and the fine, strong, thick nails on our feet.

When we are babies we are quite covered with soft, furry, dark-brown hair, which lies down very close to our skin. This hair hardens into sharp quills when we grow up.

Here is a little porcupine story:

Once upon a time a huntress was sitting on a large log of wood in the jungle, resting. She had been walking alone in the forest, and she was lost, quite lost. She did not know which way to turn to look for her camp, she did not know where to find her husband or any of the black boys who were their servants.

She was hot and tired, and as she did not know which way to walk to get back to her camp, she did the most sensible thing a person *can* do, when he finds himself lost in the bush.

She set her gun carefully against the tree, put her camera where it could not be knocked over in case of a surprise, and climbed on to the big tree trunk, close to her gun.

There were no long shadows; the sun was right overhead, and the huntress knew she must wait for the sun to tell her which way she had better walk.

As she sat on the fallen tree, she said to herself, "I will not think of anything at all until I have to."

So she watched some large beetles running about on a patch of sand just below her feet.

They were in a great hurry. They ran and ran, and a lot of them fell into the holes made by the white woman's boot heels.

But she never knew why the beetles ran about so wildly, for in a few minutes she saw the leaves of some bushes shaking, and directly afterward two large gray and white birds walked out on to the sand.

The huntress sat quite still. She wanted to see what the birds would do; so she did not move a finger or wink an eye.

The birds walked out and stood looking at her, sitting there on the log of wood. They looked, and she looked out of the corner of her eye, and neither of them moved for a little while.

Then the birds saw the running beetles, and they started to catch and eat them. They ate all the beetles and when they had finished they walked over the patch of sand and disappeared into the jungle.

The birds were gone, and all the beetles were gone, and the huntress was quite alone.

Presently she heard a queer little sound, almost like the chitter chatter of some little fairies. She knew at once what it meant, because she had lived in the jungle a long time. She knew who was coming along.

So she kept very still and presently a big mother porcupine came out on to the patch of sand, and after her came four baby porcupines. Their nest must have been very close to the patch of sand for they were tiny porcupines, not old enough to go for a long walk.

Now this huntress loved animals very much, and she was delighted to see the family of porcupines. She sat very, very still in order not to frighten them away.

The mother porcupine sniffed at the boot-heel holes in the sand. She looked around and then up—and there she saw the huntress on the log!

Her little white-tipped nose began to quiver, and slowly, slowly all her pretty black and white spines began to rise until they stood straight. She looked very prickly indeed.

For a few moments she stood like this, and then, as nothing happened, the spines slowly began to lie down again.

Then she saw the gun leaning against the log, and she went over to look at it. All the little ones went with her, too.

Then Mother Porcupine bit the stock of the rifle and left two big scratches there, but she did not like its taste and was turning away when—there was a flash of black and yellow and a squeal from one of the little porcupine babies.

A big serval cat had sprung onto the patch of sand and placed his foot on one of the babies. He thought it would make him a nice dinner.

But Mother Porcupine was ready. She turned round to run at the serval cat, chattering and scolding all the time.

She wasted no time, she was very quick. She ran backward and hit the serval cat full in the face with her sharp spines.

The serval cat yelled and took his foot off the baby. When he lifted his head there were nine spines sticking into him.

The serval cat sprang away into the bushes and began to work at the spines on his head to get them out, but they would not come out; the barbs had gone in too deeply and he could not get free.

Now the huntress knew that if the serval cat went away into the jungle with all those spines in his skin, he would be sure to die. He would suffer a great deal of pain, and he would not be able to catch any food with those long spines standing out from his head and nose.

So, very quietly she took her rifle and followed the serval cat into the bush. He had not gone very far, and when she came up to him he was rolling on the ground in great pain.

So the huntress made her gun speak just once, and then the serval cat was no longer in pain from those barbed spines. He had gone to sleep for always—*hamba lala,* as the Zulus say.

The huntress picked up the serval cat and went back to the sandy patch. The porcupines were still there. The little hurt baby lay on the sand and the others stood close by it.

The huntress broke off a leafy branch of a bush, and holding it so as to keep the mother porcupine away, she picked up the baby and climbed on to the log again with it in her arms. There she found that the baby was not very badly hurt. It had a bad scratch but it was more frightened than hurt. She patted the scratch with her handkerchief and when the baby began to try to get away from her she put it down on the sand very gently.

She did not get off the log, she reached down, but Mother Porcupine had been watching all the time, and she ran at the hand holding her baby, and left one of the barbed spines in the huntress' arm.

Then, very slowly, all the porcupines went back to their quiet burrow. They had had all the excitement they needed for that day!

When the shadows began to lengthen, so the huntress could tell in which direction to travel, she hung the strap of her camera over her right shoulder and under her left arm, put the serval cat on her left shoulder, and with her gun in her right hand set out to find her camp.

The Porcupine Song

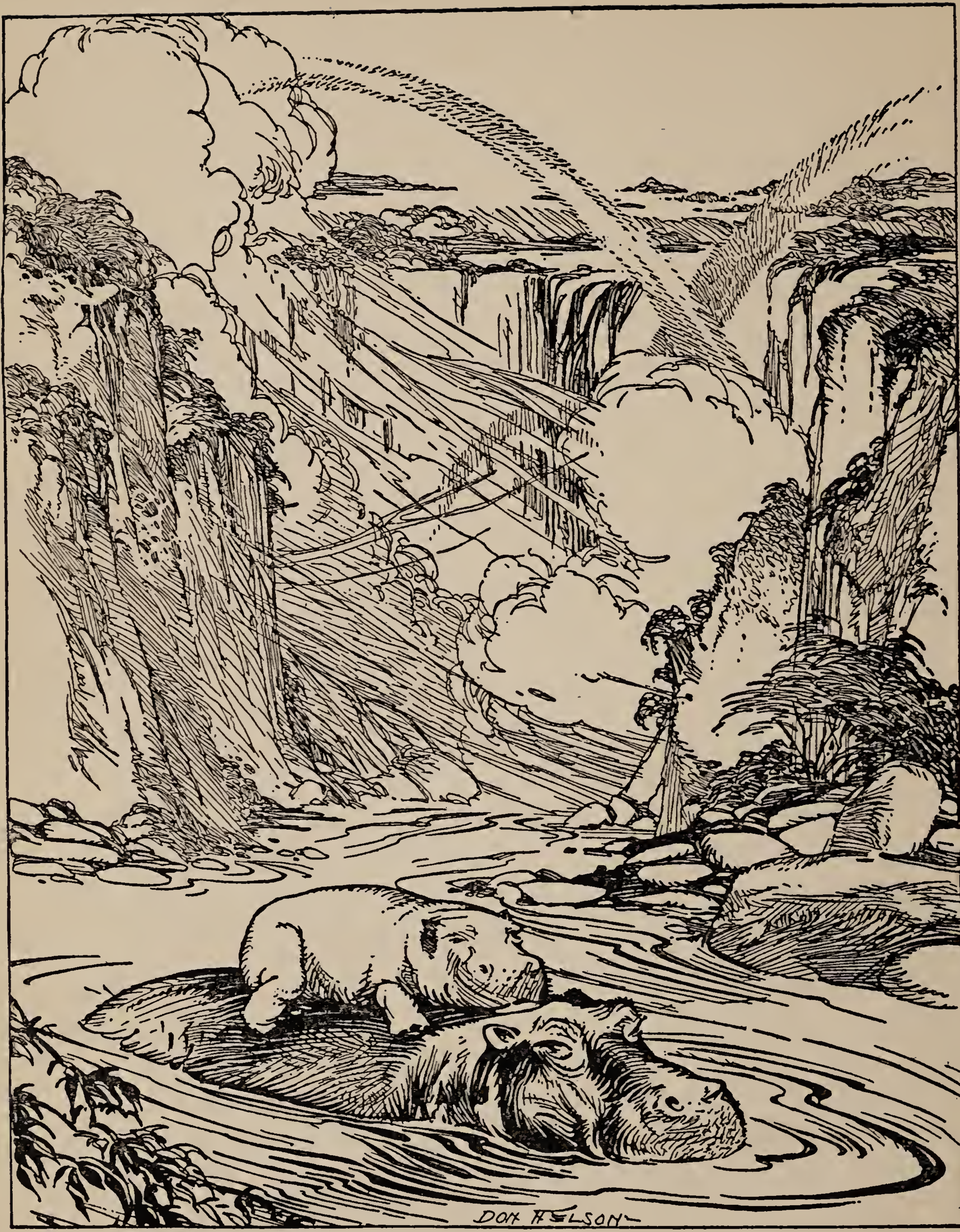
Rustle—murmur—bustle—squeaking,
Mr. Porcupine is speaking;
Chitter—chatter—grunt and groan,
Even when he is alone.

Through the forest, dinner seeking,
Mr. Porcupine goes creaking.
Nibble—nibble—cut and bite,
Eyes like sloes are shining bright.

Egg-shaped babies—furry soft—
Must learn to hold their quills aloft,
When they grow a larger size,
And danger in their pathway lies.

They must learn, while they are small,
To roll into a prickly ball,
To shut up house against their foes,
And tuck in tight both ears and nose.

Porcupine will never starve,
While he has a tree to carve.
Though his pricks are hard to mend,
We regard him as a friend.



Mother swims into the river, and I sit upon her shoulders

The Hippopotamus

YES, I quite agree with you, we have a very long name indeed. But it is not difficult to say if you divide it up, as "hip-po-pot-a-mus." There, that is quite easy, isn't it?

I wonder if you know what this name means? It is a name built up of two Greek words, *hippo* meaning horse, and *potamus* meaning river; so hippopotamus means "river-horse" or "horse of the river."

I will tell you why we are called by this name.

Many hundreds of years ago, some wise men looked at us from where they were standing on the river bank, and they saw us, many of us, lying in the water out in the middle of the river.

Presently one of the wise men put his hands up to shade his eyes from the strong sun, and he looked long and earnestly at us, lying there in the deep river.

Then he said to one of his companions:

"Tell me, do you notice anything peculiar about the appearance of those great beasts, floating so calmly on the water?"

The second wise man shaded *his* eyes and looked at us very intently.

"Yes, I do," said the second wise man. "It seems to me as though some of our biggest horses were lying out there in the river. But horses do not float in the water; they only swim from bank to bank and are glad to get out as soon as they can. This is a very strange sight."

"Let us tell our companions what we have observed," said the first wise man.

So they called the rest of the men who were standing on the bank of the river, and they pointed out to them what they had noticed. The other wise men were greatly interested.

"See," said the first one, "when only the top of that great creature's head is out of the water, it looks exactly like the top of a horse's head: ears, eyes, and nose look almost as if a big land horse were looking out of the stream."

The oldest of the wise men raised his hand for silence. "What you have said is truth," he declared. "It does indeed look as though a *hippo* were lying out there in the *potamus;* therefore the name of that great creature, which walks on land and swims and floats in the stream, shall be *hippopotamus,* or 'horse of the river.' "

A hippopotamus often comes out of the river to take a walk and to bask in the sun, but he likes the water best and lives most of his life in the water.

He loves to swim and dive and sink to the bottom of the river, and to rise again to float quietly on the surface of the water.

I am quite a small hippo, and I love the cool water, too, but because I am a baby my mother will not let me try to swim in the deep water all by myself. She is afraid that I might drown. For a hippo has to rise up out of the water to take a breath of air very often, and I am not strong enough yet to swim up from the bed of the river.

She knows, too, there are many crocodiles in this river—the great River Zambezi, in Rhodesia, near the beautiful Victoria Falls. And a crocodile can kill a baby hippo in the water very easily.

So Mother says I must wait to go into deep water until I can swim well and quickly enough to avoid the crocodile.

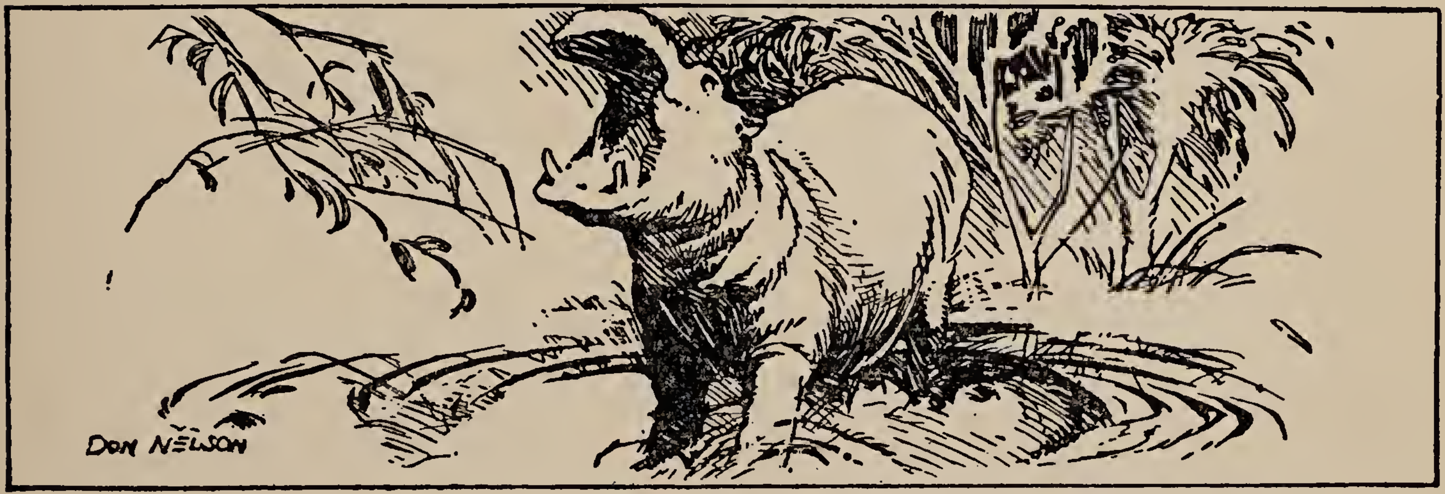
But I do not have to keep quite out of the water. Oh, no! I paddle about in the shallow water near the river bank. I play in the soft mud, and very often I go for a ride on Mother's back. She swims out into the deep part of the river, and I sit upon her shoulders. My head comes between her ears, and I have fine fun.

Now and again Mother will sink a very little way under the water. She will take a dip, and when she does this, I take a dip, too, still sitting on her back.

After this short dip, she rises up all wet and shining, and *my* little pink coat is all wet and shining, too. What, did you not know that a baby hippo wears a pink coat? Oh, yes, we all wear one when we are tiny, and it looks very nice.

When I rise out of the water after a dip like this, I make a funny noise, like a little pig's squeal. I do this, partly because I have been a tiny bit scared by the water closing over my head and I am happy to come up again, and partly because I have to take in another breath of air—all at the same time.

Mother does not dip me under the water like this very often. She is afraid I might become confused and slip off into the deep river.



I make a funny noise, like a pig's squeal

Shall I tell you what she would do if this ever did happen to me?

She would swim quickly down to the bottom of the river and get below me as I was sinking, then rise up beneath me and catch me on her back. Then she would swim to the top of the river again and we would bask in the sun on its surface.

When Mother thinks that I have had enough riding, she takes me ashore to the river bank, or perhaps to a small island in the middle of the river.

This small island is sure to have plenty of green bushes and thick reeds, where I can lie hidden while Mother is away from me.

Mother would never leave me alone in a bare place, or on a bank where there is no shelter. She knows she has to hide me from our three great enemies.

One of our enemies is the lion, the second is the crocodile, and the third is man.

If I were on a river bank alone, a hungry lion might come along and eat me for his dinner; or a big crocodile might see me from the water and climb up the bank and make a cut at me with his tail.

Or a man might come along in a canoe on the river, paddling slowly, and looking for game.

So Mother does not ever leave me quite alone and unprotected, unless she hides me, just a very tiny baby, away in a dark cave under the river bank, where no one can see me, and where no one ever comes.

Mother is going to leave me on an island now, because she wants to water walk. She is very fond of water walking, but she cannot take me with her yet because I am too small. Water walking is different from floating, or swimming.

Well, as I was saying, Mother has found a little island for me, right in the very middle of the great Zambezi River, and she is going to leave me here for a while.

It is a very nice island. The green bushes and the tall river reeds are close to the water, and grow very thickly in the middle of this patch of river ground.

Mother swims gently, without making any noise, up to the island. She slips me off her back, and makes me understand that I have to remain here until she comes for me again.

She tells me to go into the middle of the island, where the bushes are thickest, and to lie there quietly until she comes back.

Shall I tell you how Mother takes her water walk? She swims, or sinks, to the bottom of the river, and then she begins her walk.

She strolls quietly along the bed of the river, making her way through thick tangles of river weeds and reeds. When she comes to a place where they grow *very* tall and thick, she will rise in the water a little way and swim a few yards. Then she will sink again to the bottom and continue with her water walk.

She never loses her way, but always remembers quite well where she has left me. Soon she will turn and come back to the island, where I am lying hidden from those who would do me harm.

Mother can stay under water for several minutes at a time. While under water, she does not breathe the same way as when her head is out of the water.

I will tell you how this happens.

In Mother's nose there are two little doors called "valves." When her head is out of the water, these valves are open, and she breathes the way you do. But when she dives, or sinks down to the bottom of the river, she shuts these two little doors tight.

She also shuts her mouth as she goes down; and so, you see, no water can get into her nose or her throat.

This makes it possible for her to stay under water for quite a little time. When she comes up again she will want to take a big breath of fresh air. But first she must get rid of the old air, which she took down with her when she started water walking.

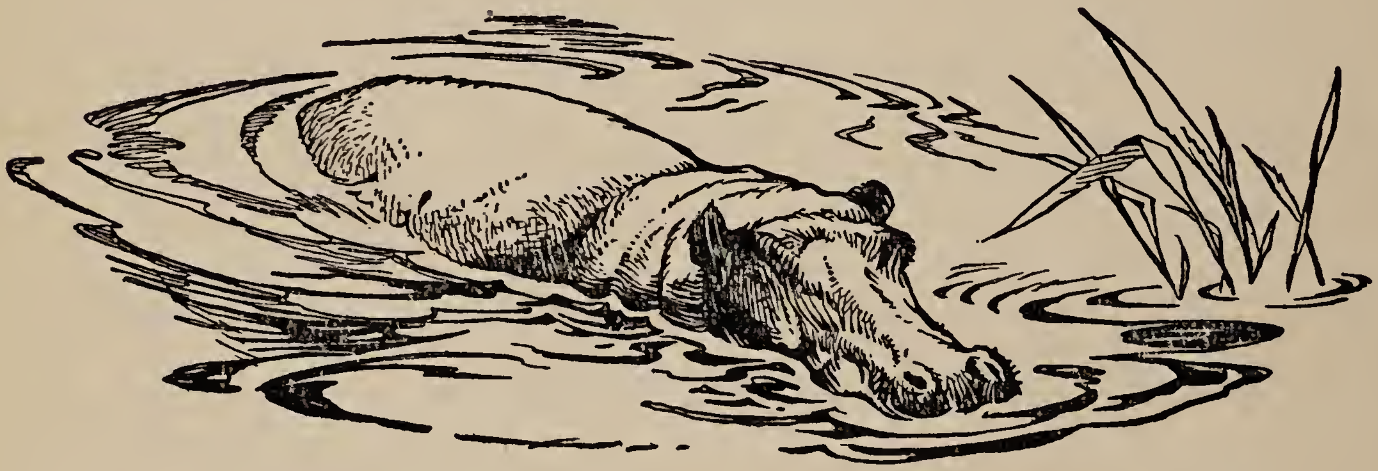
Mother knows that she will like to breathe just as soon as her head is out of water, so this is what she does.

Just before she reaches the top of the water she will "blow" a big puff of air out of her nose. This is the old, used-up air, which she took down with her.

And this air, coming out under the water, will send up two clear fountains of spray. The spray rises high in the air, turns over at the top, and comes falling down like rain. It sparkles in the sun, and is very beautiful to see.

Now Mother's head is out of the water, and she takes a deep breath of the sweet, fresh air. Then she sinks again to go on with her water walking until it is time to come back to me.

I think I can hear her coming now. I have just heard a big "blow" close to my island, and a sound



Mother takes a breath of the sweet, fresh air

like rain falling on the water. I think I will just peep and see if I am right.

Yes, here she is, all wet and shining and slippery. She comes close to the island and climbs out of the water. Then she stands still for a moment, and gives a sort of grunt. That means I may come out of my hiding place and join her.

She is going to have something to eat now. She is biting at the reeds and the water plants that grow all around my little island.

Mother does not mind how hard the reeds are to cut, for they do not trouble her teeth at all. Our teeth never become blunt. They are made so that they sharpen themselves, and the more food we cut, the sharper our teeth become. Isn't that nice?

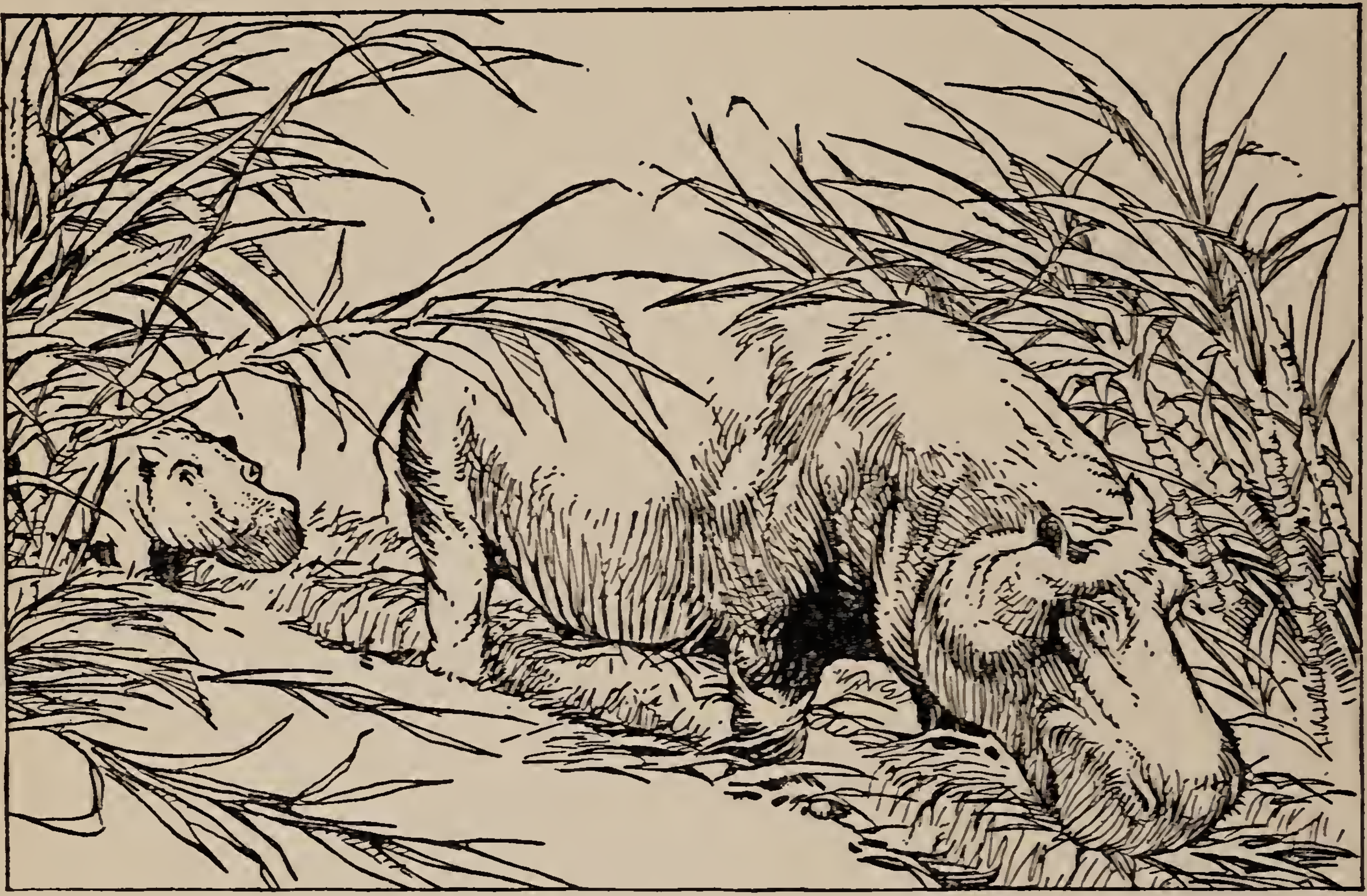
Mother is going to take me ashore now for a land walk. We are going to find a patch of sugar cane, for we like sugar cane very much. Now she has swum ashore with me on her back, and here is one of our own special pathways.

Did you ever see a hippo pathway?

It is not like a usual pathway. If you look at it, you will see that it is made of two deep ruts in the ground, one on either side of a narrow ridge.

Grass grows upon this ridge, and little plants and flowers will bloom on it. There is nothing to hurt them, as we hippos do not walk upon the ridge.

This pathway is called a "hippo lane." The lanes are made by grown-up hippos, who walk in such a way that they wear a furrow on each side of the ridge. Watch Mother, and you will see how hippos walk along their lanes.



I follow Mother along the hippo lane

As Mother walks she puts her right feet, the front one and the back one, in one furrow, and in the other furrow she puts her two left feet, the front one and the back one; and so she walks in the hippo lane.

The grassy ridge is under Mother's waistcoat, and the little plants and flowers are so close to her that, as she passes, they bow down under her, and rise again when she has gone by.

All hippos like to walk in these lanes, but only grown-up ones can walk in them properly. I am a very small hippo, as you know. How could I possibly walk in these two furrows as Mother is doing?

But I will tell you how I do walk, and I expect you will think it is a very sensible way.

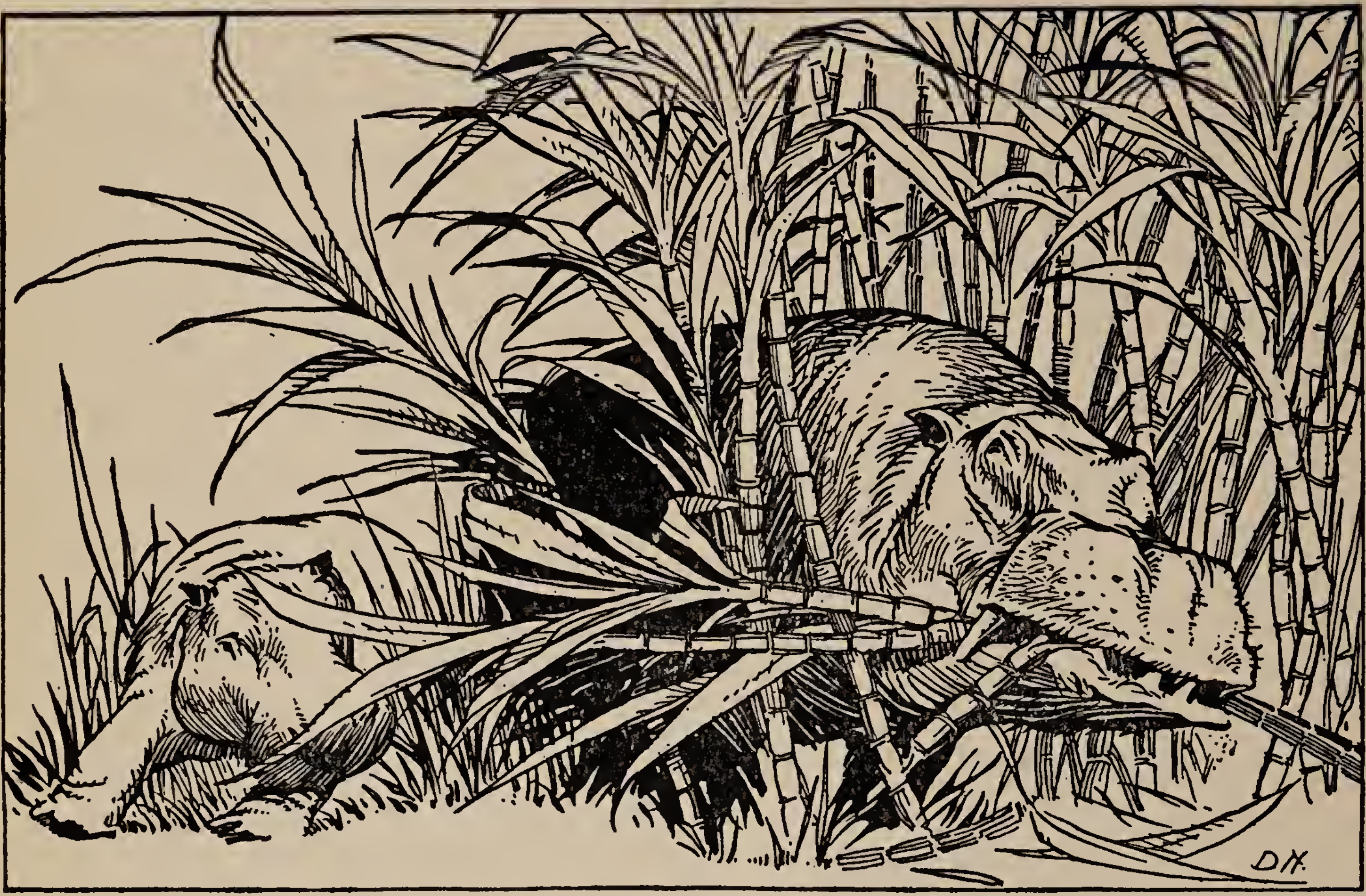
I do not run about just anywhere I like, when we are going through a lane. No, what I do is to get down into one of the furrows, and follow Mother along the lane. It is so much easier for me to trot along in a furrow than to walk just anywhere.

The furrows are easy to walk in, because generally they are soft and sandy, and I always follow Mother. She will not let me go first along the lane for fear I may meet an enemy.

Here is a little patch of sugar cane. How nice! See how well Mother can break the strong canes with her sharp, powerful teeth. She has dropped a little bit and I am trying to eat it, but I find my teeth are not yet strong enough.

All right, sugar cane! Wait till I am grown up and *then* I shall come and eat you!

Now we will go to the Rain Forest. Not many



See how Mother can break the strong canes with her teeth

hippos go to the Rain Forest, but *we* are going so that we can tell you what it is like.

But first I want to tell you *why* it is a Rain Forest.

You remember I told you we are living near the Victoria Falls. Before I tell you about the Rain Forest, would you like to hear about these wonderful and beautiful falls?

Victoria Falls is a great, great waterfall, the largest in the world. The African natives call it by a native name, *Mosi-oa-Tunya,* which means "The Smoke that Thunders." The reason for such a strange name is this.

When you are many, many miles from these wonderful falls, you hear the thunder and the rumble of the water, falling four hundred feet into the river bed. You listen and wonder where the noise comes from. Then, still miles away, you see a great cloud, rising high over the tops of tall trees. The cloud looks like smoke, pure white smoke, ever rising and rising in one spot.

You come nearer, the rumbling thunder becomes louder, and the smoke rises higher, whiter, and more feathery. Come nearer still.

The great River Zambezi is in full flood, and the water rushing over the edge of the fall is eight feet deep as it pours over the rock. Stand warily on this big boulder and look over the edge. Be careful, and do not slip.

What a wonderful sight!

You feel you do not wish to talk to anyone while you are looking at it.

What wide sheets of tumbling, thundering water—over a mile wide! What vast clouds of pure white spray, rising from the surface of the river like smoke, and mounting three hundred feet into the air! What glorious rainbows!

Victoria Falls is the home of rainbows. Here you see rainbows whenever the sun or moon is shining.

The *moon?*

Yes, you can see beautiful rainbows in the clouds of spray at nighttime. They are best at full moon, but the sun is shining now.

How many rainbows can you see? I am sure you have never seen rainbows like these before. Here are rainbows which stretch right across the wide falls, till you can see where the ends of them are resting on the grass and rocks.

Over there is the Rain Forest of which I have already started to tell you. This is not an ordinary forest, but a rare and strange wood, quite unlike any other wood. In it, day and night, summer and winter, all the year round, rain falls.

The light, warm, endless rain comes from the everlasting spray of the falls. It glistens in the sunshine and polishes all the leaves of the forest. Beads of gentle rain rest on the edges of the bigger leaves and make little round fairy mirrors in which you can see your face.

Beautiful orchid flowers grow here, tall palms, and ferns, large and small. There is even a tiny little snake, but don't be afraid, he will not hurt you. Do you see how beautifully his coat is shining? He looks just as if he had been polished; he never has a chance to get dry in the Rain Forest! Perhaps he has even been specially brightened up for your visit. What a wonderful home this tiny little snake has, living here in a fairy forest beside the home of the rainbows!

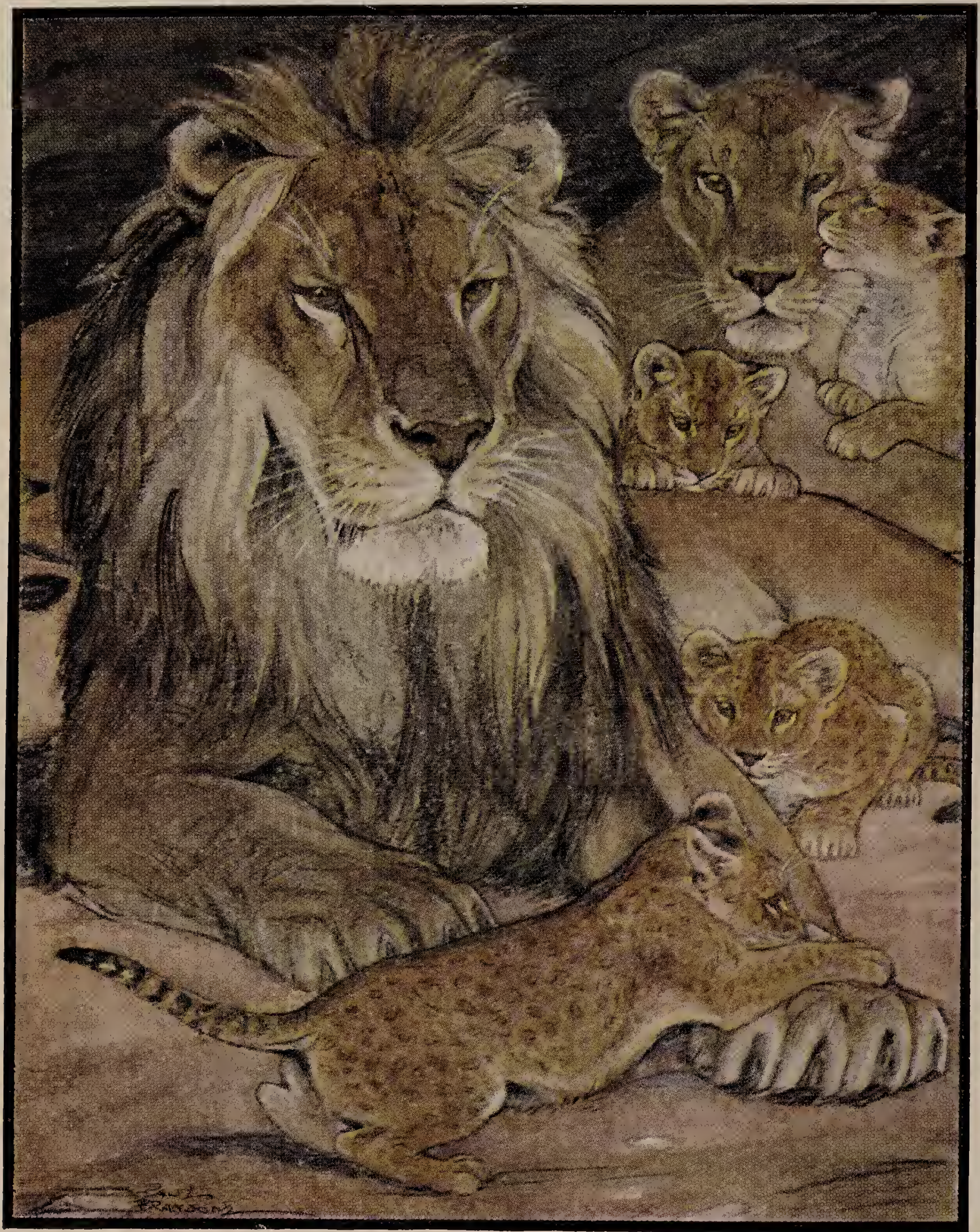
Victoria Falls

Rainbows chase your wandering feet
Where the hippo blunders,
And the sun and water meet
In "The Smoke that Thunders."

Rainbows quiver to your greeting
In a night of wonders,
Where the moon and waters, meeting,
Shine through "Smoke that Thunders."

Rainbows play their fairy pranks
O'er the gorge, which sunders
Right and left Zambezi's banks,
On "The Smoke that Thunders."

Surely angels must be bringing
Some of Heaven's wonders;
You can almost see them winging
'Mid "The Smoke that Thunders."


Paul Bransom

Father Lion will let his babies crawl over him

The Lion

ONCE upon a time, the people in Germany used to say, "If you want to catch a lion, you must put the Desert of Sahara through a sieve, and in the sieve you will find a lion."

This sounds as though we lived only in the desert, which, of course, is not so. Certainly lions do live in the desert, but not in such great numbers as on the plains and in the great jungles of Africa.

I am a young lion, and I was born in Rhodesia at a place called Alungu. There is a very big lake near my home, and hunting is easy for man or beast; for a great many animals live around Alungu.

All these animals come down at one time or another to drink at the waters of the lake. Antelopes come, and bush pigs, and wart-hogs. Giraffes, and small native cats, monkeys, and big birds, and even snakes come to drink the sweet water of the big lake.

We do not live quite close to this lake. We have a family den among some rocks and boulders on a hill.

It is a very cozy den, and a very large one. It has to be large because we are a large family. There are Father and Mother, to begin with, and the four babies. They are only a few months old.

Then there is another family—an older family of young lions who are about a year older than the babies. I belong to this family.

And I have one big brother who is about one year older than I am. This big brother, whose name is Leo, comes to sleep in our family den, or rather on the big rocky ledge which runs in front of the den.

When Mother has very little babies, she likes to keep them alone and quiet in a dark corner of the den; so she makes her bigger children sleep outside.

When a baby lion is getting his first teeth he suffers as much as a little child does. Often a baby lion will become blind from the pain in his teeth. Baby lions take sick very easily, and many of them do not live to grow up into big lions. Out of a family of four baby lions, perhaps only one will live to grow up.

Young lions are the most delicate baby animals of all in the jungle, and the hardest to rear. This seems very sad, but it is really a good thing; for if *every* lion lived to grow up there would be too many lions in Africa. And a lion lives a long time; he does not have a short life like the antelope.

When my eldest brother, Leo, was born, he had three brothers and sisters, but he was the only one of them who lived to grow up. Very soon now he will be going away to live in a new den by himself, for his teeth are just about strong enough by this time.

Does that sound strange? Perhaps it does, but do you know that it takes quite two years for a young lion's teeth to harden so that he can catch an animal to eat? During those two years he lives with his father and mother and helps to eat the dinner which they provide.

I am nearly two years old—not quite, but getting on that way—and today I told Mother I felt quite grown up.

But Mother just flicked her tail at me.

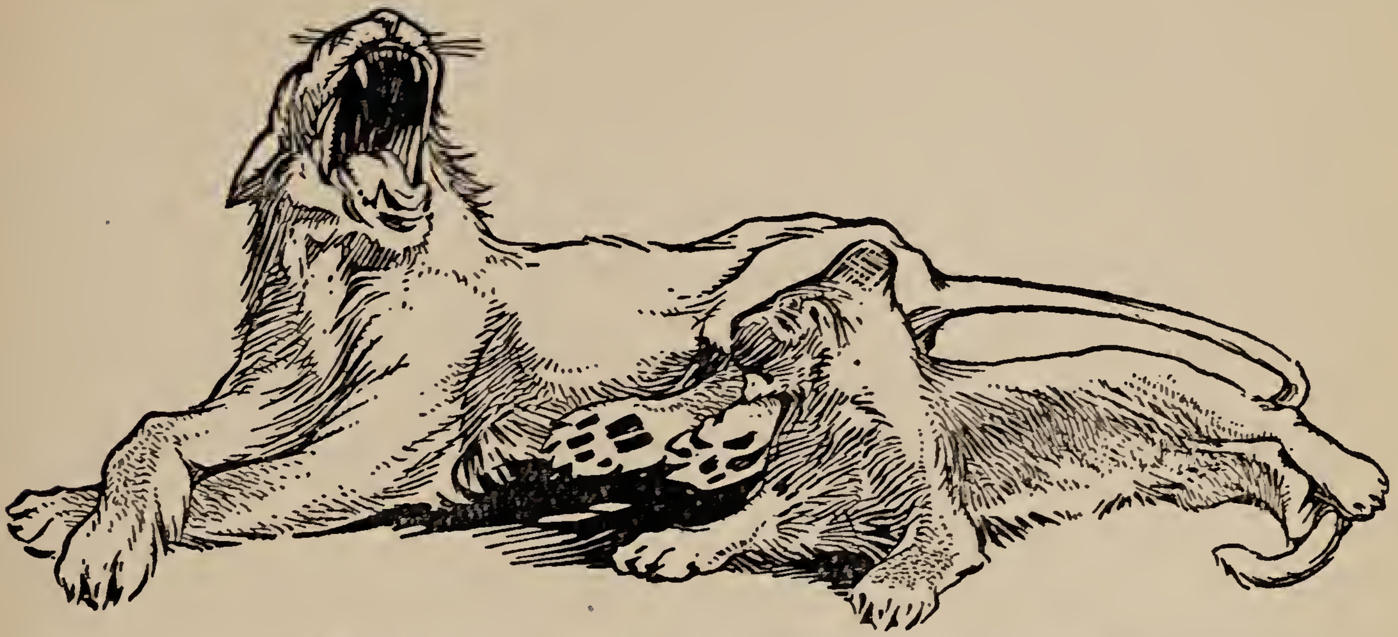
"No, Leopi," she said, "you will not be really grown up for at least another year. Why, you have not got all your new teeth yet; you could not pull down a buffalo, or fight an oryx. And your tender teeth cannot yet bite through the hide of a zebra. You have forgotten that your father and I always have to give you your food."

And Mother opened her great pink and black mouth, and yawned at me.

"There, Leopi," she said, "wait until you get nice big teeth like these before you think you are grown up."

I felt very small and soft when Mother said this, but it is quite true—my teeth *are* small and tender, and break off very easily if I am not careful of them.

Did you know that a lion is only a big cat? And



Mother opened her great mouth and yawned at me

that a baby lion is just a kitten, like your own kitten at home? Only, of course, very much bigger.

The lion has claws the same as your cat at home. He cleans and sharpens them on a tree, or a piece of wood, just as your cat does.

Did you ever see your cat go into the yard and eat grass? A lion eats grass in just the same way your cat does, and for the same reason. The grass is medicine to both the cat and the lion. It helps to keep them in good health.

When a lion has grown up he has very good eyesight. He can see a great distance over the plains, especially if he is standing on high land. He can see well by night also. You see he has the eyes of a cat, and you know a cat can see in the dark nicely.

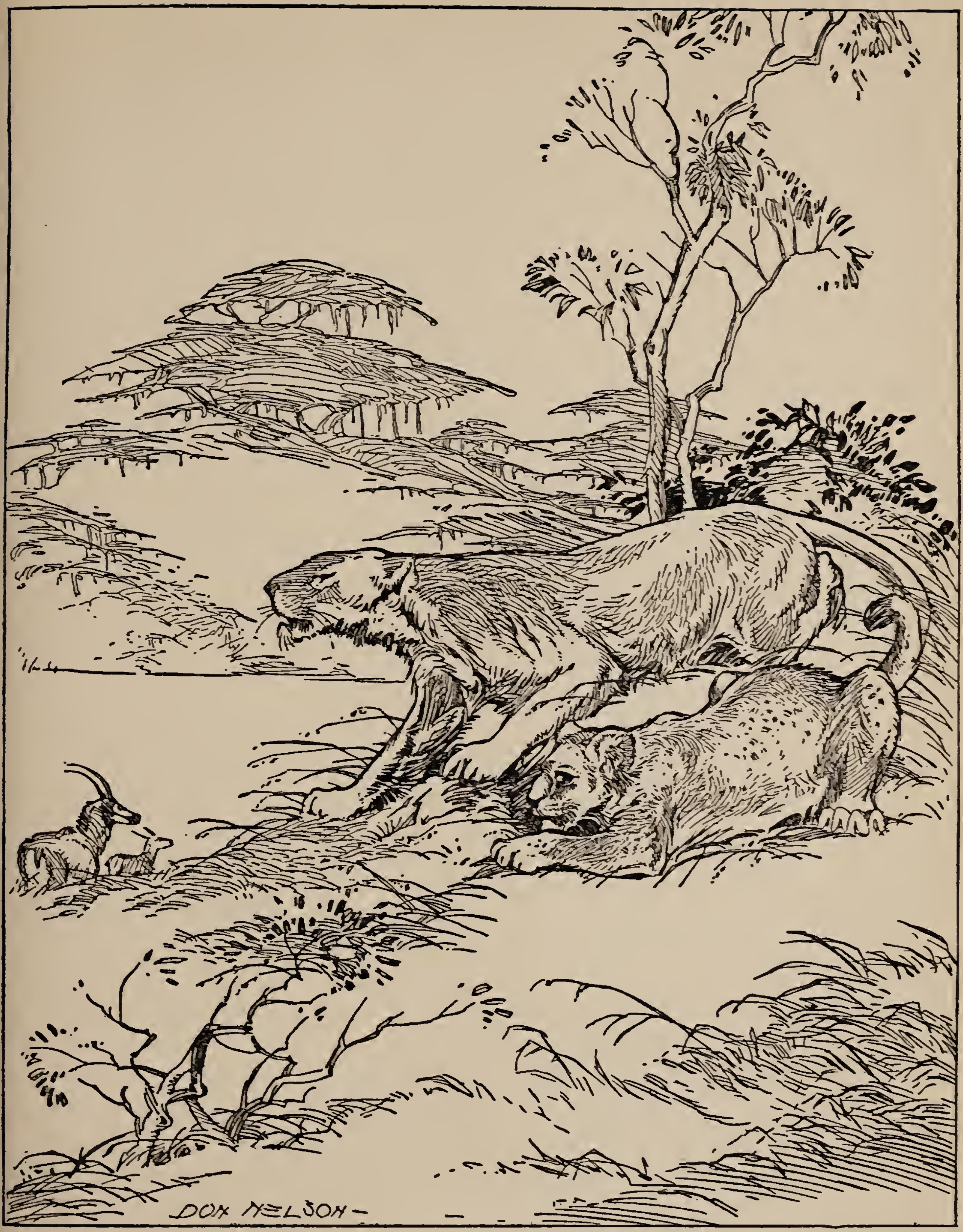
Sometimes Father and Mother will take us elder children at night down to the water hole to learn to hunt, but they will not let us leap at a large antelope or zebra. They make us lie quietly in cover until they have our supper for us.

Father and Mother will each find a bush or some tall grass to hide in, near a spot where we know the animals come down to drink. We call this "couching in cover," as we are covered up so that the antelope cannot see us.

He comes down to the water, and Father makes just one strong spring—and he has caught our supper.

When they have torn off some of the tough hide of the zebra or antelope that they have killed, Father and Mother will let us come and eat. Mother will tear off tender bits of antelope and give them to us, because our teeth are so frail and tender.

Then, when we have eaten all we want, we take a deep drink of water. We go home, just as the sun is rising, to rest in our den during the heat of the day.



Each will find a spot where the animals come to drink

Mother is saying to me, "Come, Leopi, we have to sharpen our claws for the hunt tonight."

I may not use my claws for hunting yet, but I can sharpen them. I know what to do, so I run on until I see a nice firm tree. When I get to it, I stop, stand up on my hind legs, and reach up as far as I can. Then I begin to pull off bits of bark with my claws. This sharpens them.

Mother comes to sharpen hers, too. She can reach much higher than I can. She strips off big pieces of bark, and each time one falls, her claws are a little sharper than they were before.

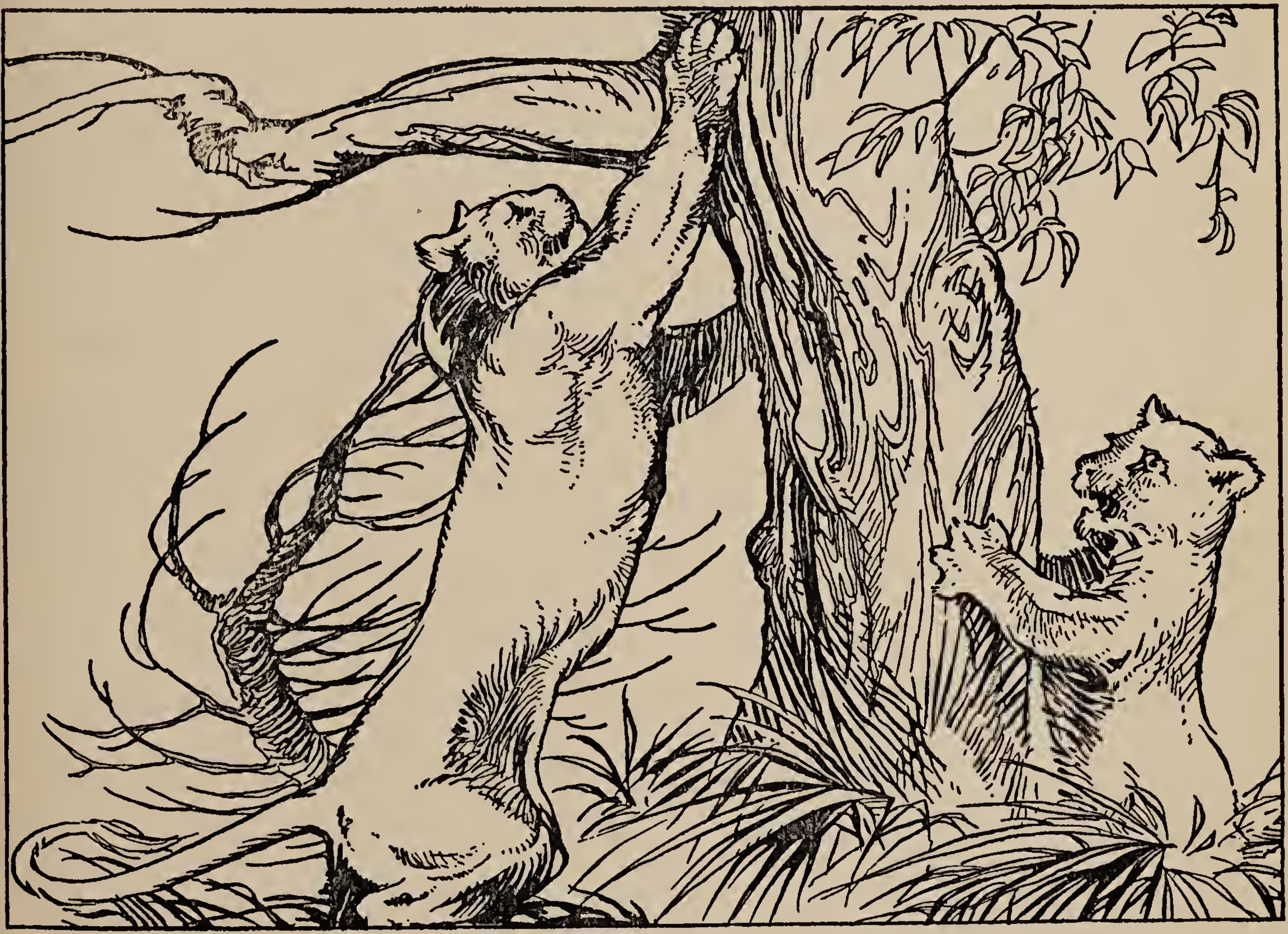
This scraping also helps to keep our claws clean; we like to keep them clean because they have slits along the under side. These slits are partly open, and with walking and feeding, they become filled with rubbish and dirt.

We know very well that it is good to keep our claws clean, and that it is *not* good to get a scratch from another lion's claws—there is always poison in them.

This is why a hunter will become sick if he gets a cut or scratch from the claws of a lion.

Lions have several enemies, but their greatest foe is man. Men are fond of hunting and shooting lions. Many of them take pride in telling how many lions they have shot. Hunters are not allowed now to shoot as many lions as they want to, and it is a good thing. Africa does not want *all* her lions killed!

What a grand animal a lion is to look at! He is



"Come, Leopi, we have to sharpen our claws"

very large; he has very big and strong feet and legs, and if he lives in the plains, in the open air away from the bush, he has a fine big mane on his neck.

But if he lives in the jungle he will have very little or no mane. The thick hair gets torn off by twigs and sharp thorns in the thick bush.

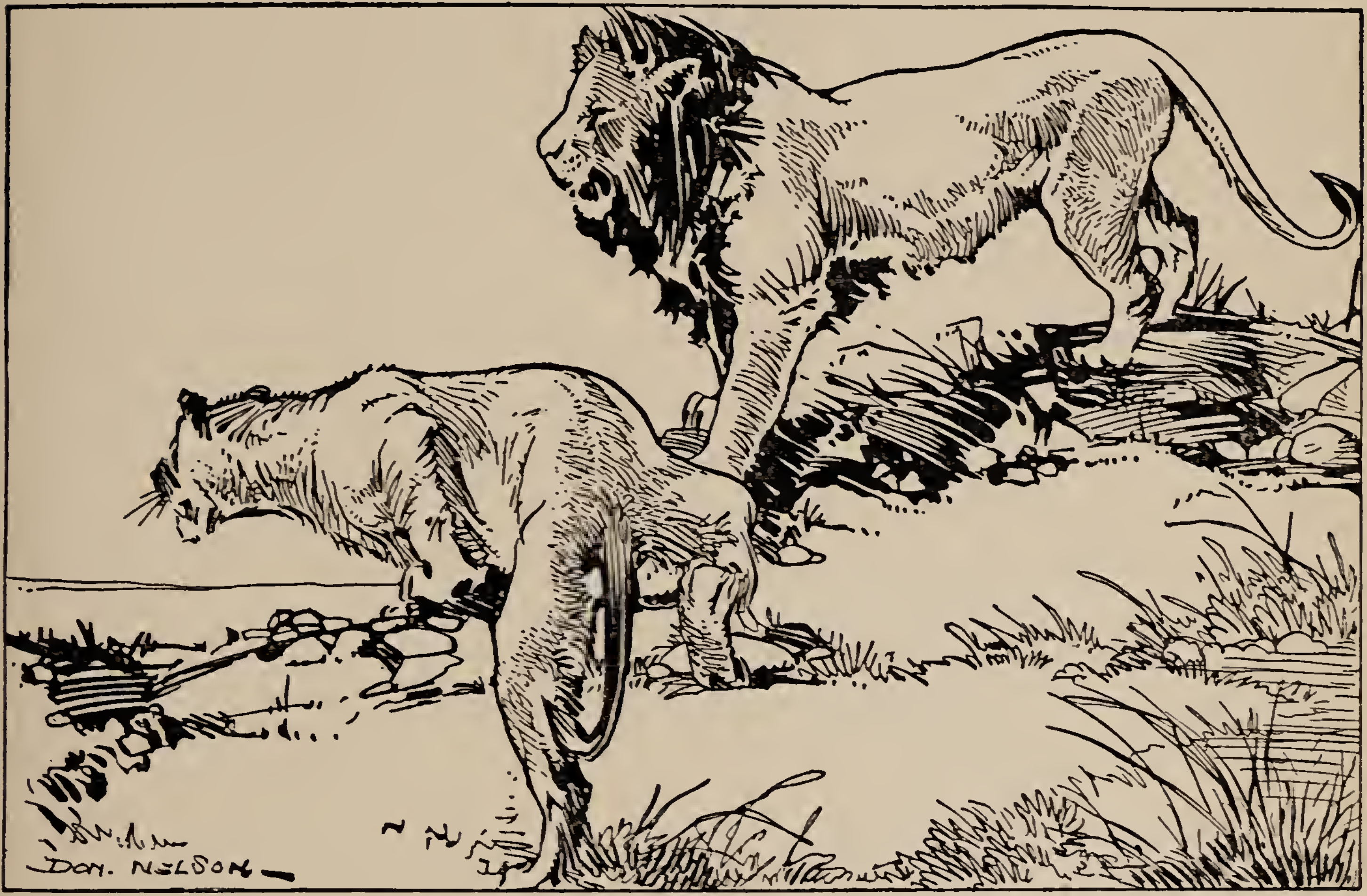
The jungle lion is very fierce. He lives and hunts in the bush; there is always a lot of food to be found very easily in the jungle.

The plains lion is not as fierce as the bush lion; he lives out in the open and travels far in search of food.

He does not always like to travel about by day because, in the burning sun, the sand becomes very hot, and the plains lion has tender feet. His feet are not hard like those of the ostrich or of the rhinoceros. His pads are rather soft, and yet they are so strong that he can kill a man with a single blow from his paw.

In the dry season the plains lion does not like the warm rocks and the hot sand; they burn his feet. But when the rains come and the water has cooled the ground, he likes to walk abroad in the daytime.

Sometimes, after a big cool storm, you may see six



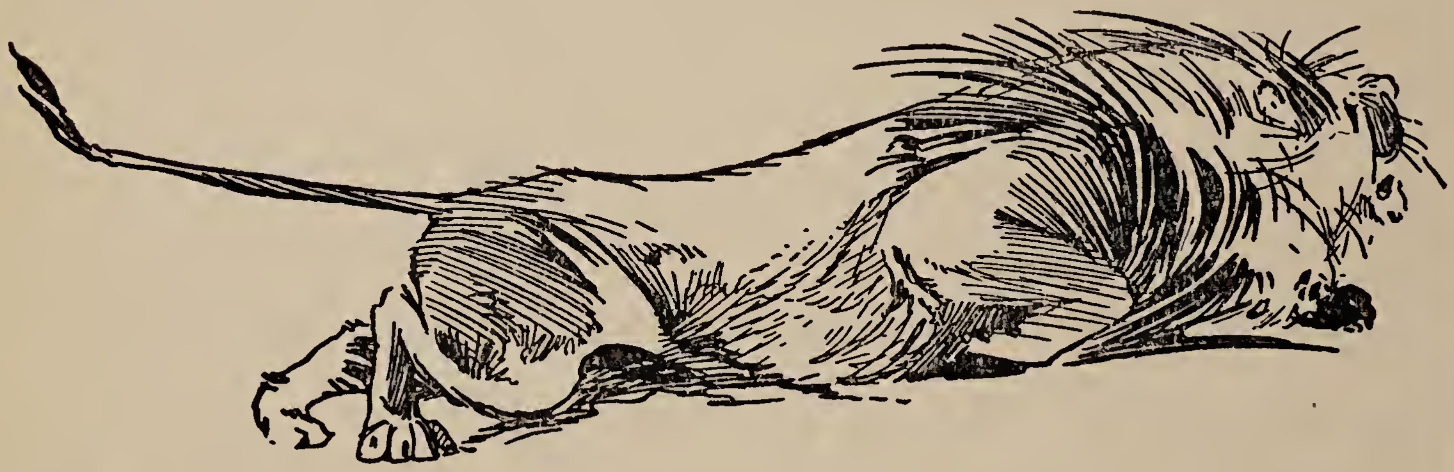
Father and Mother are going on a hunt now

or seven lions sitting and lying on the damp earth and sand, enjoying the moist ground. They may be all one family—father and mother, and children of different ages—all living happily together.

Father Lion loves his babies very much; he will let them crawl over him and bite his big paws with their tiny teeth. He will let them pull at his ears, and play with his tail. He takes great care of his babies and is very gentle with them.

He is often more gentle than Mother Lion; for she will sometimes give her children a cuff with her big paw. Father Lion never does this. He is truly a kind and gentle father.

Our father and mother are very fond of each other. They live together all their lives, and their lives are long as animals' lives go. A lion may live to be thirty or forty years old. They are going on a hunt now, so they will soon begin to roar. They roar when they are hunting, to drive the antelope out into the open.



Father will put his head down to the ground

Mother will perhaps roar with a raised head, and Father will put his head down to the ground and send out a rolling sound from his throat. This rolling sound seems to come from all parts of the plain. The antelope cannot tell just where Father and Mother are, so they run in all directions, and this is the way Father gets his dinner.

When Father and Mother come close to the antelope or zebra, they become quite quiet. If they were to roar all the time they would not stand much chance of catching their supper, or their breakfast, or whatever meal they are looking for.

The lion does not kill unless he is hungry, or hurt in some way.

If you think of the great strength and power of the lion, and also of his gentleness, when he is not hurt or hungry, you will understand why he has always been called "The King of Animal Land."

Here is a little story about a lion.

In a certain part of Africa there is a tribe of natives who really like lions, and who will not kill them.

These natives live on the east side of the River Nile. There are other tribes, who also live near the Nile, who are not so fond of the lion; and these men kill them whenever they can.

One day the chief of one of these tribes, whose name was Maas, paid a visit to the chief of the tribe who liked lions. He said:

"Last night my men caught a lion in a pitfall. He is alive, and we are on our way to kill him in the pit and then take him out. You are my friend, will you come along with us?"

The other chief, who liked lions, and whose name was Kulani, said, "Yes, I will go with you to see the lion taken out of the pit." And both chiefs walked off together, followed by their men.

When they came to the pit, they looked down into it and saw a big lion sitting there, looking up at them.

He was a full-grown lion with a big mane. He had a great head and a fine coat, and Maas thought what a fine *kaross*, or covering, the skin would make.

The black boys began to dance around the pit, shaking their spears and awaiting an order from their chief, Maas, to throw them at the lion and kill him.

But before Maas could give the word of command, Kulani laid a hand upon his arm.

"Maas," he said, "you are my friend, is it not so?"

"You know I am your friend, Kulani," said Maas.

"Then," said Kulani to Maas, "will you give me that fine lion as a present?" Maas looked at his friend and then at the lion. He thought again what a fine *kaross* the skin would make, but he said:

"Yes, Kulani, because of my friendship for you, I will give you the lion."

Kulani did not look at Maas; he did not thank him or speak to him, but he ordered the boys with their spears to stand back from the pit.

Then he walked away toward a near-by tree and bade one of his own men cut a long and strong pole.

"Bring the pole to the pit," ordered Chief Kulani, and the man brought it.

Kulani took the pole and laid it in a slanting position to the bottom of the pit, and then stood back from the edge of the great hole.

When the lion saw the pole, he put his big paws upon it, and thrust his claws deep into the wood. The pole stood firm, and the lion climbed upon it. He scrambled upward until he reached the top of the pit. Then he made a leap from the pole to the ground.

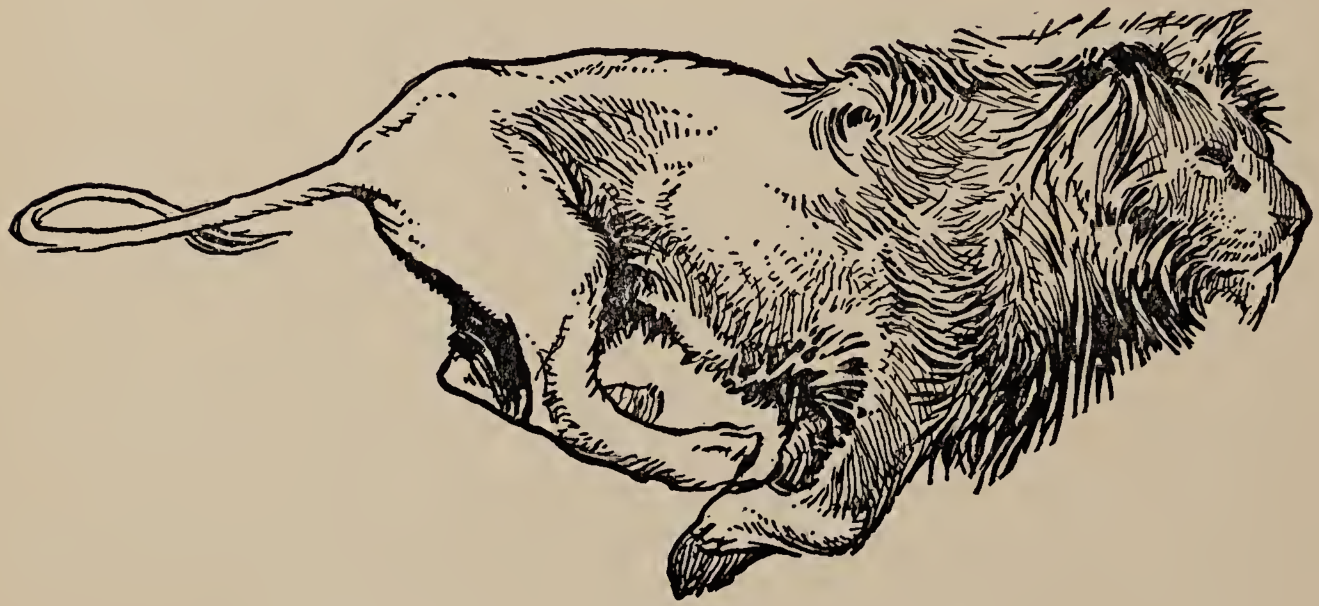
The great lion stood at the top of the pit. Close to him was Kulani, and behind were the frightened men and Chief Maas.

No one moved—the chiefs, the men, and the lion all stood perfectly still.

Then the lion made a great bound past the chiefs and the men. He took no notice of them at all. He leaped past them as if they were not there, and disappeared into the forest.

Then Chief Kulani raised his spear in a salute to his friend:

"Thank you, Maas," he said.



The Forest King

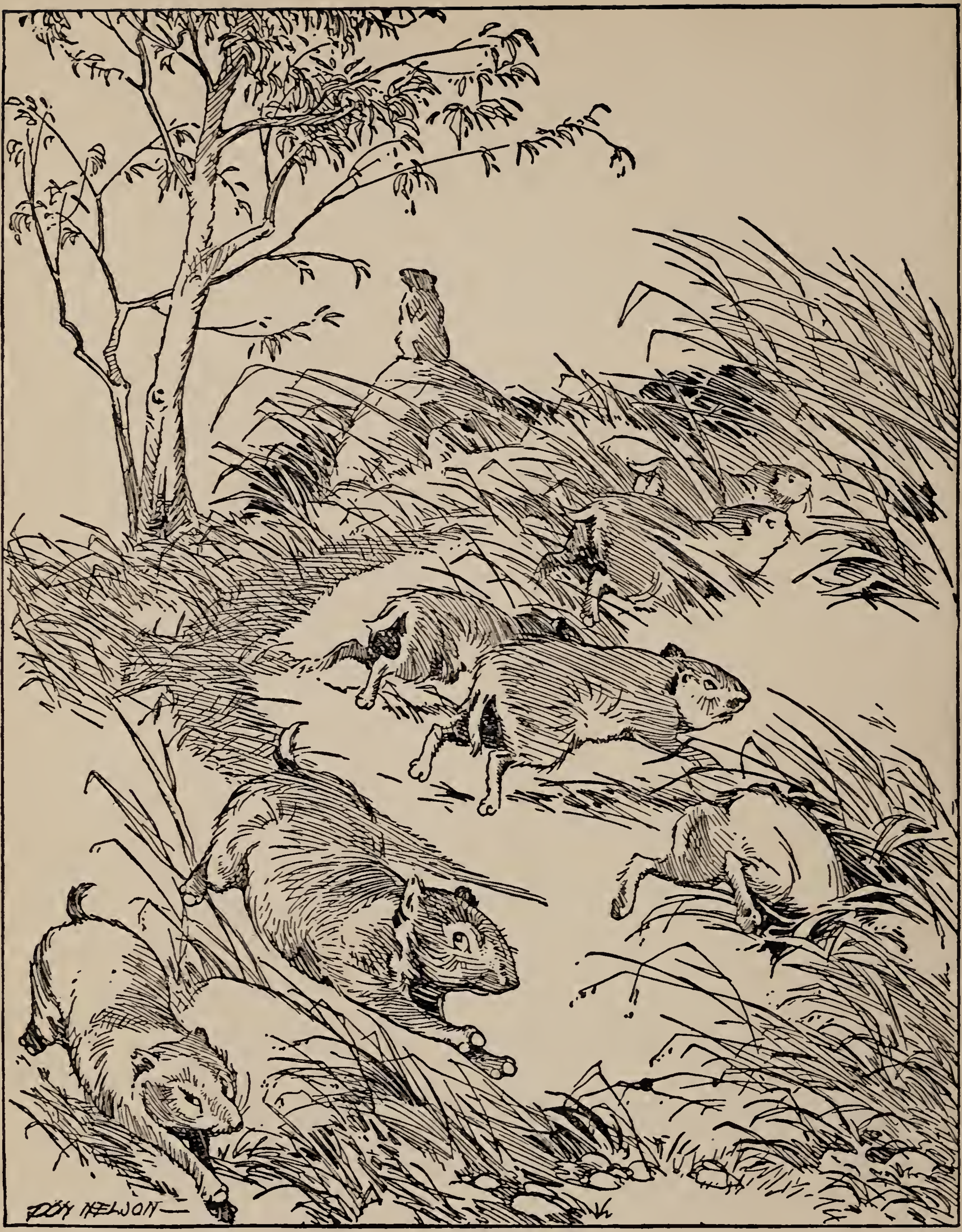
Deep in the forest lands,
Where shadows fling
O'er him their restless hands —
The Lion is King.

Hid in the ferny wood,
Where bell birds ring,
Loving his fragile brood —
The Lion is King.

High o'er the sun-lit plain,
Birds on the wing
Sinking to earth again —
Hail him as King.

Far in the desert bare
By palm and spring,
Couched in his desert lair —
There he is King.

Noble he is, and strong,
Let us all sing;
Join in the jungle song —
"The Lion is King."



When we hear his warning signal we run as fast as we can

The Klipdas

GOOD morning to you, good morning. I had better tell you my name, in case you have not yet been introduced to me.

I am a little klipdas. Did you ever hear that name before? Well, I have come from Africa on purpose to tell you who we are and what we do in that great land.

We are such funny-looking little creatures, I thought you might like to hear something about us.

Klipdas is a Dutch name. The Dutch people who came from Holland to live at the Cape of Good Hope in South Africa called us that when they first saw us a great many years ago.

It is not at all a good name for us, for in English it means "rock badger," and we are not badgers at all. We are not nearly as big as badgers, and we do not belong in the badger family. We do have some great big cousins in our family, though.

I wonder if you can guess who they are?

Well, one of our cousins is the great elephant, and the other cousin is the big rhinoceros. There now! I thought you would laugh, but all the same, it is true.

It is our feet which make us relatives of these great big animals.

Will you please look at a klipdas' feet the next time you go to the museum?

Are they like the feet of a lion? or an antelope? or a porcupine? or a zebra? No, they are just small hoofs, joined by the skin to the toenails like an elephant's foot or the foot of a rhinoceros.

My teeth, too, are almost the same kind of teeth as those which the elephant has.

All this makes me a cousin of two of the three giants of Africa. Will I tell you the name of the third giant? Certainly. It is the hippopotamus.

Now will you do this? Cut a tiny nose horn out of paper, just like the nose horn of a big rhinoceros, and place it in the picture on my father's head. If you do this, you will have an almost perfect likeness of a rhino, a little tiny pigmy rhino, almost a fairy rhino. I wonder if there are any fairy rhinos in Fairyland? What an idea!

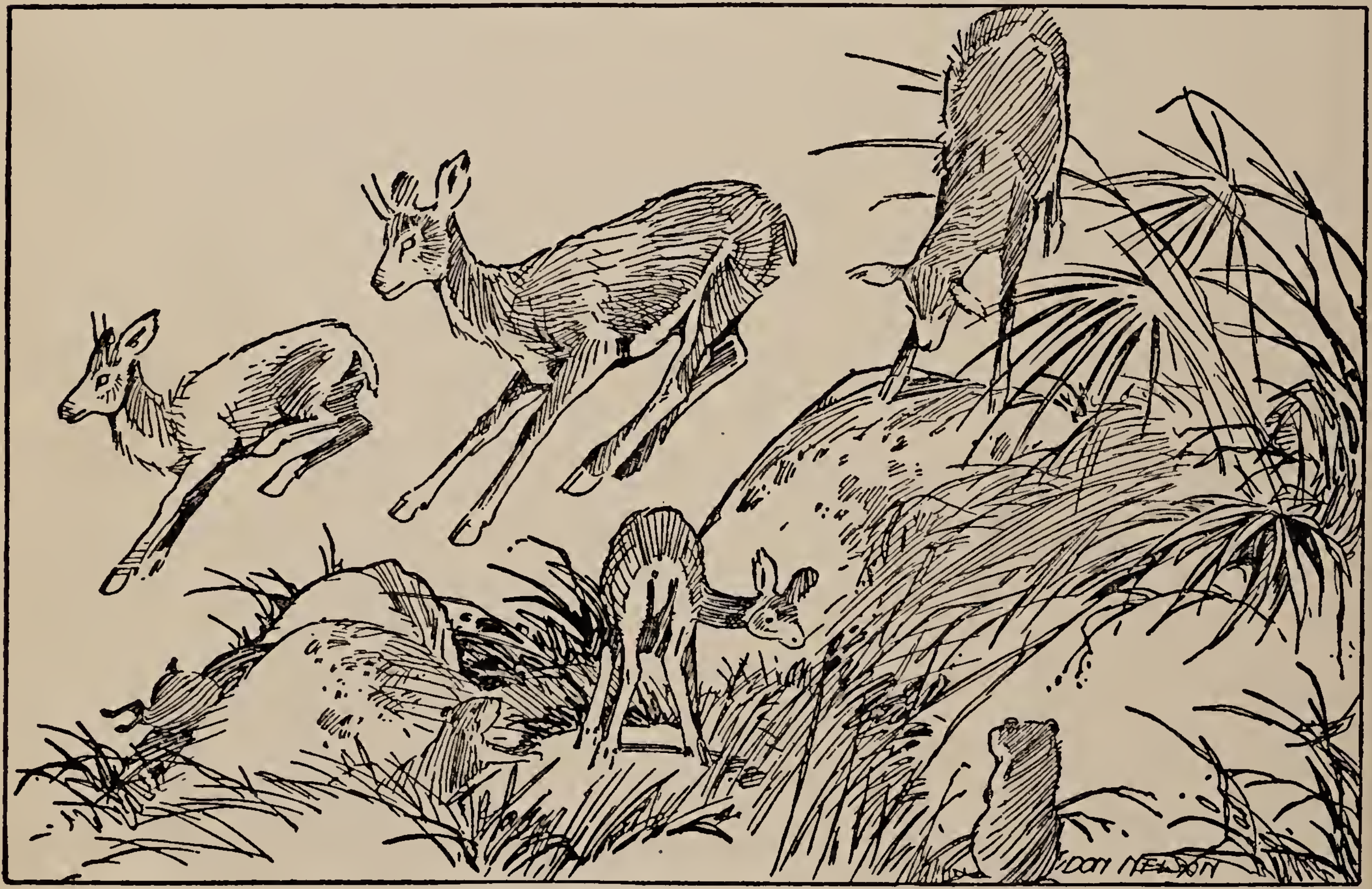
But although we are relatives of the elephant, we do not live near him. We live in holes between great rocks, and in burrows in the ground.

We like the big rocks best because we know that we are perfectly safe there, and that no one can possibly get inside our houses to hurt or worry us.

Very few animals like to live as high up as we do. Our friends the klipspringers do, though. The klipspringer is the African mountain antelope; his name means "rock jumper." He is the finest jumper in all Africa. He leaps from rock to rock so cleverly that he seems to sail through the air. No sooner does he touch one rock with his tiny little hoofs than he bounces off to another rock, and then to another one, so quickly that you can scarcely follow him with your eyes.

He has a habit of whistling when he bounces from one rock to another. He whistles often, and sometimes his whistling is very useful to us little "dassies."

If he is frightened he whistles; if he sees anything strange he whistles, and he always whistles to warn his companions of any danger that comes in sight.



Klipspringer seems to sail through the air

He is a gentle little antelope and a great friend of ours. We both love to play, and we play hide and seek together. We dassies run into our holes when the klipspringer bounces on to our rocks, and we pretend to be frightened.

We peep out at him, just our eyes and noses out of the holes. When we hear him whistle we know he is bouncing on to another rock, and so we run to another hole. It is great fun.

We are always glad when the klipspringer bounces on to our rocks for a game of hide and seek with us.

A klipdassie has very soft brown hair, and his coat has a black spot on the back. He has a rather large head, and a very small tail. If you were to try to catch a klipdassie by his tail, you would surely miss it.

We dassies like to eat in the early morning, and in the evening when the sun is going down into the west. We eat grass, and herbs, and leaves from low bushes, and sometimes we scrape sweet little roots up out of the ground to eat.

There is generally plenty of grass around our holes and burrows. But when the very hot weather comes, the grass on the mountains is dry and short; then we go from one patch of grass to another, looking for food which is not sun-dried and crisp.

When we find there is no good grass left high up around our homes, we band together, and travel in large companies down the hillsides, in order to feed upon the fresher, greener grass below.

One of our family will give a special signal. We all know this signal, it means something like this:

Down below is the food we need
Come along, are you all agreed?

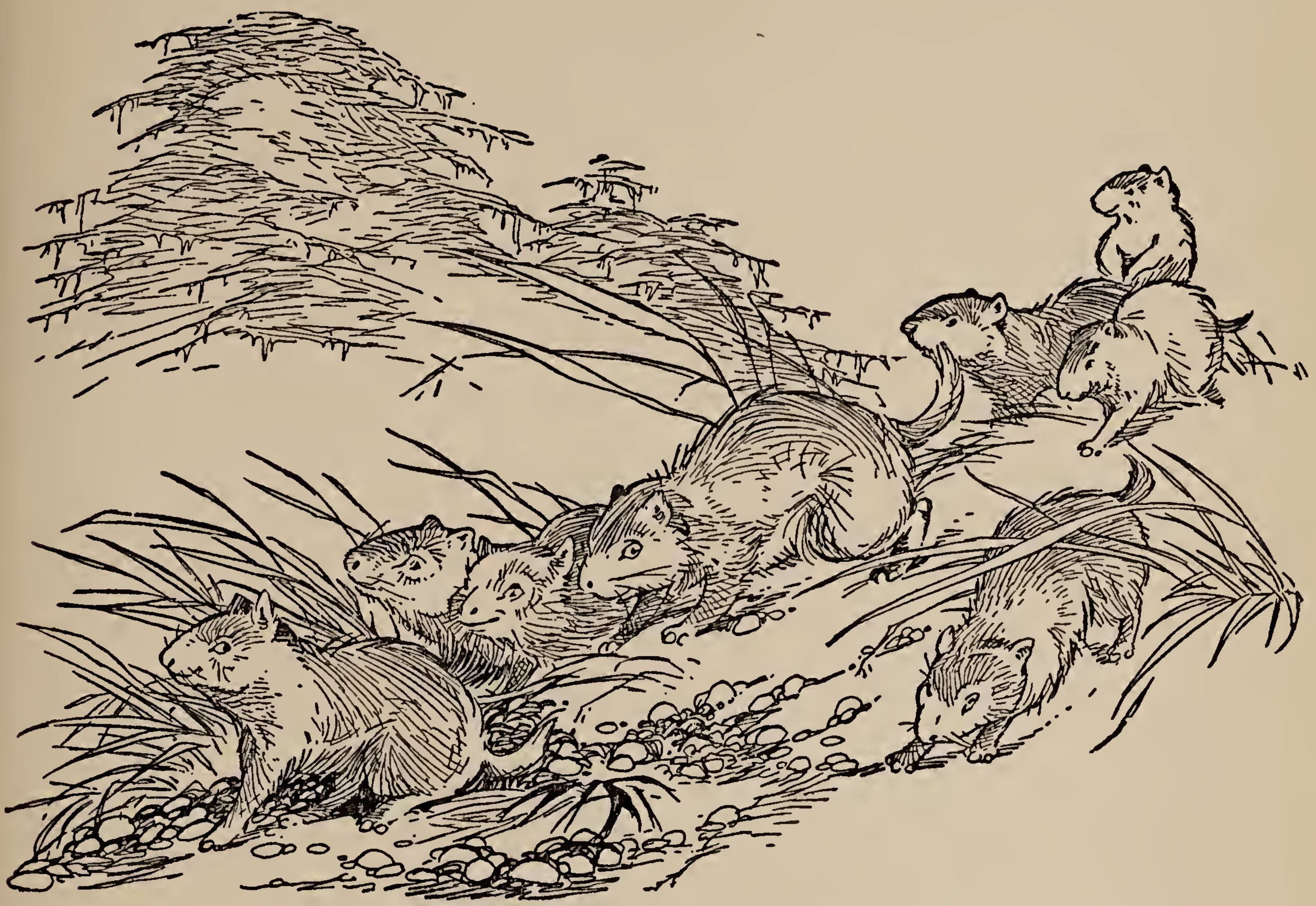
And then we call back something like this:

Leave the hay, and lead away,
Down the valley we go today.

And we run from all parts of the hillside to join in the journey down to the plains.

When we reach the level ground we run about, eating the nicest bits of green that we can find.

Down on the plains we find herbs, which are a very nice change from dried-up grass, and many other kinds of fresh food that we do not have on the hills and mountains.



We run and jump, eager to be first at the fresh green grass

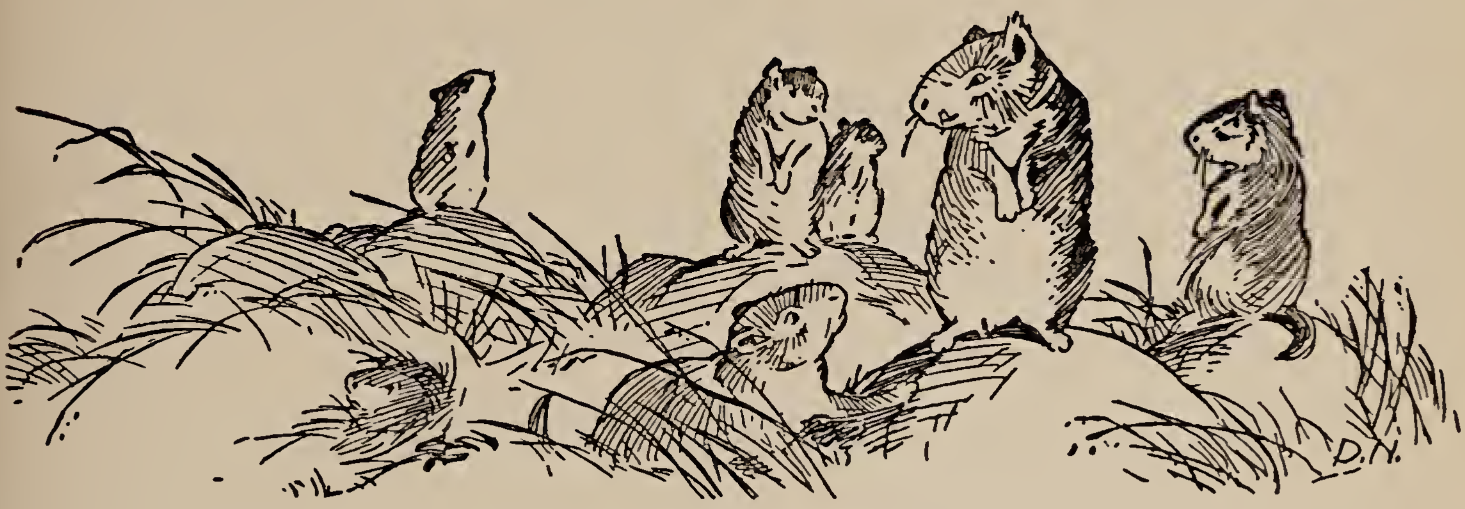
But before we run down the hills to eat on the plains, we always wait to see if our sentinel has climbed on to his rock, and is ready to act as lookout. One of us always climbs up on a high rock overlooking the plain to keep guard and watch out for enemies. He is very sharp and if he sees a hawk coming out of the sky toward us, or a wild cat creeping under shelter of bushes or rocks and coming closer to us every minute, he will give a loud, shrill cry to warn us that there is danger coming toward us.

His warning signal sounds like the cry of a small monkey. When we hear it we stop our feeding at once, even if we have just taken a bite of something very nice. We all turn, and run up the hill as fast as we can, and disappear into our holes. We run so fast that we look like little streaks of brown lightning shooting along the ground.

But our sentinel does not run home as quickly as the rest of us. He is very brave, and he stays on his rock until he sees we are all nearly home. Then he will run down the rock and scamper uphill as fast as he can go. He is always the last to reach home, the last in the burrow.

Perhaps tomorrow I shall have to be sentinel; then I shall have to be very brave and the last one home.

Now and again a sentinel will get caught before he reaches home. This is very sad, but still he has done his duty and saved his fellow dassies from harm. And it is a fine thing to give up your life to save others, do you not think so?



You can see a hundred dassies warming their waistcoats

It takes only a few seconds for us to run home; and by the time the vulture, or the wild cat, has reached our feeding ground, we are all safe in our burrows.

We are very good climbers. We can run over quite smooth and sloping rocks without slipping. Our large feet help us to keep a good hold on the rock when it is very steep.

We like to sit up on the big, high boulders around our home, resting on our hind legs and little tails. Our front paws hang down in a comical manner.

Sometimes you can see a hundred little dassies, all sitting up at the same time, warming their little waistcoats in the sun. We look very funny and so pretty that way.

Perhaps a big cloud will sail along in the sky between the sun and the dassies. Then all the klipdassies will give a little jump, and all you can see is a hundred little tails disappearing down a hundred little burrows.

The dassies did not know whether the shadow of the cloud was some kind of big bird or not—and a dassie never waits to find out. He runs home first, and then he looks out of his burrow to see what it was that scared him.

We dassies are very good to eat, and that is why we have so many enemies.

One of them is the snake. He likes to catch us for dinner, and he often comes to lie close to our burrows.

Sometimes we remember to look out for him. Then again we do not think of him at all, but run and play about as if he were never there.

We get quite used to seeing him until one day we have to jump out of his way. Sometimes we jump in time, and sometimes we do not. Then, alas, the snake gets a nice, fat little dassie for dinner!

In East Africa there is a very high mountain, called *Kilimanjaro*. There are many dassies living on this mountain. Here we grow better coats, thicker and longer, than anywhere else in Africa.

We have another name beside klipdassie. We are called the *Cape Hyrax*. This is not such a pretty name as dassie, do you think so?

Yesterday a party of us went down the mountain to the plains below. We found a nice lot of fresh, green grass and sweet leaves. We were so happy down there that when we came across a big empty ant hill with a large hole in the side of it, what do you think we did? We crept through the hole into the ant hill, and found that inside it was dark and warm and cozy; so we curled up safe and warm, and stayed there all night long.

When the early morning sun woke us up, one of us went out and climbed on to the signal rock. It was while we were having an early morning breakfast that our sentinel whistled:

"Danger! Quick! Run for your lives!"

No one stopped to look where the danger was, or *what* it was; we all raced up the hill to our burrows as fast as we possibly could. Then we looked out, and we saw a black boy with a small bow and arrows in his hand. He was creeping up the mountain and coming straight for our holes. He was coming to shoot some of us—if he could!

We all turned and ran down quite a way farther into the burrows. Then we looked again and he was nearer; so again we ran back. We waited for a moment, and then looked again and there was the boy, sitting down on the ground outside our holes.

He was waiting for a klipdassie to show his nose, so that he could shoot him. But so many noses kept appearing and disappearing that he did not know which way to shoot first!

After waiting a little while, he gave it up and began to walk down the hill again. In a hole in one ear he was carrying a small box made of polished horn.

When we saw the sun glinting on the polished horn box far below us, we knew it was safe for us to come out and play in the sun again.

The Klipdas

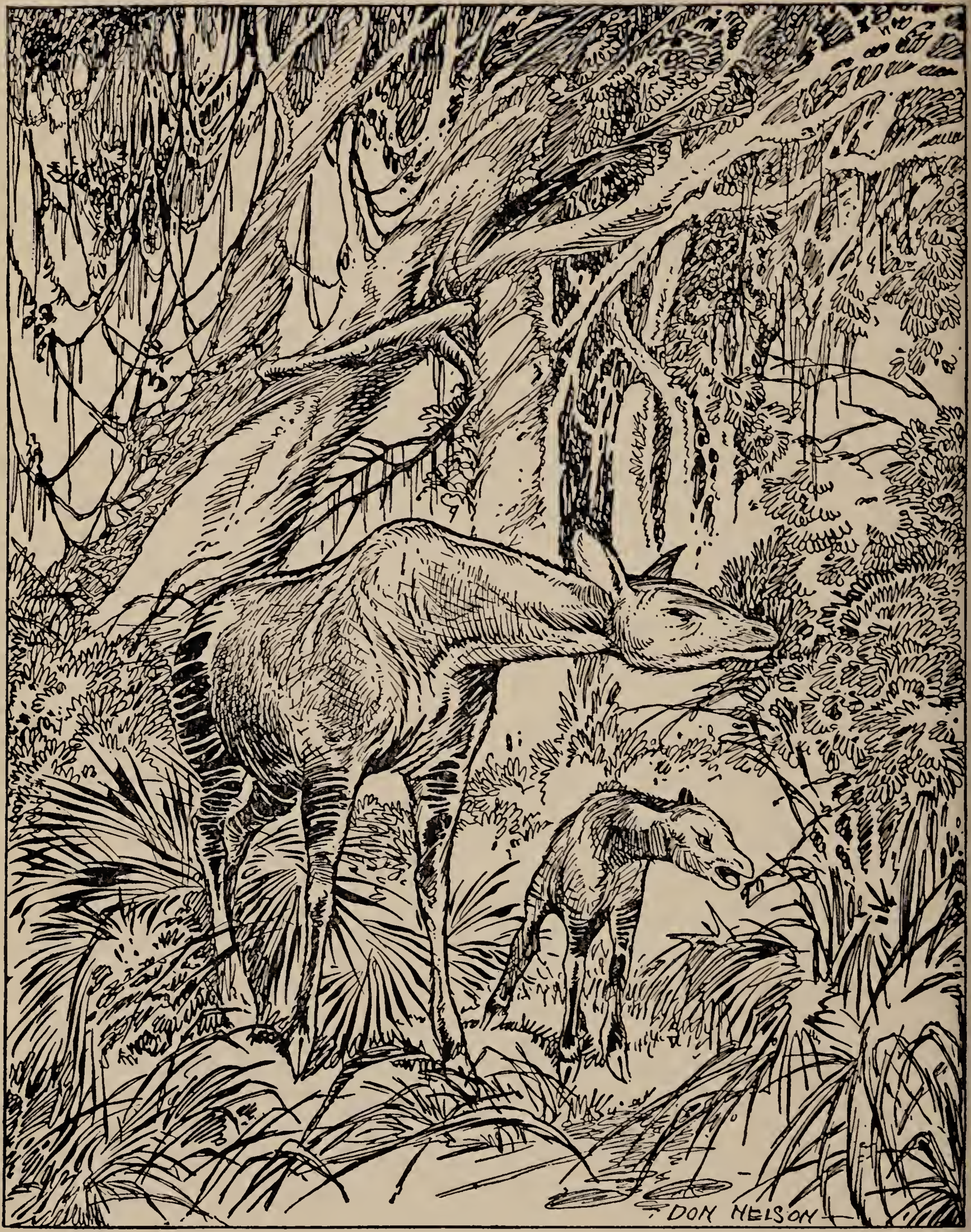
Run, run, Klipdassie, run!
Run up the mountain, and bask in the sun,
Slide on the boulders, nibble the grass,
Oh, how much fun you have, little Klipdas!

Little Klipspringer has bounced on a rock
Close to your burrow; it gave you a shock,
Didn't it, Dassie? It gave you a scare,
Not that you minded it, what do you care?

You have a hole into which you can dive,
Safe and secure as a bee in its hive;
Run down the mountain now, run while you may,
Plenty of dassies are waiting to play.

Scamper about on your wee rhino feet,
So much to look at, so much to eat!
Hark, there's your sentinel giving a "hail"
Just when you're sitting right up on your tail.

Run, run, Klipdassie, run!
Fast up the mountain, and out of the sun.
Stay in your burrow, the danger will pass.
Oh, how much fun you have, little Klipdas!



The okapi is hidden away in the dim Semliki forest

The Okapi

I WONDER if you have ever heard of a certain great forest in the Upper Congo country in Africa? The name of it is the Semliki forest. It is the home of the okapi and of the African pygmy.

It is a very wonderful forest—not a good forest for men to live in or even to visit, but a wonderful place all the same. The trees there grow very close together; they spread their great limbs far overhead, and the branches mingle with one another. Giant creepers and lianas climb up the tree trunks and twine overhead among the big branches. They make a thick curtain between the sun and the strange floor of the forest. Tall tree-ferns with thick trunks and wide-spreading fronds help to make the roof of this queer forest jungle, where very few people ever come.

Did you ever hear of a forest with a roof to it? The Semliki forest has one. In some places it is quite dark, and as there are few pathways, except those which are made by the jungle folk, it is very difficult to find a way through the forest without losing oneself.

You would not find it easy to walk on this jungle floor, because it is very swampy and wet and your feet would sink deeply into thick layers of rotting leaves and other vegetation. In many places you could not walk at all. But where the roof is more open to the sky, and the branches and fern fronds do not cross each other so thickly, it is easier to travel.

There is a great deal of color in the Semliki forest, though you might not think so. The leaves of the swamp plants, growing beneath the roof curtain, are very large. They are greeny-black and always wet.

The tree trunks are blue-brown and russet color, and there is a long gray moss which hangs from the branches overhead. This moss waves to and fro and helps make the forest darker.

There is another patch of color in this forest which does not remain still. It moves about and blends in with all the other shadows, which wave to and fro whenever a breeze happens to stray among the leaves. Can you guess what this patch of color can be?

Yes, it is the okapi.

The okapi is a very uncommon antelope, and his coat is marked in a very uncommon manner. It has many colors in it.

He has a head a little like that of a giraffe, except that it is a deep shade of purple and brown. His cheeks are white; his forehead and two lines down to his nose are deep red in color. He has red ears which are fringed with black. These ears are large and broad like those of all forest animals. They are set on his head a long way back from his eyes, which are very big and beautiful.

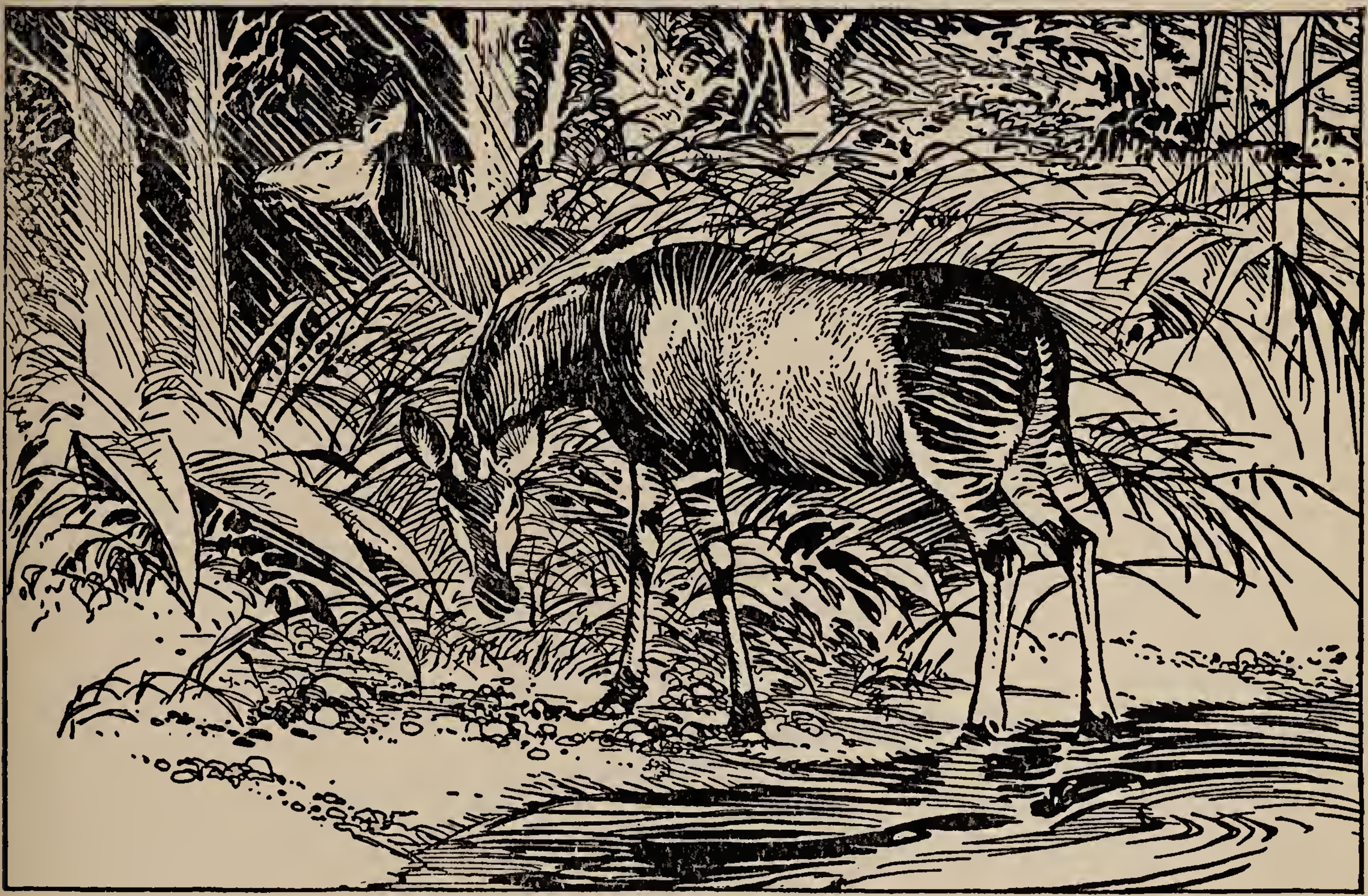
His coat is purple and brown, and across his legs are bars of black and white with touches of orange. He is the most strangely marked animal in all the world. When he stands under all the other forest shadows, his coat blends in with them, and this is one reason why the okapi is so hard to see and to catch.

He has two little horns covered with hairy skin, as the giraffe has, but the okapi's horns just show through the hairy skin at the top, while the horns of the giraffe are always covered.

The mother okapi does not seem to wear horns at all—that is, the one who lives in the Semliki forest does not. But there is another okapi, who is supposed to live near Lake Albert Edward not very far from the Semliki, who is said to wear horns.

It was only a few years ago that the okapi was rediscovered. For many hundreds of years no one in the world knew what an okapi was like. No one in the world had any idea at all that he was hiding away in his dim Semliki forest, far away from all men, and away from most of the animals in Africa.

There was just one sign of him, only one sign through all the many years in which he remained



The okapi's coat blends in with all the forest shadows

hidden in one of Africa's darkest forests. And that sign was the okapi's picture, which men who were called the early Egyptians, used to paint on the inner walls of their houses, temples, and tombs.

Many people of later years have looked at these pictures, and have said to one another, "What a strange animal! This must be a fanciful beast that the men of olden times invented as an ornament for their walls. No one has ever seen *this* creature!"

But the ancient Egyptians knew of him—perhaps he was more numerous in those far-off days—and the record they left of him in drawings and paintings proves clearly that they knew him very well indeed.

When he was re-discovered a few years ago, there was great excitement, when it was found that he was the same animal as the one in the strange paintings which men had thought was a made-up animal.

It seems strange that he should have dropped so completely out of sight, but you must remember what a great country Africa is, how difficult it is to travel in many parts of it, and how many places there are in which an animal could hide if it chose to do so. There may be other quite unknown creatures in the wilds of Africa, waiting to be discovered!

The okapi has several enemies who also live in the Semliki forest. One of them is the bush lion, but the okapi's greatest foe is the pygmy, or forest dwarf.

The pygmies are very small African natives who live in the deep forests. They have no real homes, like other people, but build themselves little round huts of grass and large leaves, and live in them for a while. When they are tired of living in one spot, they move to another part of the forest. They are always "on the move," and they do not trouble themselves with much housekeeping.

The Semliki pygmy has crisp hair, which curls very closely, a flat nose, a very long upper lip, and a lot of woolly hair upon his arms and legs. His skin is not black, but a kind of coffee color.

The pygmies sometimes shoot the okapi with bows and arrows, but the forest is so thick that even they do not always succeed in doing this. So they have two other ways in which they catch him. One is by a pitfall, and the other is by a leg snare.

The pygmies dig pitfalls in a special way of their own, laying branches and leaves on the top of the hole so that the jungle floor looks just as it did before the pitfall was there. In the many shadows and the darkness of the forest the okapi does not notice these pitfalls. He walks right onto the deceiving carpet of twigs and leaves, and falls with a crash to the bottom of the pit.

Then the little pygmy, who perhaps has been watching the trap, hidden away in thick bush, will give a signal—a strange call—to the other men, who have been lying hidden farther off. They bring strong lianas and tough creepers to use as ropes to lift the okapi out of the pit.

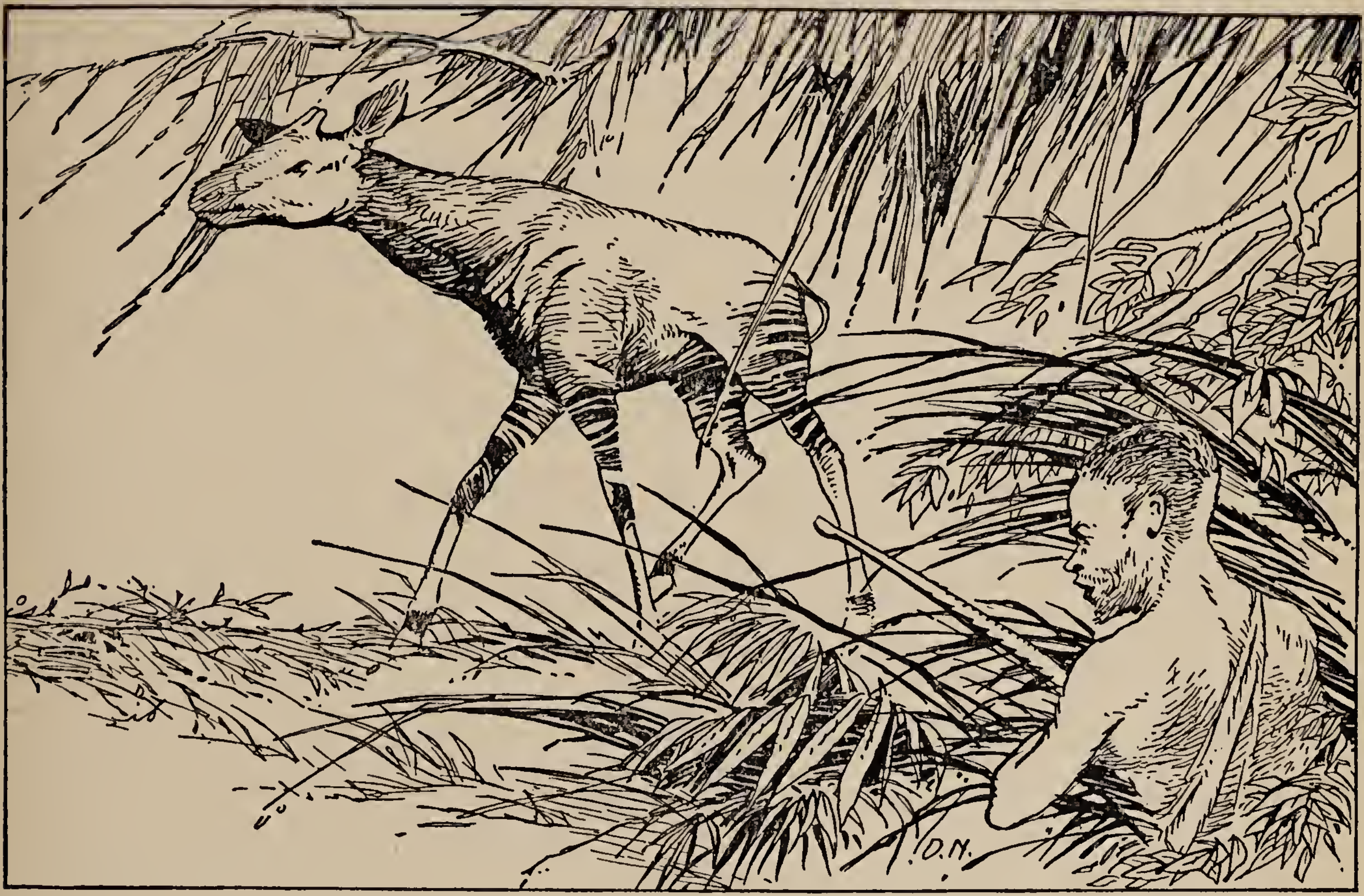
The little pygmy has another method of trapping the okapi. He sets strong leg snares across narrow paths, runways, and openings in the forest bushes where he knows the okapi is almost certain to pass.

Then when the okapi *does* go that way, as he is pushing through the twigs and creepers, one of the creepers will suddenly catch him round the leg and hold him fast. He cannot move forward or backward—the pygmy has caught him in a leg snare.

Then, I am sorry to say, he eats the okapi.

A white man would never shoot an okapi for food, unless perhaps he were starving. He would take the greatest care of it if he could catch one, and put it in a zoo.

Thousands of people would come to see a live okapi because he is so rare. An okapi has never yet been



In the darkness the okapi does not notice the pitfall

brought to America, though some time ago a young okapi was caught and taken to Europe; but it did not live very long.

It would be a great and wonderful thing if some one could catch an okapi and bring it alive to America, for every one to see what a strange and unusual beast he is. But you *can* see an okapi in your museum, and I hope you will go as soon as you can, and study him as he stands in his glass case.

Would you also like to see a family of African pygmies? You may if you wish.

There is a whole family of them in the New York museum, and besides the pygmies, themselves, you can see the kind of hut they make of leaves, the funny little house which serves them for a home.

When you have finished looking at the pygmies, notice the roof of the jungle and see how the creepers can shut out the light of the sun and turn the land into a moist steaming hothouse. But this is the kind of land the okapi loves. He will never leave his forest land. If he should come near to the fringe of the jungle he would halt, and stand for a little while, then he would turn and go back into the shade of the forest trees where he is safely hidden among the shadows.

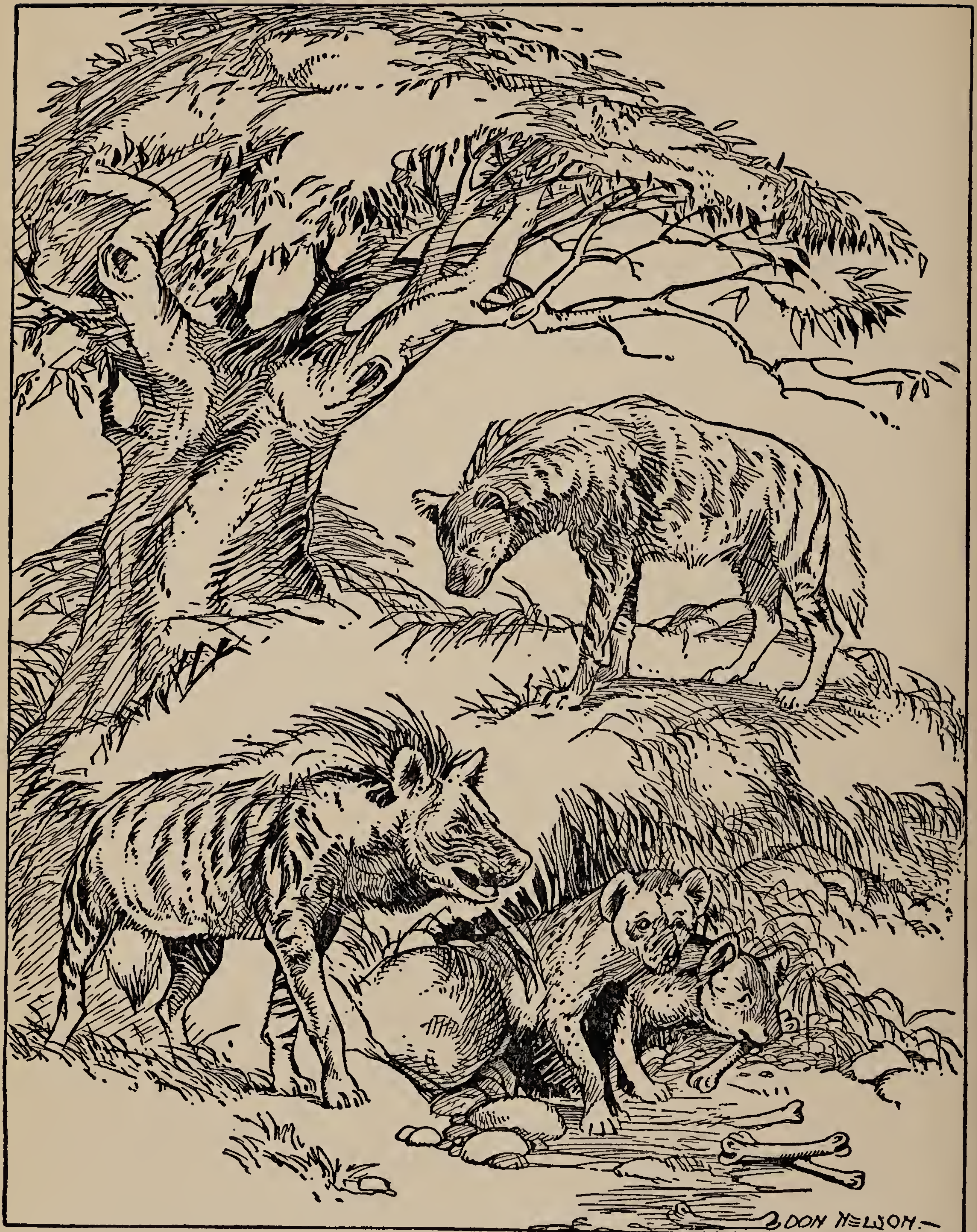
Even the pygmy shuns the darker parts of the forest, but it is just here that the okapi prefers to live, protected by the damp, the heat, the dimness, and the mystery of his jungle home.

The Okapi Song

In a country full of trees,
Where the gray moss in the breeze
Hangs and sways,
Where the little pygmies roam—
Little men who have no home—
Okapi stays, always.

Okapi loves the forest dim,
And Okapi reaches the forest's rim
To stand;
Never he leaves his forest glade
Where trees and lianas fling their shade
In festoons grand.

Okapi loves Semliki dim;
Okapi loves the swamps so grim
In Africa.
In the forest he lives today,
Hiding away, as wild folk may,
In Africa, great Africa.



We did not make this burrow, it was made by the wart-hog

The Hyena

YES, I am a hyena. I do not know whether you have read anything about me yet, but if you have, I am afraid that what you *have* read has not been very interesting or sounded very nice.

This is a great pity. Most people seem to have quite a wrong idea of us; they call us "cowards" and "lazy" and "bad."

I suppose they think they are right, but in many ways they are quite wrong, and I want to tell you a few things which I hope will interest you and make you like us a little better.

There are three kinds of hyena living in Africa. One is spotted, one is striped, and the color of the third one is brown.

I must admit that our coats are not as soft as the leopard's skin or the skin of the lynx, but they are quite pretty, and they wear very well indeed.

We have a cute little mane, and that is something the leopard does not wear at all.

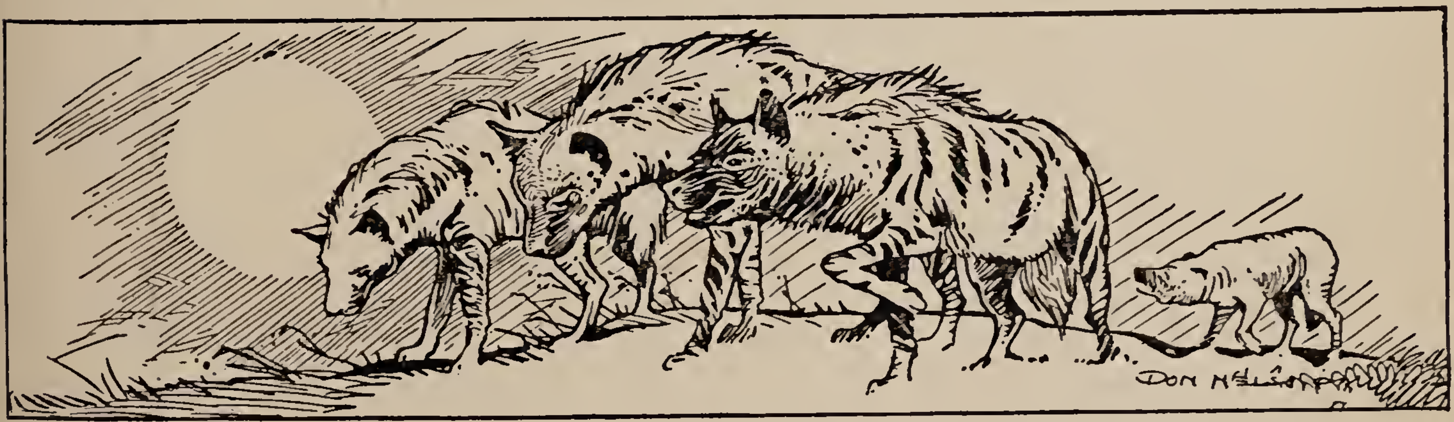
This little mane is quite useful to us, for we have many enemies. Sometimes our foes will seize us by the back of our neck. They may kill us, but then again they may get such a big mouthful of bushy, thick, stiff mane that we are able to get away—of course, leaving some of our mane behind us. But we do not mind that. Our mane has saved us.

When we go up to join in the lion's dinner, our mane would not save us, however, if he should happen to turn on us; for the lion could kill us with one stroke of his paw.

Sometimes, when he is very busy eating, he does slash out at us. When this happens we take it as a hint that he does not want us at his feast. We do not run away; we sit down at a little distance and wait until he has finished his dinner.

This is one reason why most people call us cowards. If I could speak to them, I should like to ask these same people if *they* would dare to go up to a lion, as soon as he has caught his dinner, and begin to share it with him or try to take it away from him.

We are made rather differently from most animals. Our shoulders are very high and heavy, and our head is large. We have very strange teeth, too; they are not the same as most animals' teeth. They are made in the shape of a cone and that is quite unusual. They were specially given us for the purpose of cracking



Our shoulders are high and heavy, and our head is large and crushing bones. We have the very strongest jaws in all Africa.

You know most bones are hollow and can be cracked fairly easily by many animals. But there is one animal in Africa, a big animal, whose leg bones are *not* hollow. They are quite solid, almost like pieces of ivory.

These solid leg bones belong to the tall giraffe. No animal except us can crack and crush these leg bones up into little pieces. It is easy to crack the bones of an elephant because *his* bones are rather soft. But when we come across a giraffe to be eaten, that is very different. However, we just take a big bone in our teeth, and although we often have to pull a funny face while we are breaking it, it is so hard and solid, we never do fail to break it. Then we eat the broken-up bones, for they are good for us and we know it. Any one might think that a hyena would get a toothache from so much bone-crushing, but it is just fun for us.

We hyenas are very useful jungle people. We help to keep the country sweet and clean by eating up the remains of things, such as the left-over parts of the lion's dinner, or perhaps an animal that has been wounded and left to die by the hunters, or killed in a fight with another animal.

Would you like to come and see where we live? Do you see this big old burrow in the ground? We did not make it, it was made by an animal called the wart-hog, which you will read about presently.

He is a nice creature, and he can dig a hole much more easily than we can; so if we want a new home we first look for a ready-made burrow, or a big hole under some rocks.

If we cannot find a hole already dug, or a nice cave in the rocks, we try to dig a burrow for ourselves, but it is never so deep and cosy as the one the wart-hog digs.

We rest in the daytime, and we do not like to be roused up out of our sleep. If anything does wake us, we all make a mewing noise like a family of cats. That means we want to be left alone, and kind people, when they hear us mewing in our den, will leave us alone and go away.

When we wake up in the evening we go out to search for something to eat. There is always plenty for a hyena, as we eat so many things which the lion would not touch. There are small live things and generally plenty of "left-overs."

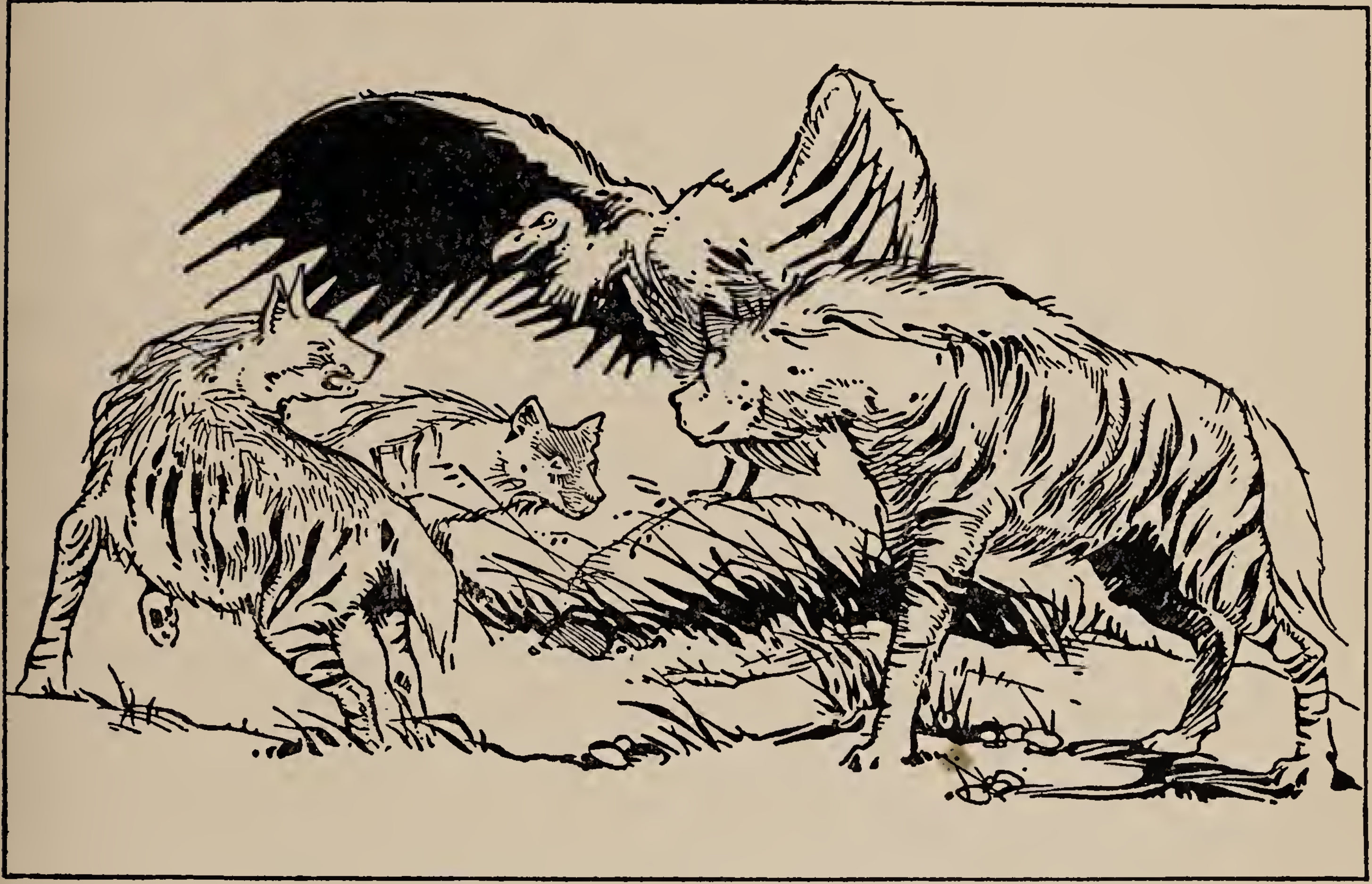
If we want more than these, we keep still and listen to see if we can hear a lion roaring far away. If we hear him roar, we know he is out to hunt, and we walk in the direction of the sound; for we are sure he will kill something big for his dinner.

We first find out where he is by his roaring; then, when he has stopped roaring, we follow him wherever he goes. This is why men in Africa call the hyena "the lion's shadow."

When he draws near to his game, the lion becomes quite silent. We still keep him in sight, and often we are present at the kill. Perhaps he will kill an antelope or zebra for his dinner. When he begins to eat we often go up to the dead antelope or zebra and eat with the lion.

Sometimes he will let us eat, but often, with his mouth full of zebra, he will strike at us with his large paw and tell us to keep away until he has finished.

The aasvogels, the great African vultures who live



The aasvogels stand on the dinner and flap their wings

in the sky all day, are already balancing high up in the early morning light.

When they see that the lion has left the zebra, they sink down to the ground and come and eat with us. Sometimes they try to drive us away. They stand up straight on the dinner and flap their wings at us, and say, "Wah, wah," but we do not mind them. We go on eating just as if they were not there.

Would you like me to tell you a hyena story?

One day when I was a small hyena my mother took me up to one of these "left-overs" to teach me how to eat meat from the piece.

Up to that time she had always given me small bits of dinner to eat, but now she thought I ought to take a lesson in carving my own meal.

Oh, dear! I shall never forget the first time I ate meat from the piece. Listen, and you shall hear what happened to me.

"Now Hymie," said Mother, as we began to eat our dinner, "do not try to eat much of this meat, but choose the small bones and try to crack them."

So I cracked little bones, and Mother ate meat from the piece, until I saw a thin black bone just before my eyes. I thought to myself, *"This* is small." So I took hold of it with my teeth.

Instantly the bone jumped. Up into the air it went with a rush and a scramble! It was a vulture's leg, and I was holding it tight with my strong little teeth!

The bird flew up into the air, and I with him. Mother sat back on her tail and growled, but she could not reach me, I was high up in the air.

What a journey that was! The big bird flapped his wings, fell a little way, then rose again into the air.

He was *very* angry, but I was too much frightened to let go. Then he flew down by the dinner again and I found myself on the ground once more. I opened my mouth quick and let the bird's leg go.

That was a big adventure for a small hyena! But I started right in again and had some more dinner.

Sometimes we get food from a hunter's camp. When the hunter has had his supper he will sit by his big log fire, and often he will smoke a pipe. If he is tired, sometimes he will sit for a long time without moving. If he sits very still, we will come close to his camp and look for pieces of food.

But if we cannot find any food, we sit down a little way from the camp. The light from the camp fire shines on our eyes, and our eyes gleam like green sparks through the darkness. The hunter cannot see our heads and legs and bodies; he sees only the green sparks.

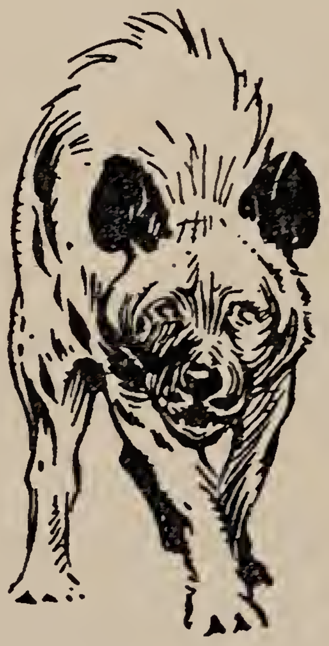
Then we sing to him. We sing him a song all together, which sounds more like a queer laugh than a song. We sing, "Hah-hah, wah wah wah. Hah-hah, wah wah wah."

Sometimes the hunter does not like our song. He gets up from the fire and walks over to where we are sitting, perhaps in a large ring round the camp.

The green sparks tell him where we are, and he means to drive us away. But when he comes closer we walk away into the darkness; he cannot catch us.

Then he goes back to the fire, and we go back, too, and sing him another song.

We are very nervous animals. That is why a hunter seldom sees anything of us but the green sparks—at nighttime, by the camp fire.



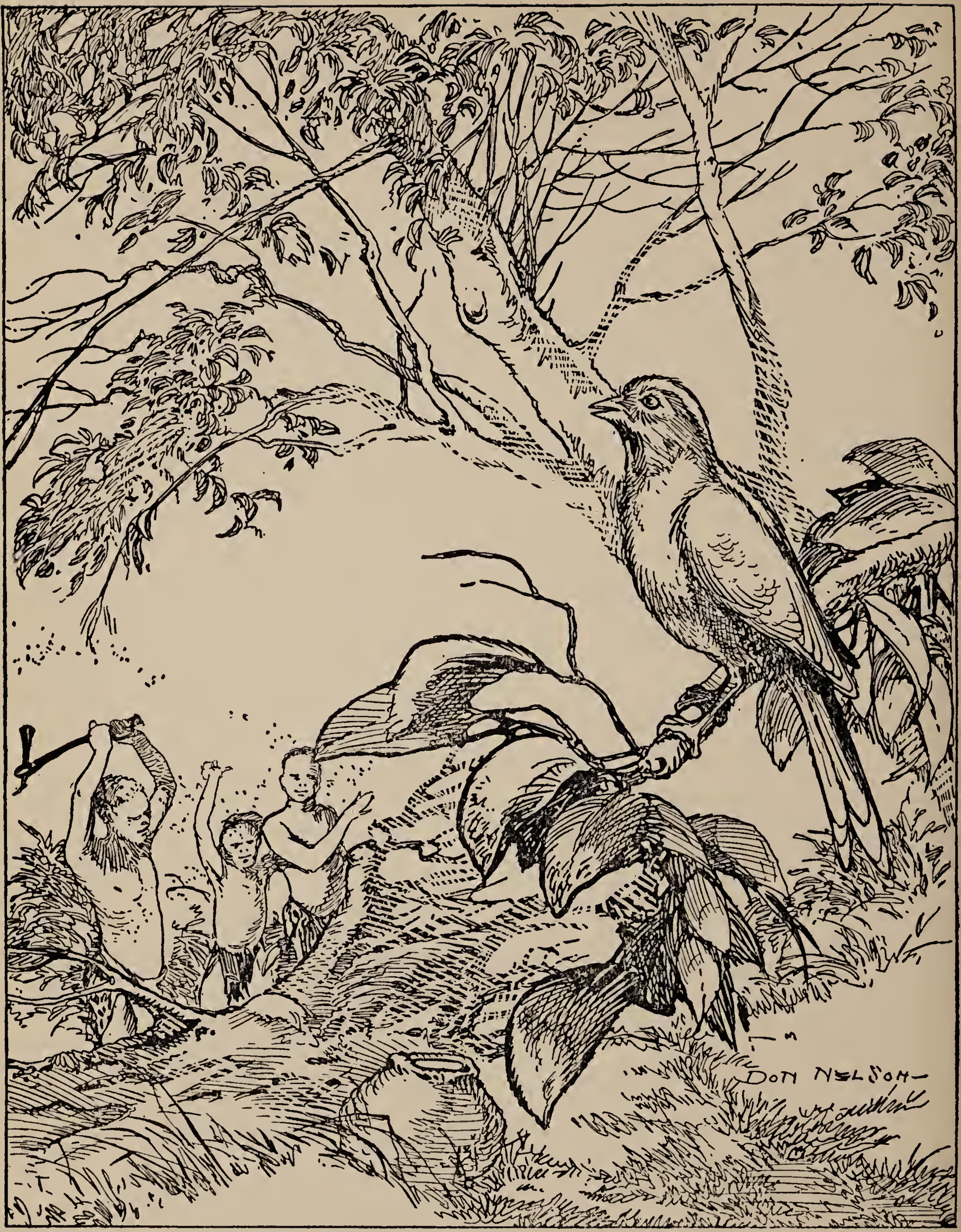
The Hyena Song

Once on a time, the Giver gave
The strongest paw to the lion brave,
The longest neck to the tall giraffe,
And the strongest jaws to the beasts who laugh.

Misunderstood Hyena laughs,
Wending his way through the forest paths;
Truly, he might be sad and grim
If he heeded the stories told of him.

Some folk say he is idle and sly,
And some folk say that he will not try
To burrow his nest or hunt his food.
Others will tell you, "He is no good."

That's hard, when you really are just as good
As those who call you a "coward," and "rude,"
But misunderstood Hyena laughs,
And goes his way through his forest paths.



The man takes an ax and begins to chop open the log

The Honey Guide

IN THE jungles and wild parts of Africa there lives a very special kind of little bird, whose color is gray and yellow, and sometimes a dark brown. This color rather depends upon what part of Africa the little bird lives in.

He is quite small, even when he is grown up, but he is one of the most wonderful birds in all the world.

He is called the "honey guide."

Men have given him this name because he really is a true guide. He guides men through the thick bush and jungle to where the wild honeybee has made a hive and filled it with sweet wild honey.

The honey guide is very fond of eating honey; he also likes to eat bees. The honey guide belongs to a family of birds called the "bee eaters." But he likes honey to eat even better than bees. He would like to eat honey every day, but he cannot always get it, as it is not easy to break into a bees' nest in Africa.

Sometimes the bees make their hives in holes in the rocks, with an entrance so small that no one can get inside to take the honeycomb.

But very often the wild bees make their nest in a hollow tree, or in a decayed tree trunk which has fallen to the ground. They find a little hole in the hollow tree or in the fallen trunk; then they make this little hole their doorway, and they go in and out of this small entrance, making their hive.

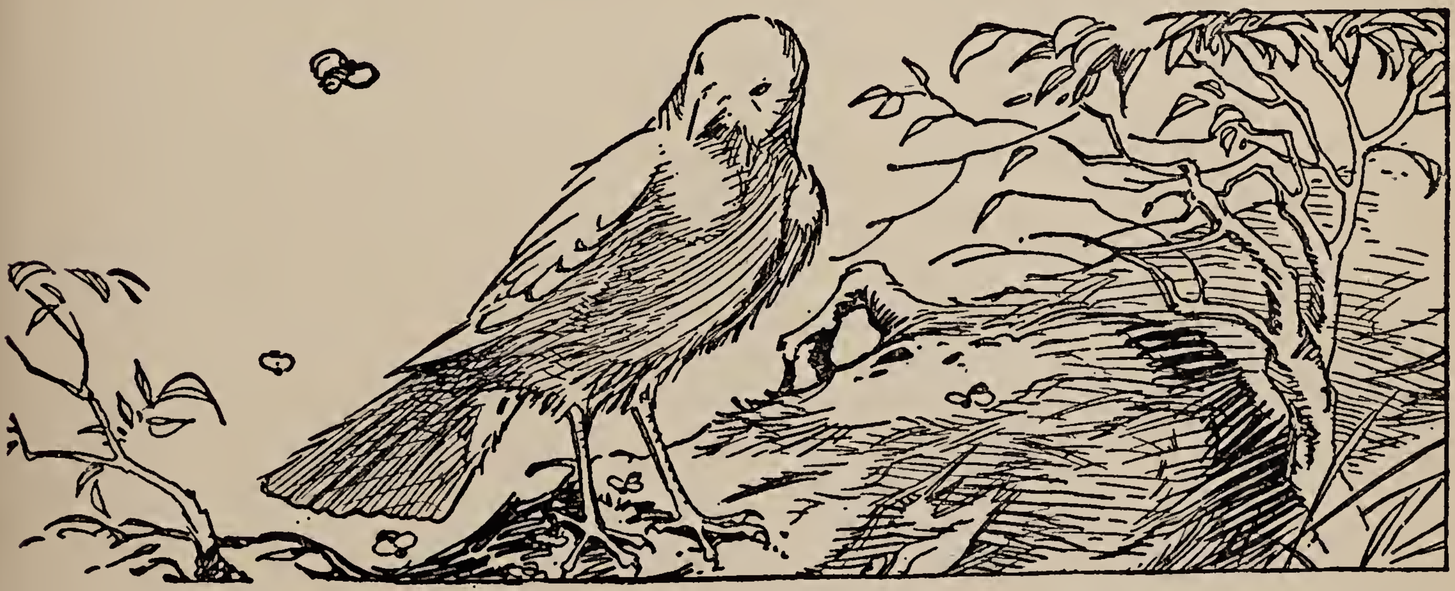
They make wax and build a honeycomb inside the tree, and fill the comb with sweet wild honey. The bees believe they have chosen a safe place for their hive, and very often no one finds the nest.

But if the little honey guide sees a bee flying through the air, he will follow it. Sometimes he will catch and eat it, but generally he will follow it home to its nest.

Then the little honey guide will perch on the fallen tree trunk, or on a branch of the hollow tree, and watch the bees flying in and out of the little hole in the tree.

When he sees them flying in and out so busily, bringing back stores of pollen and honey, he knows he has found a hive of good wild honey.

He is very anxious to get some of the honey to eat, but he cannot get it out of the tree because the hole is



The little honey guide will watch the bees too small for him to climb into and he has no tools to make it larger.

What can he do?

He does something which is so very wonderful and surprising that men who know about him consider him one of the wonders of the world.

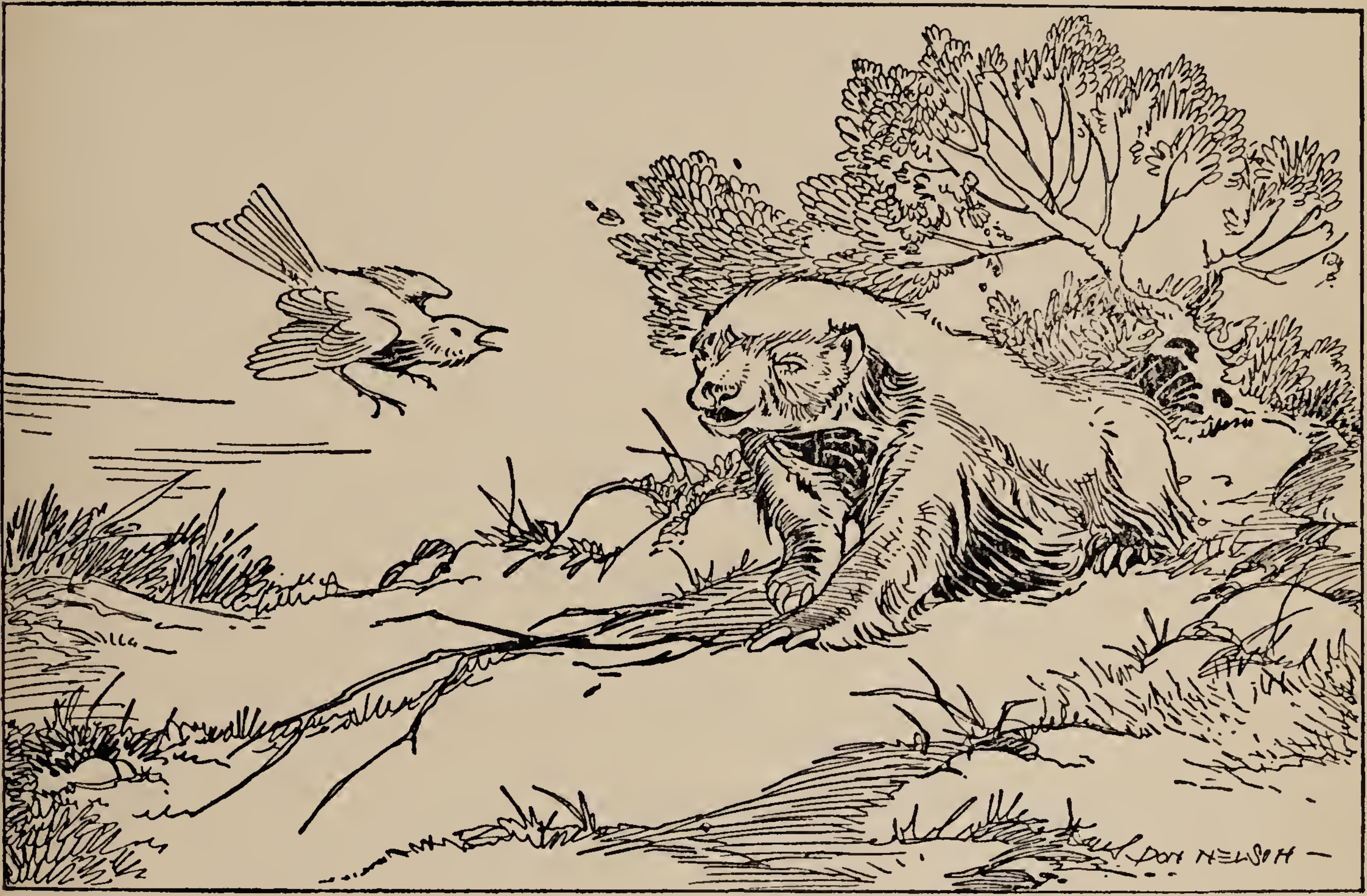
He knows quite well that he cannot get at the honey himself, so he flies away through and over the jungle to get help.

Where does he go and whom does he ask to help?

Sometimes he will search for an animal called the "honey ratel," who loves honey as much as he does. He knows the honey ratel has long claws, which are strong enough to tear open a fallen tree trunk. When the honey guide finds the ratel, he will fly down to him, and flutter his wings and twitter and chirp.

The honey ratel understands, and turns and follows him until they come to the hive in the tree. Then the ratel will begin to tear open the tree, and he and the honey guide will both have a feast of honey.

But sometimes this wonderful little bird will look for a man to open the hive for him. He knows that a



He will fly down to the ratel and twitter and chirp

man is glad to find honey and will walk a long way to get some. So this is what the little honey guide does.

He leaves the nest, and flies high up over the jungle, where he can see far over the country beneath him.

Perhaps he may see a man walking along. The honey guide does not care whether he is white or black. He knows the man likes honey; so he flies down to the man and starts twittering, and chirping, and hopping from tree to tree.

He will fly around and around the man's head, just out of his reach, chirping all the while. He is telling him in bird talk to come and chop down the hollow tree with his ax, or to cut open the fallen trunk where the honeycomb is.

If the man belongs to the jungle, he knows quite well what the bird wants, and he will follow the honey guide through the jungle sometimes for two days.

My father is a honey guide. Right now he is calling some black men to come and take a nest.

Would you like to see the men take the honey out of the hive?

Then you may come with us. You see the men have noticed Father, and are eager to follow him. They are taking up their home-woven baskets in the hope that the hive will be a large one, large enough to let them carry away some pieces of comb.

Father takes care not to fly too fast for the men to follow him. He will return from time to time, and fly round their heads and chirp, as if he were saying, "Come along, you are going quite the right way; trust to me," and fly off again through the forest.

Clever little honey guide to know the way back to the hive so well, through miles of jungle!

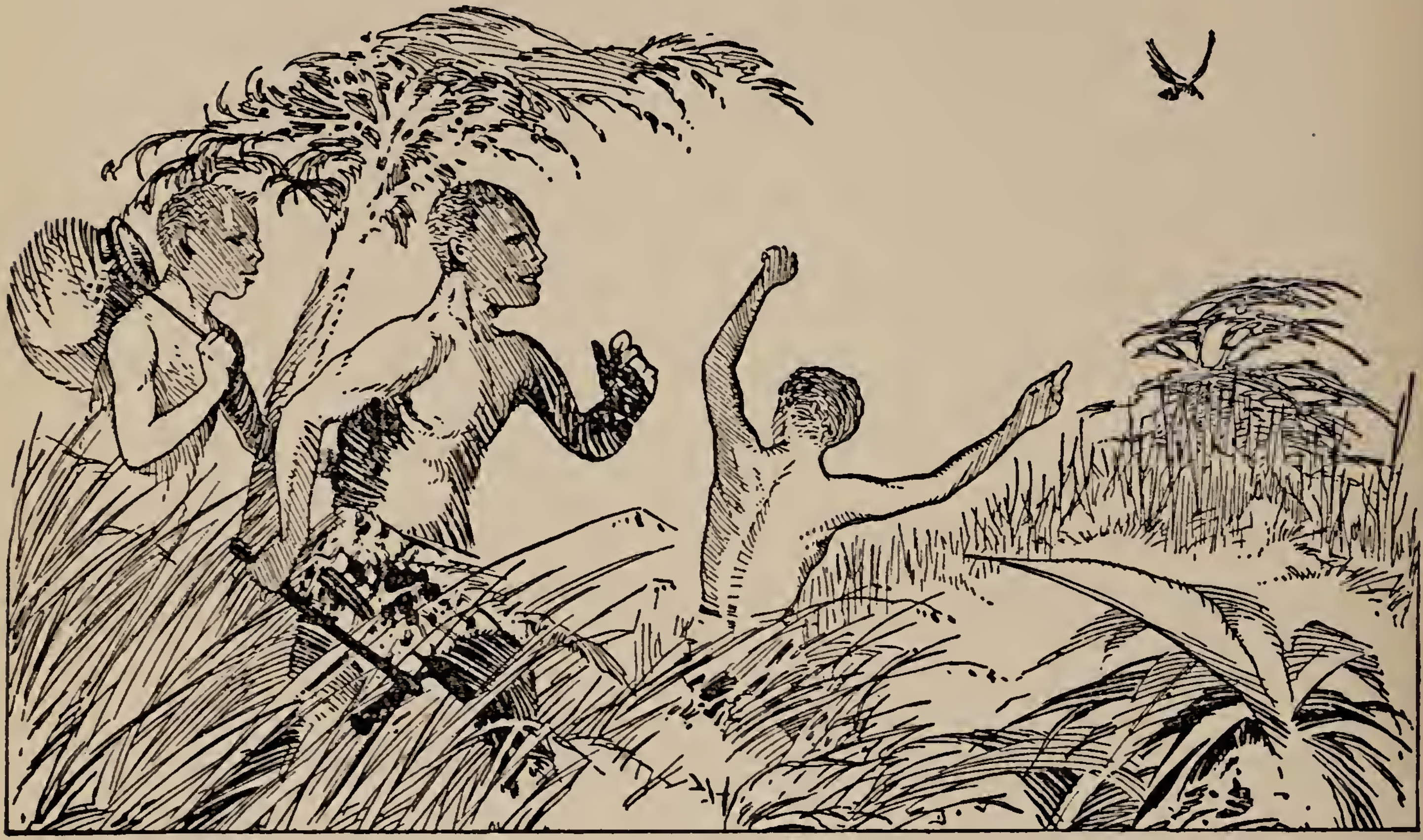
The men keep us in sight all the while, and when the man in front sees Father perch on a tree or log, he knows they have come to the place of the hive. I sit on a tree close by and wait.

If the man sees the bees flying in and out of the hole in the log, he takes an ax and begins to chop open the log right over the hole.

The bees do not like this at all. They begin to swarm out of the log, and to get very angry with the men. They sit upon their shoulders, their arms, and their legs; they settle on their faces and hands and sting as hard as they can.

But the African black boy cares very little for the stings he gets. A white man would be in great pain and become quite ill, but the native boy has a tough, thick skin. He feels the bees pricking him, but he will just brush them away and go on chop-chopping until he has made a big hole in the tree, and we can see the honeycomb inside, quite full of rich, sweet honey.

The men come around the log. They talk and



The men have noticed Father, and are eager to follow him

laugh and get quite excited. Each man wants to be the first to put in his hand and take out a piece of honeycomb. They are in such a hurry to get a taste of honey that they find it hard to wait at all.

A boy puts in his hand and takes out a large white comb, full and dripping all over with honey. He breaks it, and the honey runs out. The boys laugh and catch the running honey in their hands. They eat it up, honey and wax and all; even sometimes a bee which is clinging fast to the comb and will not let go

—he will be eaten, too, if he does not fly away in time. Such a small thing as a bee does not trouble the boys at all. The bees, the grubs, the wax and the honey all go the same way!

Then the biggest pieces of comb are carefully taken out and put into the baskets. Putting honey in baskets to carry a long way may sound quite foolish, but an African native basket is so closely woven that it will even hold water; so, you see, the boys can carry their honey in baskets perfectly well.

But the boys do not eat or carry away all of the honey. Oh, no, certainly not! Were you thinking they did? You will soon see what becomes of the rest.

When the boys have eaten quite a lot, they feel very thirsty. They would like some water but they will not drink any after eating so much honey, for they know it would make them ill and give them great pain.

Watch, now, what the boys are going to do. Do you see them carefully laying some bits of comb on the ground and on pieces of the broken tree?

They look as if they were setting out a little party, and that is just what they *are* doing. Whom do you suppose they expect to come to the party? Yes, you are quite right; they are leaving it there for Father and me. They know that we are just as fond of honey as they are, and they believe that if they do not leave us plenty to eat we will never show them another nest.

Now they are going away, but you may stay with us and see what happens when we go to take our share of the feast. We fly down quickly to the broken tree because we know there are others who have been looking on, waiting for some of the honey leavings.

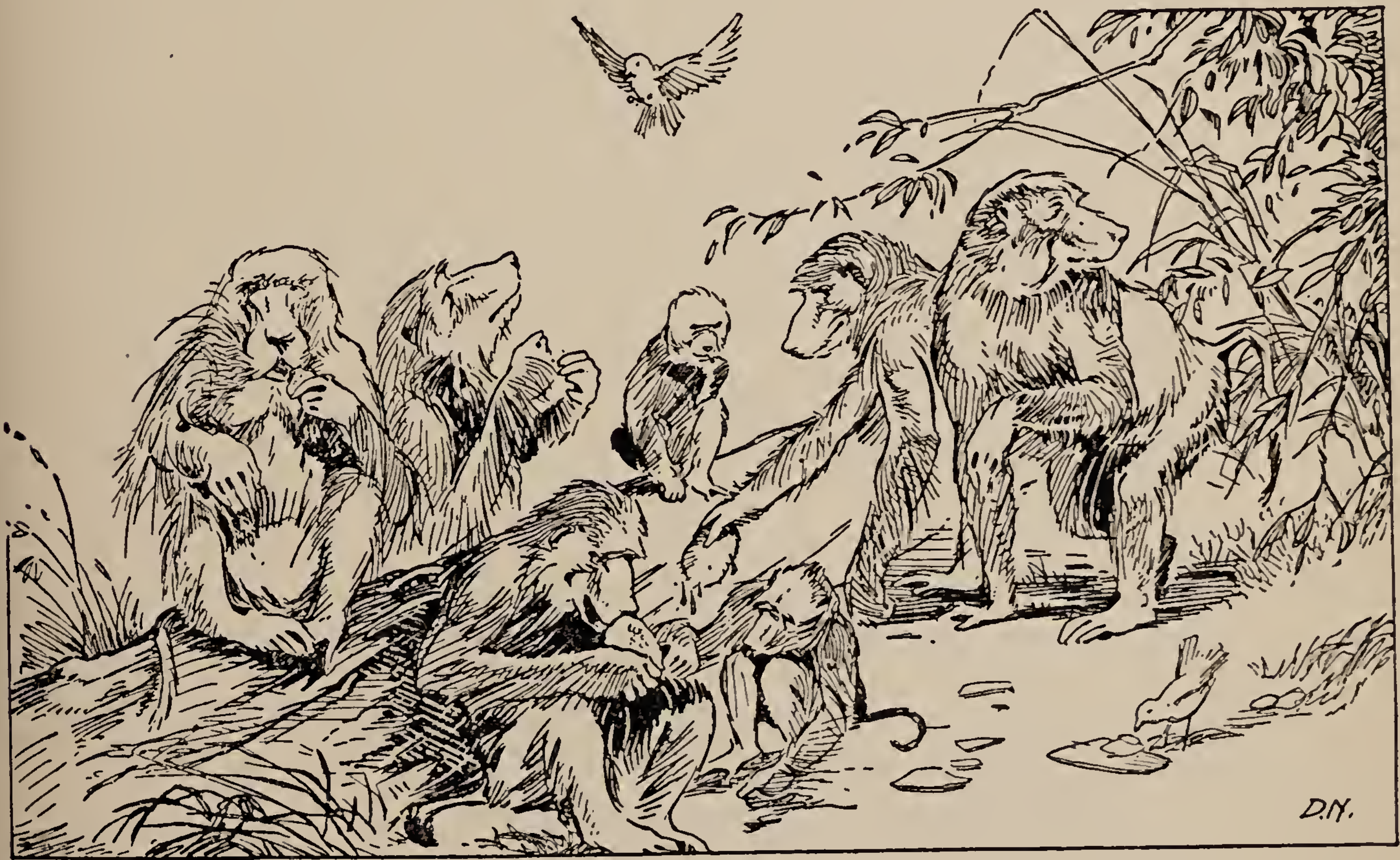
Look at that patch of hot sand. Do you see some marks there of tiny hands? Do you see some long lines drawn in the sand as if some bigger fingers have been raking there?

Those are the marks of the baboons, big monkeys who have been hiding out of the sight of the black boys behind that big rock. None of the boys saw them, but I saw them from my perch on the tree.

There are a good many baboons. There is a very big father baboon, and a mother baboon with a tiny little baby baboon clinging to her back. He is holding on tight to his mother's long hair, and several more baboon children are running along by her side. Oh, dear, what a lot of baboons! If we are not quick we shall not get any honey at all.

We perch close to the feast spread out for us. We peck and eat, we love honey so very much—

But here are the baboons. The big father comes first. He swings up to the log on his long hands and feet, and picks up a scrap of comb. There is no honey in it, it has all run out; so he jabbers and scolds and

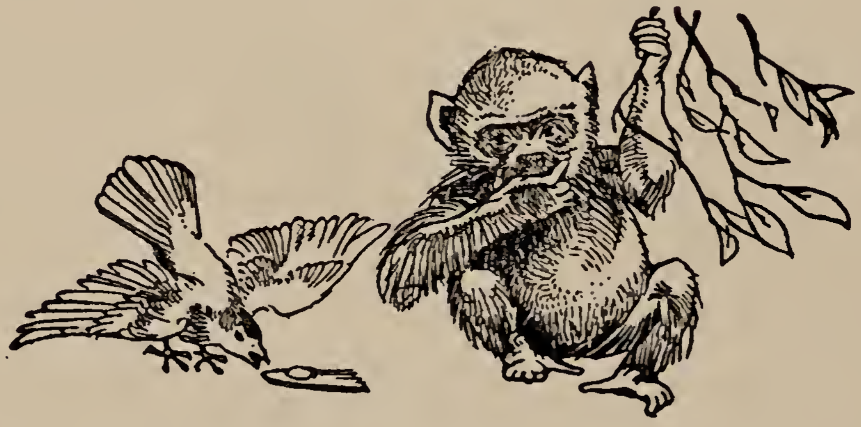


The baboons stuff the honeycomb in their cheeks throws the piece of comb away. It falls close to me, and I pick it up and eat it.

Then all the baboons come with a rush. With their long hands they pick up the comb and stuff it into their cheeks, until they look as if they had a toothache. They fill their cheeks as full as they can, and their hands as well.

The little baboons' faces are all sticky sweet. They lick their lips, and hold out their little hands for more.

Father and I hop about here and there, keeping out of reach of the long fingers, and still finding a scrap now and again. We have had a splendid feast, and now the honey is all gone. The baboons are still licking the pieces of sticky wood, and there is nothing more for us; so I think the best thing we can do is to fly off to find another hive.

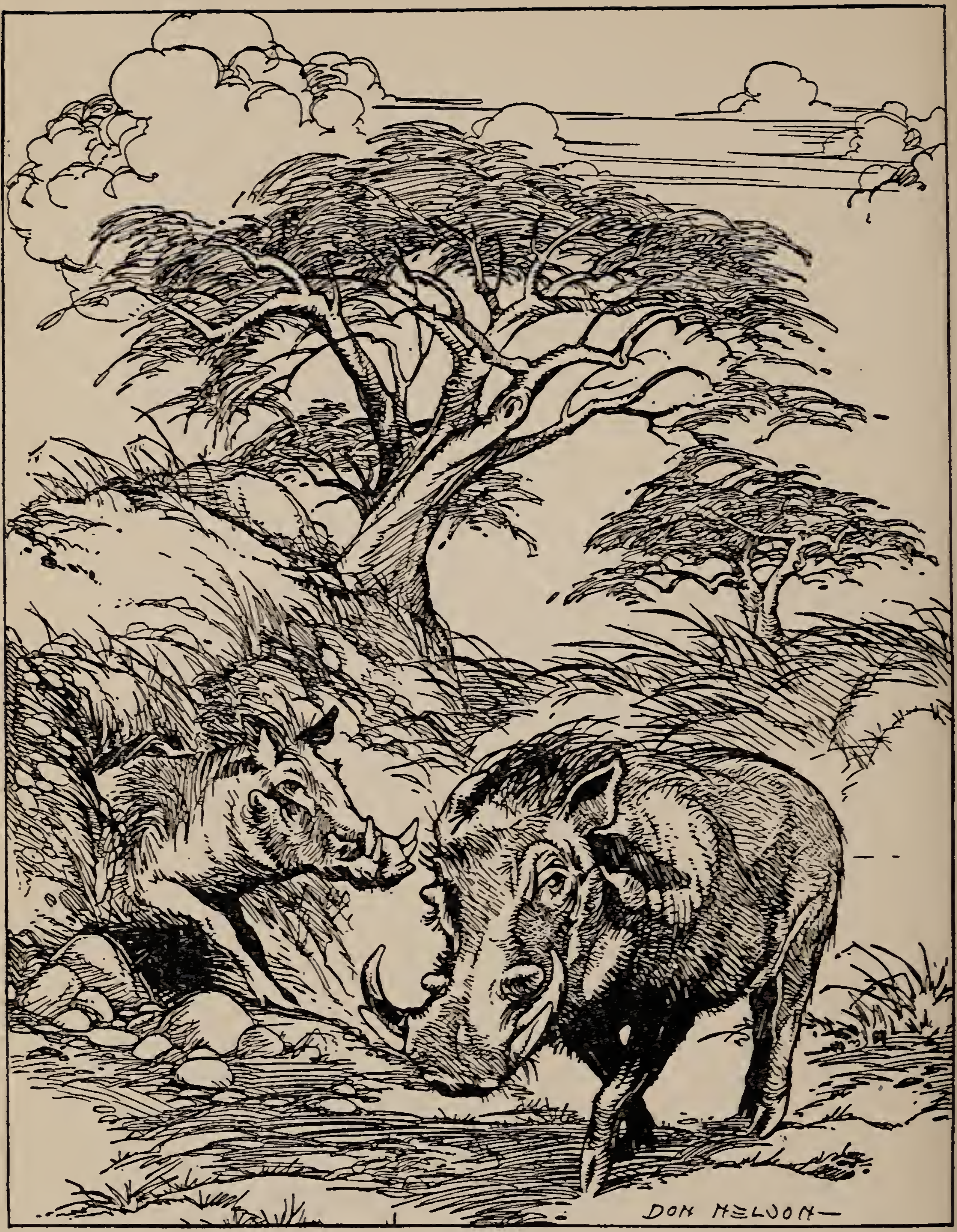


Honey, Honey Guide

Who flies o'er the bush so high?
Honey, Honey Guide.
Who peers down with bright, keen eye?
Honey, Honey Guide.
Who seeks out the fallen tree,
Where the pollen-laden bee
Hives its honey, who but he?
Honey, Honey Guide.

Who will perch upon the tree?
Honey, Honey Guide;
Watching every tiny bee,
Honey, Honey Guide.
Who, with twitter and with cry,
Over jungle top will fly
Till he sees a man pass by?
Honey, Honey Guide.

Who will circle round and round?
Honey, Honey Guide.
Who will lead by sight and sound?
Honey, Honey Guide.
Till the man has found the nest,
Takes some honey, gives the rest
To the bird, the very best,
Honey, Honey Guide.



We get up fresh and early every day

The Wart-Hog

GOOD day to you! We are glad to see you out in the sun so early; we have just got up, too.

We are three nice little wart-hogs, who have slept very tight all night long in our dark, cozy burrow in the warm African sand. We live in the bush veld not so very far away from a big farm, or ranch, in Swaziland. You can find Swaziland on your map if you would like to look for it.

This bush-veld country has many trees, tall grass, and plenty of low, close bushes. This is the kind of land in which we wart-hogs like to live.

Yes, we are always awake nice and early. We are not like some of the jungle people who prefer to roam about in the moonlight and to hunt for food in the dark every night. We go to sleep when the sun goes down, and get up fresh and early every day.

We like to run in the daytime and enjoy the bright sun. We love the sun. We do not mind how hot it is. We root among the bushes in order to dig up the sweet lily bulbs and other roots which are so nice to eat.

We dig in the sand for water, too, whenever we are quite a long way from a river or a water hole.

No, we do not dig with our feet. By and by I will tell you how we dig and what we dig with.

We have a *very* large head. Have you looked at our head in the picture yet? It is a fine big one, isn't it, although it does look *so* clumsy and heavy?

Well now, I will tell you something: we could not possibly do without our big heads—not at all!

What did you say? No one can do without his head? Well, I suppose that there is something in what you say, but I *have* heard that there are quite a few people whose heads are not of much use to them.

Now, our big heads are very useful to us, and we should not like them to be any smaller. Look at those big bumps, or warts, on our faces. We are the only kind of hog who wears these great warts, and it is these which have given us our name. There are many kinds of wild boars and wild pigs, but only the wart-hog has these large lumps.

There are four different kinds of wart-hog in Africa, and we all have these big warts. Our largest warts grow just below each eye; then we have two smaller ones between these and each tush.

No, I did not mean "tusk"; an elephant wears tusks, but we wear tushes. A tusk and a tush are not quite the same thing.

Our upper tushes are much longer than the lower ones. The top tushes have no enamel on them except at the very tip, and these small enamel caps are worn away very soon after they have grown to their full length. These large tushes curve in an upward and inward direction, pointing toward our eyes. They sometimes grow as long as nine inches from the jaw, and as big as five inches around.

Our shorter, and more slender, lower tushes are entirely coated with enamel, which preserves them from harm for a long while.

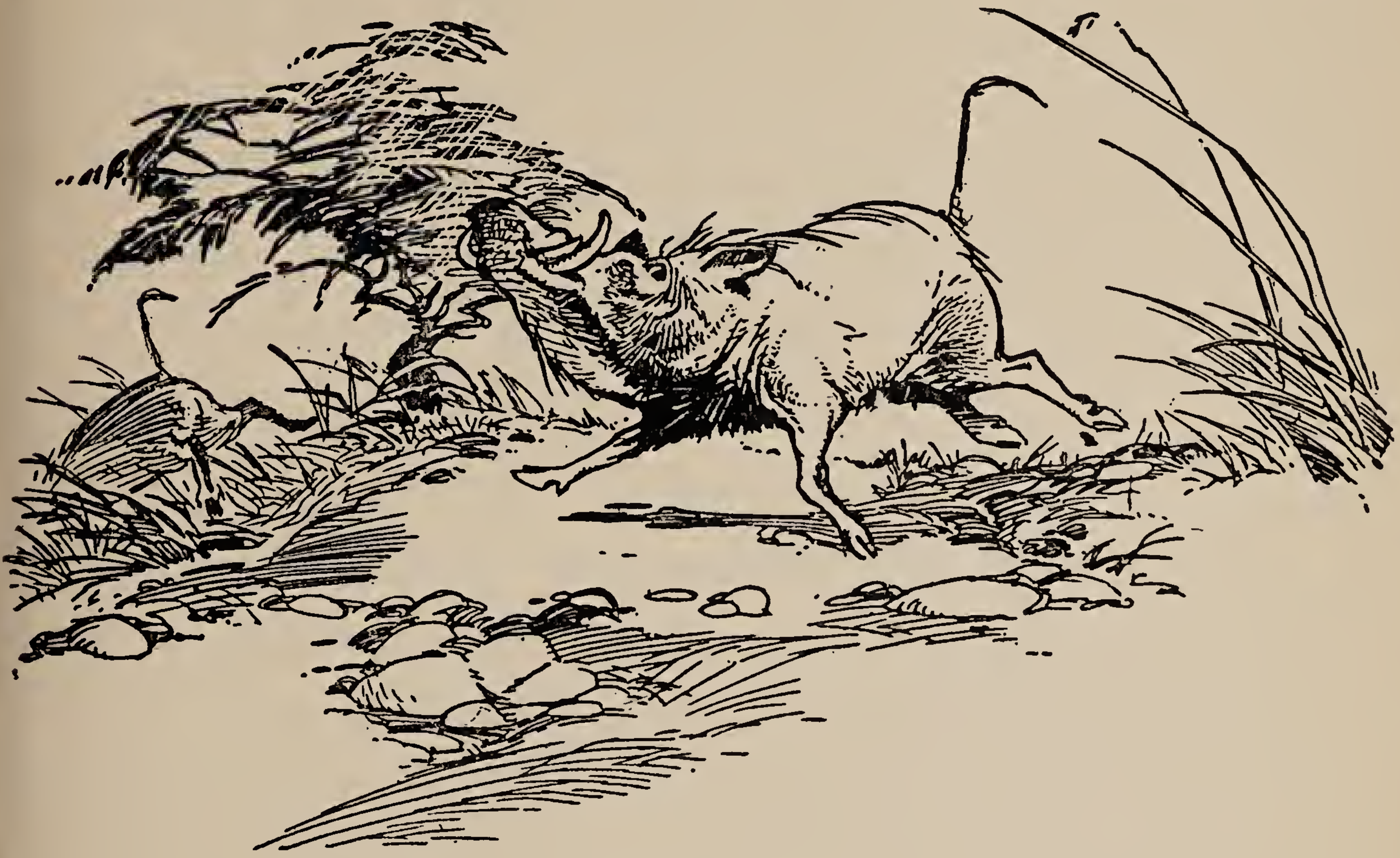
We have a very flat and broad face, with a long nose, and eyes that are placed far forward.

These eyes of ours are rather strange; they are placed so that we can look behind us without turning our heads around. We simply put our noses up in the air and look back over our tails!

We have a big mouth, small ears, and a body shaped like many others of the pig family. It is heavy and strong, and our neck and back are clothed with a mane of long bristly hair.

We have a long, sharp-pointed tail, with a tuft of hair at the tip of it. When we are excited or frightened, our tails stand straight up in the air. You have no idea how comical we look, all running off with upright tails.

Our teeth are different from most animals'. I suppose you think that Father and Mother have a lot of



We look comical, running off with upright tails

teeth, and that we little wart-hogs have only a few. But it is quite the other way round; we little ones have thirty-four teeth, while our fathers and mothers have only about eight or ten, and sometimes less than that. Isn't that strange?

The reason for this is that wart-hog teeth fall out very easily. They are set rather loosely in our mouths, and when they have a lot of hard munching to do, they drop out. But even older wart-hogs, as old as

Father and Mother, generally have enough left to eat with properly.

By the way, I have not told you our native name yet. It is *Indhlovudawani.* Isn't that a fine name?

We have another name as well, but this one is in English. We are sometimes called the "African pick and shovel man." You know how a pick loosens up the earth, don't you? Our tushes are our picks, and our broad nose is our shovel. Come along with me and I will show you what I mean by this.

You see those tall shiny leaves? They are the leaves of the big African lily. The elephant likes to eat these leaves, and so do we. We also like the big, juicy lily bulb, or root, which lies deep down in the earth.

So first of all we cut off the leaves with our sharp teeth and eat them; then we begin to break up the earth with our lower tushes. We generally kneel down to dig; so our knees become very rough and hard, and they get big corns on them.

We choose our lower tushes to dig with because they are the hardest. You remember they are the ones which are entirely coated with protecting enamel.

When we have broken through the top crust of the ground—and sometimes ground in Africa can be very hard—we twist our big head around and loosen the softer earth beneath with the two bigger tushes farther up on our face.

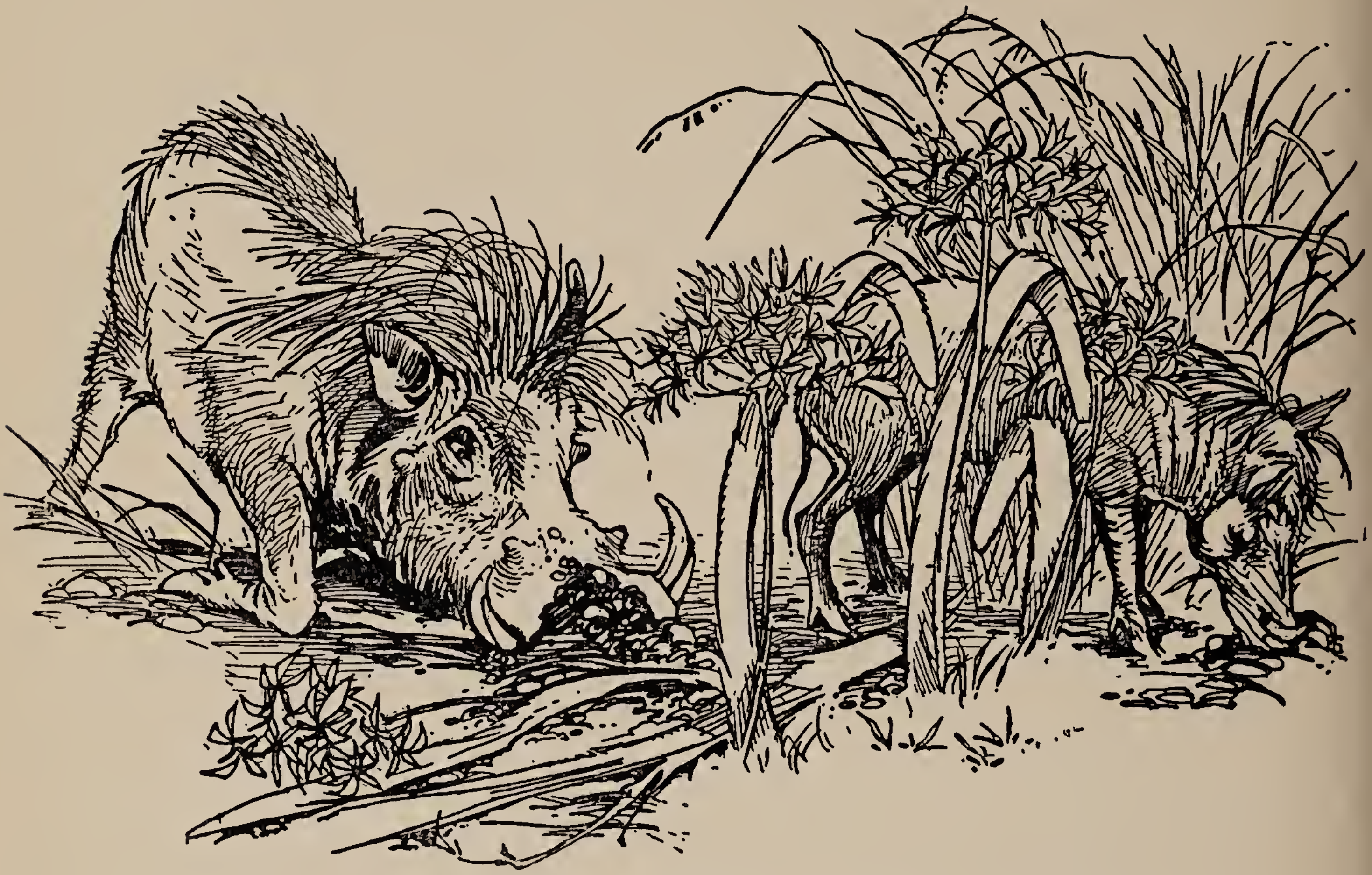
Now, you see, we have loosened all the earth around this big bulb, but we cannot yet take a bite of it. If we did, we should get only a wee piece of bulb and a big mouthful of earth, or heavy sand.

So now we have to use our shovel. Can you guess what our shovel is and where we keep it?

Our forefeet, did you say? No, our shovel is right at the end of our nose. Take another look at it and see how long, and broad, and flat it is.

This is the best shovel we could possibly have. We put it right down into the loosened earth, push it along and scoop up the earth on top of our faces. Then we throw this earth out of the hole we have dug. And we do it in less than one quarter of the time it has taken you to read about it.

We also eat grass like the antelope, and we all feed together very happily until it is time to go home to



Our shovel is right at the end of our nose

our family burrow. We enter this in a way quite different from that in which most animals enter their homes. Other creatures walk or creep into their burrows head first, but we do exactly the opposite.

No matter how fast we are running to our hole we will always turn around and slip backward into the burrow. Then, if some one follows us, we are ready to fight, and our great tushes are at the right end.

Sometimes, when one of us enters a burrow in our usual way, a funny thing happens. He will disappear and then come shooting out again very, very quickly. It is easy to guess why. There was a wart-hog in the hole already, and the second one to enter backed right onto the tushes of the first one! This is just one of our adventures—it looks funnier than it feels.

Wart-hogs are very nervous animals. When we are frightened we do not care to stop to see what is the matter or who has scared us; we just run off as hard as we can in the hope of getting away unseen.

We look ever so funny when we have been frightened and are running away from danger. Our tails stand straight up, and we gallop along as hard as we can, stretching our noses up in the air to have a look over our tails at whatever is chasing us.

We are obliged to do this, because our eyes are placed so far forward, and our necks are so stiff, that we cannot see to right or left by turning our heads.

Suppose, now, that you have been hiding behind a bush, watching a lot of us feeding or digging in the sand for water, and you want to see us run.

When you first step into sight you will feel quite confused for a few seconds, and it is likely you may even be thrown down on the ground.

First you will see a lot of wart-hogs feeding, and the next second all you can see will be wart-hogs rushing in every direction—north, south, east, and west—darting away at any angle and disappearing as rapidly as if they had been shot out of a gun.

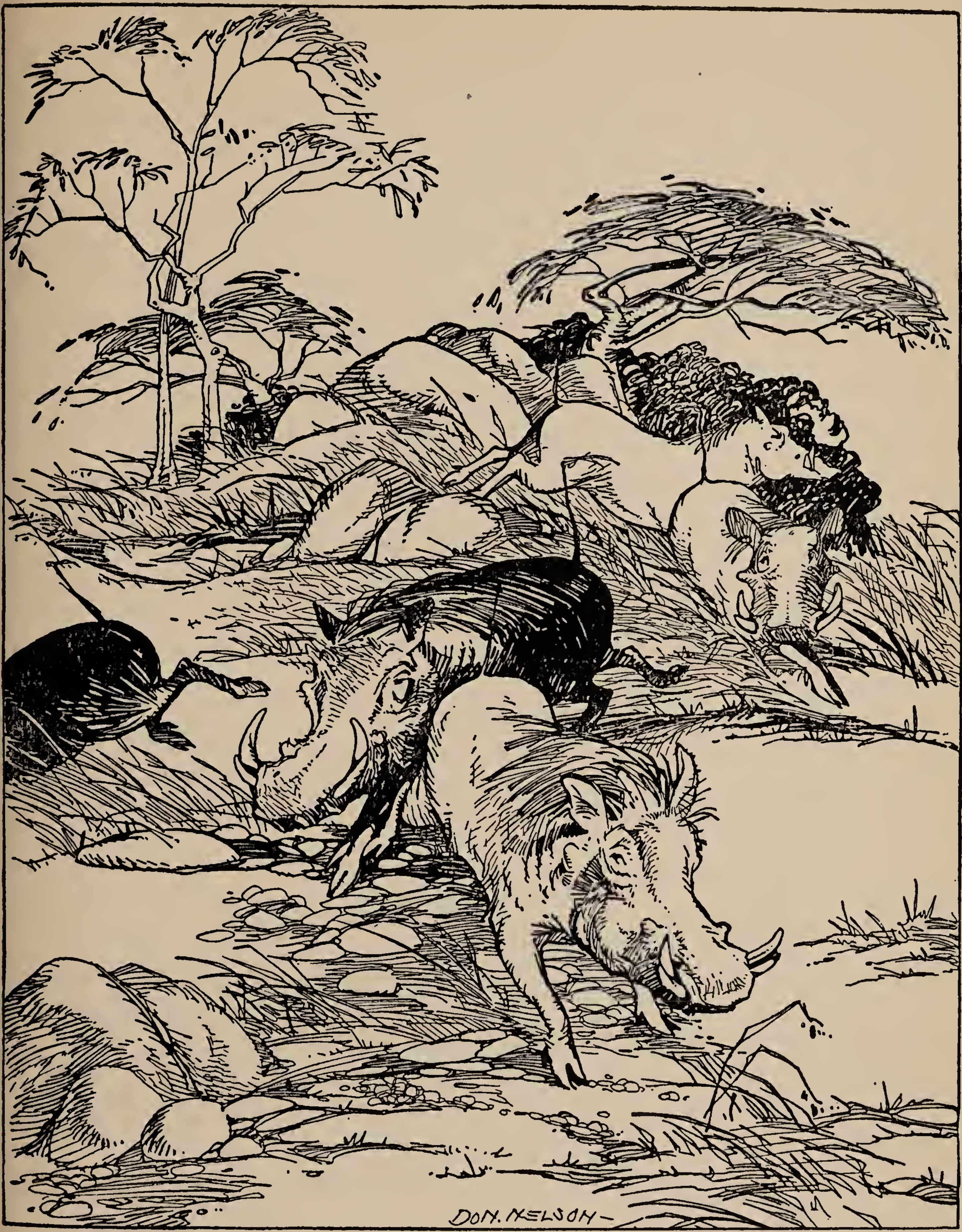
I will tell you the secret of our all running in different directions, for it *is* a secret, and very few people know it although it is really so very simple.

Being so nervous, and not caring to know what has scared us, we just run off as hard as we can in *whichever direction* our nose is pointing at the minute. And if you have never seen a wart-hog run when he is frightened, you do not know what real speed is.

Would you like to see a wart-hog coming out of his burrow in the early morning, when he thinks there may be an enemy outside, and he is not quite sure whether there is one or not?

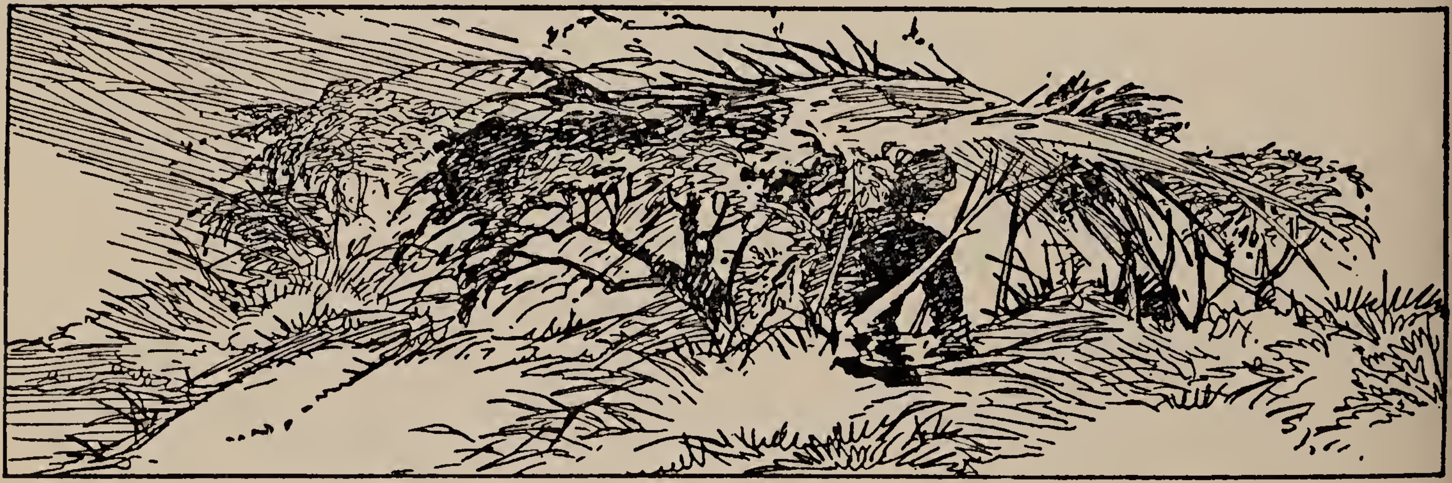
It is a very funny sight!

If you were a little wart-hog like me it would be very easy for you to see, but since you are a human



You will see wart-hogs rushing in every direction you must go to quite a lot of bother. However, if you would really like to see how a wart-hog gets up in the morning, and perhaps see many other amazing and beautiful things as well, you will have to do as the hunters and scientists do. The next time you come out to Africa and have reached the wild parts, where we wart-hogs and other wild animals live, you will get up very early in the morning. Before the sun has risen, you will have to walk out to some sheltered place, where there is plenty of low bush, and make yourself a "cover" there.

You know what a cover is, don't you? It is a shelter of branches and grass which you can fix around yourself. This cover would not keep you from any real



A "cover" is a screen behind which you can watch harm, it is just a sort of screen behind which you can watch for anything interesting to happen.

It will be very dark, and you will hear quite a lot going on around you; but don't get jumpy or scared or nervous, you are going to see quite a lot of things you will never forget.

Whatever you see and whatever you hear, sit tight and quiet in your cover, because you are safer there at this time than you would be walking about—much safer than if you were to get frightened and try to run back to camp.

Just at this time all the African nightwalkers are going home to their dens or their burrows. They know it is time to be getting home because they can see the sky becoming pale in the east.

It is still too dark to see any animals, but it is getting lighter every moment. Watch the sky first. Did you ever see the sun rise over the African bush veld? It is something to long for, and to live in the hope of seeing some day!

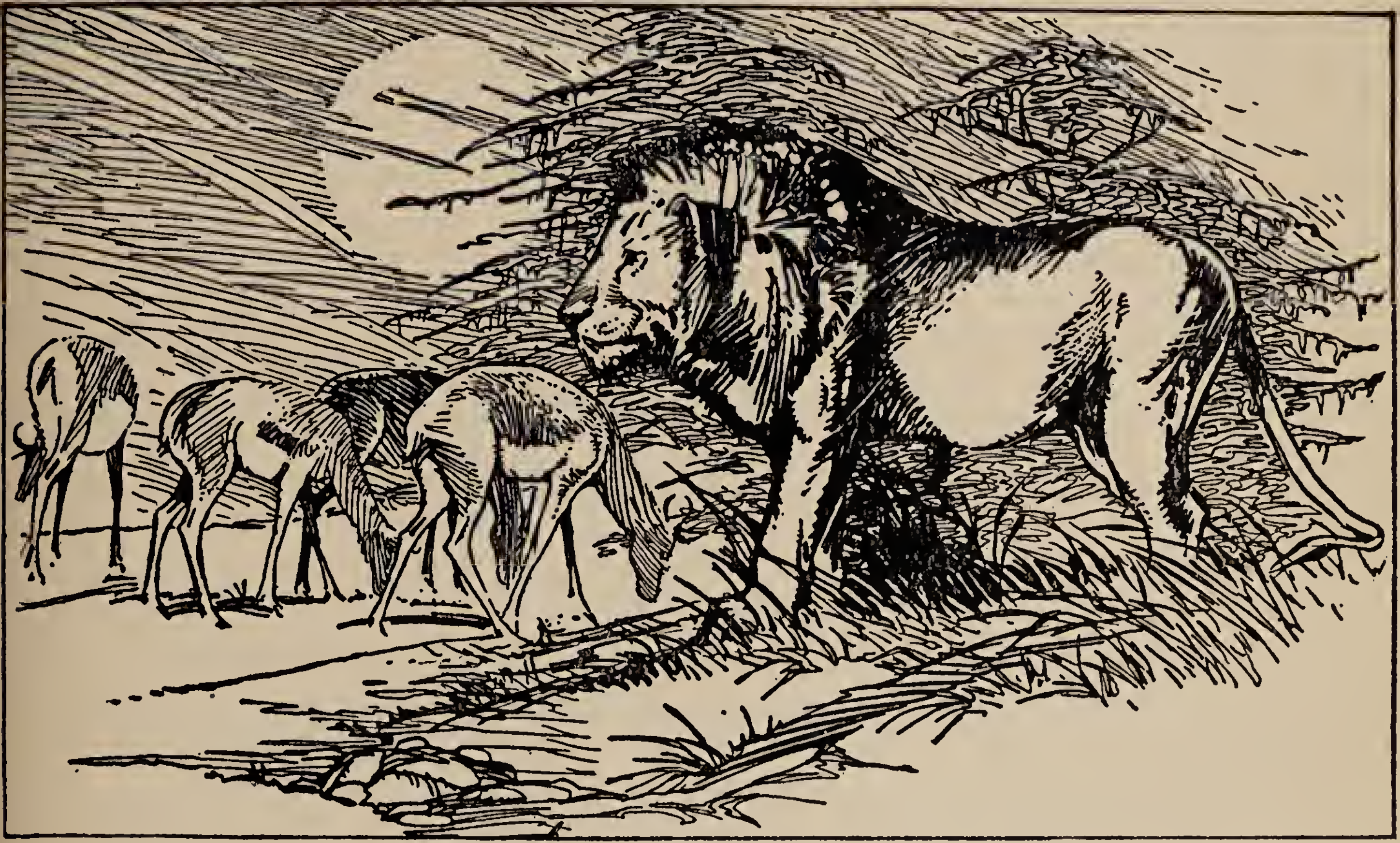
It is becoming lighter and lighter. High up there is a tiny yellow cloud, and a feathery pink one just below it. Other pink and yellow clouds appear, floating over a pale green sky.

Suddenly several long fingers of bright red shoot upward; they climb high up into the pale sky. Then a crimson bow is visible just beneath the fingers; the brilliant, radiant sunlight pours from it and rolls out onto the bush veld, and the sun has risen.

Listen! Something is coming toward your cover. Do not move, or you may frighten it away. There he is, coming around that clump of bushes—a wonderful antelope with spreading, twisted horns.

He is a *koodoo.* His horns twist in a spiral, and are thin and sharp at the point. He has a little dark mane standing up on his neck, and his fawn-colored coat has white bands running around it. He has a beautiful face, with large dark eyes. The koodoo has not noticed your cover; see—he is walking past, quite close to you.

Here is a porcupine, up very early. See, he has dropped two of his quills near your cover. One of them is resting with the sharp end up. Let us hope no one will tread on it before you return to camp.



Coming past them is a big, splendid lion

Here are two hyenas, each carrying a big bone. Keep still, they are going past.

It is still a bit too early for the wart-hogs to be up but we keep half an eye on the entrances to their burrows just the same. We don't want to miss them!

Now here is something very beautiful. Quite a large herd of bush buck is stopping to feed just a little way off. Coming past them, with his grand head in the air and taking no notice of them at all, is a great big splendid lion.

The bush bucks seem to know that he is full-fed; for they only look at him and move on a little, instead of galloping away full of terror.

Now you really *must* be quiet; for the lion is coming very near, as near as the porcupine came almost. Oh! Oh! What a pity. He has stepped on the porcupine quill, and it has pricked his foot.

Don't be afraid of a few roars; he does not know you are there. The bush bucks have been frightened, though, and are running away; but the hyenas are coming back to see what has happened.

Oh, poor lion, the quill hurts so much. See, he is trying to bite it out. Will he get it out, I wonder? No —no—*yes,* he *has;* he has drawn it out with his teeth, though it must have hurt terribly.

He is very fortunate, for sometimes these quills do *not* come out; they stay in an animal's foot all his life, and work farther and farther in.

Now I think you are going to see something funny. There is that big burrow you have been keeping half an eye on all this while. Something is inside of it, and I am sure it is a wart-hog.

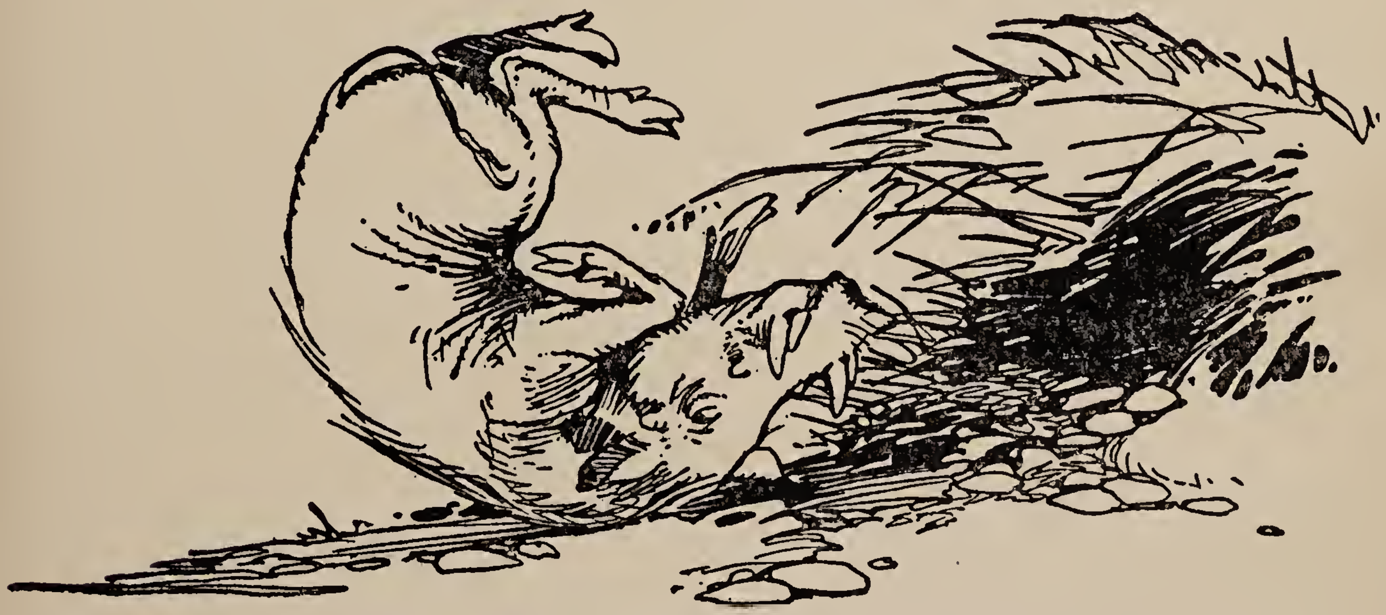
But he has heard the roar of the lion, and he is not sure that it is quite safe to come out just yet. Still, he wants to get up and have some breakfast.

Now watch—he will not come out of the hole in an ordinary way.

There he goes, all of a sudden. Instead of walking straight out like an ordinary animal, he has turned a somersault right onto the top of the burrow!

He was afraid there might be some one waiting for him outside, and this is the clever way he jumps out all of a sudden and gets away.

Do you like us wart-hogs—now that you know some of our funny habits and interesting ways? I do; I think we are very nice creatures indeed.



The Wart-Hog Song

This is a song in the wart-hog tongue;
It is a song that has never been sung.

Root, root, root, shovel and dig;
Come every wart-hog, little and big.

Root, root, root, don't mind the heat;
Down here are lily bulbs, juicy and sweet.

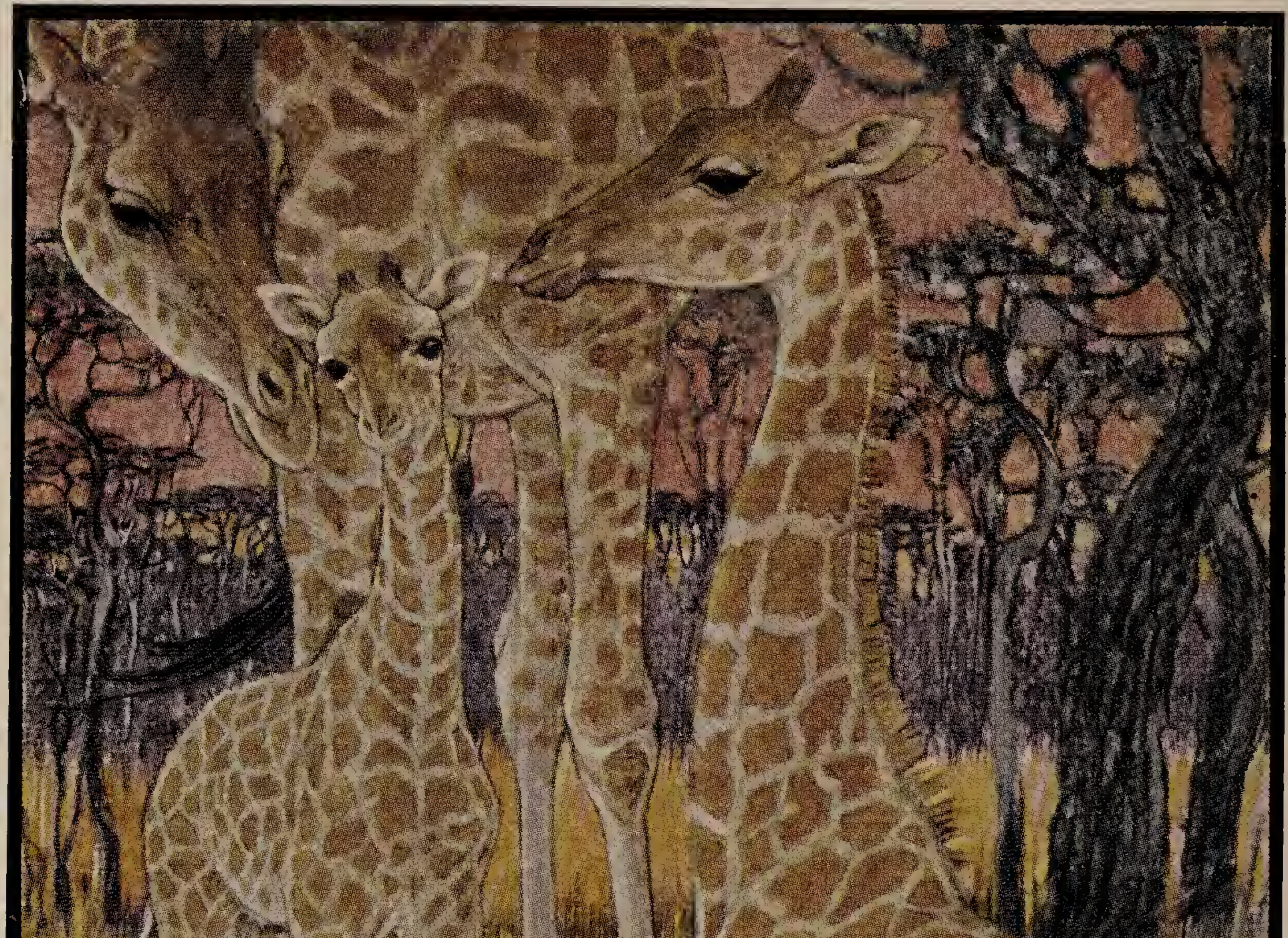
Root, root, root, nothing to fear;
If you are thirsty, dig just here.

Root, root, root, don't break a tush;
If you scent danger, all make a rush.

Root, root, root, deep in the sand;
Isn't this joyful, isn't it grand?

Root, root, root, I've found a nut,
There is another one, down in the rut.

Root, root, root—oh! what is there?
And off we go rocketing, tails in the air.



We walked into a thicket and Mother lay down in the shade

The Giraffe

ONCE upon a time, there was a small part of Africa which was called Littleland. It lay in a deep hollow, with mountains all around it.

Everything in this country was small, very small; there were tiny lions, small rhinos, wee elephants, and tiny antelopes. Even the hills and rocks were small; the trees and bushes were small; the grass was very short, and the butterflies were no larger than ordinary midges.

Now the giraffe also lived in Littleland. He used to feed on the leaves of small trees which were just the right size for him to reach up to. And he had the longest legs in all Littleland.

Tiny men lived in Littleland in tiny grass huts. There was a chief of the tribe and a witch doctor, and there was also a rain maker. A rain maker is an African native man who says he can bring down rain from the clouds whenever he wishes to.

Sometimes in Africa there is no rain for months at a time, and all the country becomes dry and parched. The rivers dry up, and the corn and other crops will not grow. The grass becomes brown and crisp and there is very little good green food for the "grass-eaters" to feed upon.

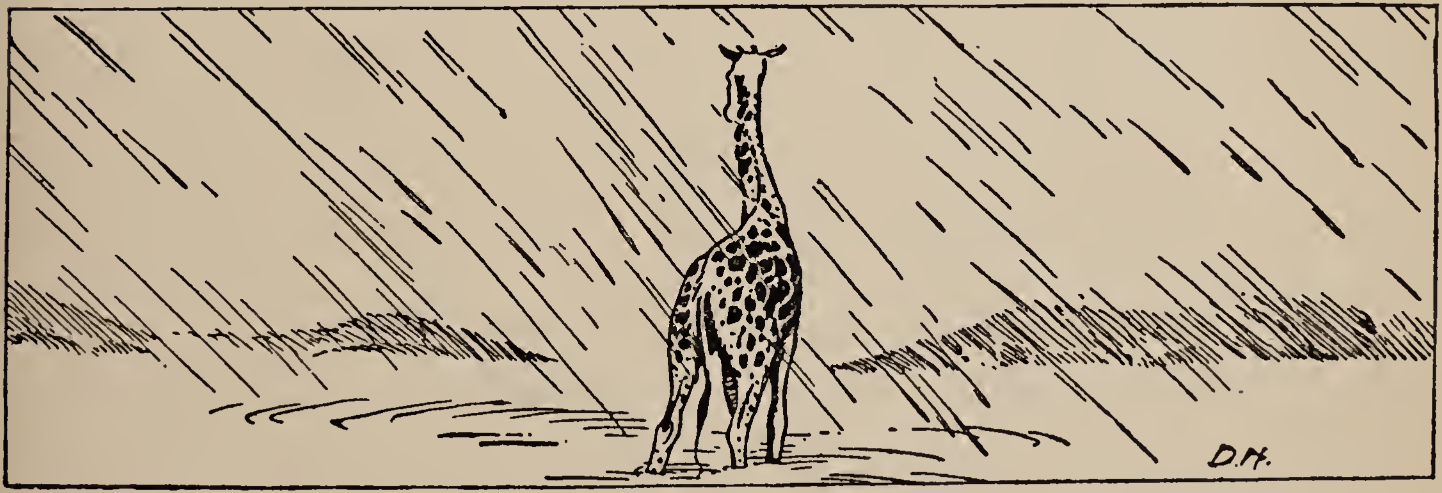
Now in Littleland there came a very dry season, and the people came to the rain maker, bringing gifts and asking him to bring down rain upon the country.

The rain maker sang and sang, and presently a cloud appeared in the sky. The cloud traveled along until it reached Littleland, and then rain began to pour from the cloud.

Everyone was pleased, and thanked the rain maker and praised him. But after a while, there was too much rain, so they asked the rain maker to turn it off. But the rain maker could not turn it off; he did not know how. So it rained—and it rained!

Presently all the country of Littleland was under water, and there was nothing or no one to be seen but the giraffe, who stood up on his long legs safely out of the water.

The giraffe looked to the left of him, and there was nothing but water; he looked to the right of him, and there was nothing but water. He looked all around himself, and he could see nothing but water where there had been the country of Littleland.



The giraffe could see nothing but water

Then he looked farther off and he saw the mountains which lay around the country of Littleland. And he said to himself, "I must walk and walk until I get out of all this water and on to the slope of the mountain yonder."

So he walked and walked until he came to the mountain slope; then he climbed the mountains and walked down the other side.

There he found himself in a new land. There were plenty of animals, but they were all very big.

He began to feel hungry, and he looked for a nice little tree full of leaves to feed upon, but he could not find just the kind he wanted. He tasted one, and he tasted another, but the only one he liked was a tree which had large lacy leaves and long sharp thorns on its branches.

"This tree shall be my favorite food," said the tiny giraffe, "but I must set to work and grow big, so that I can reach the topmost branches."

So the tiny giraffe set to work and grew and grew. He stretched his neck up so high that he could not draw it down again. And every time he stretched his neck up high to pick a bunch of mimosa leaves his neck grew a little longer, until now he is as tall and sometimes taller than those mimosa trees that are his favorite food—trees which are so pretty to look at, and which are covered with sharp thorns to this day.

This story is called an African legend. And now the young giraffe in the picture is going to tell you all about himself and his people—where they live, and what they do in their beautiful country of Africa.

Listen! He is beginning. . . . .

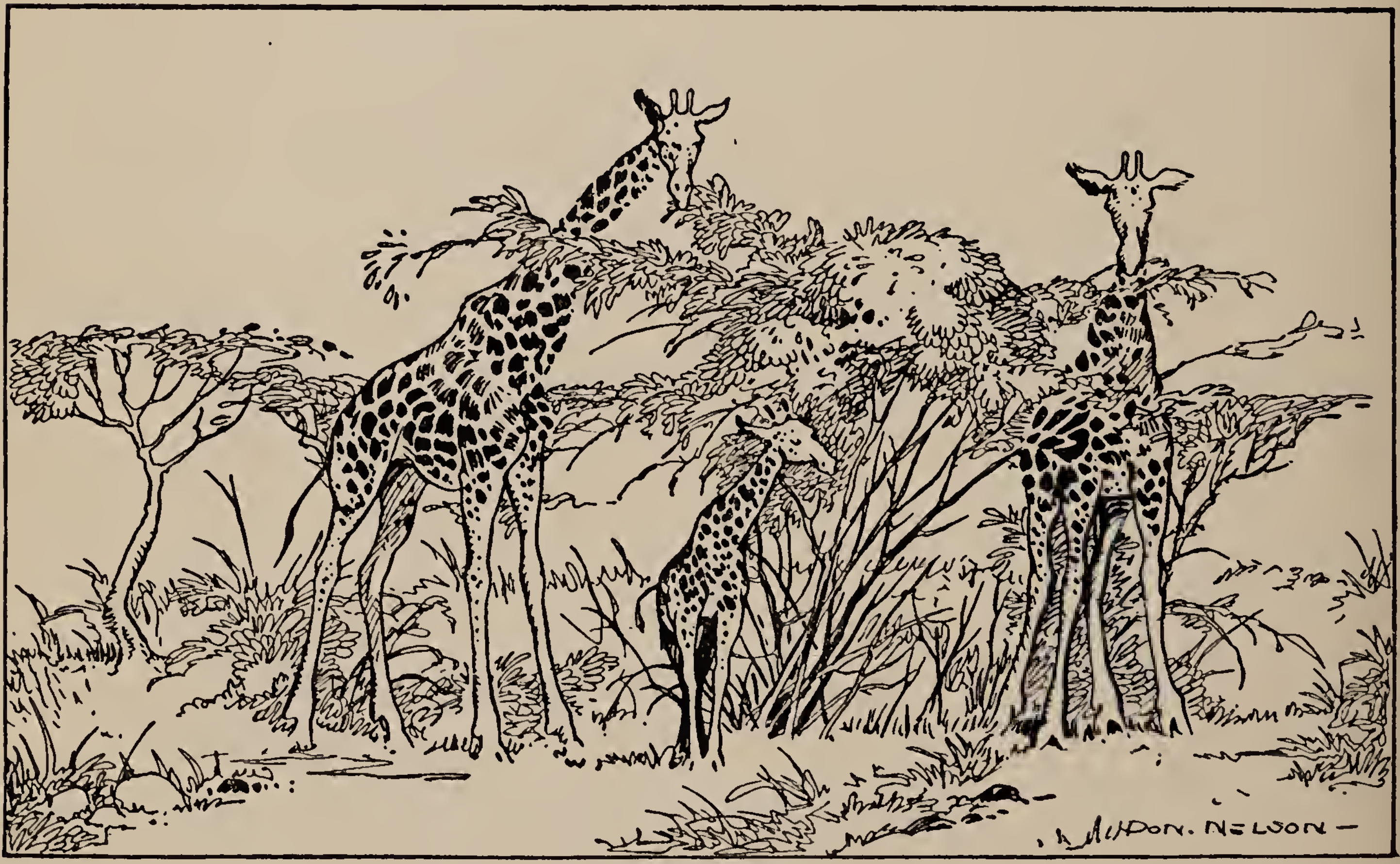
My name, *Indhlulamiti,* means "that which surpasses the trees." The natives gave us this name because we are taller than the trees from which we feed.

It is very useful to be as tall as this. First of all, we are able to get plenty of food, and we can reach all the fresh green tips of the branches and leaves, which are so tender and good when they are newly grown. We are very particular about our food and we do not care to eat just any old bunch of leaves which have become dry and crisp in the sun.

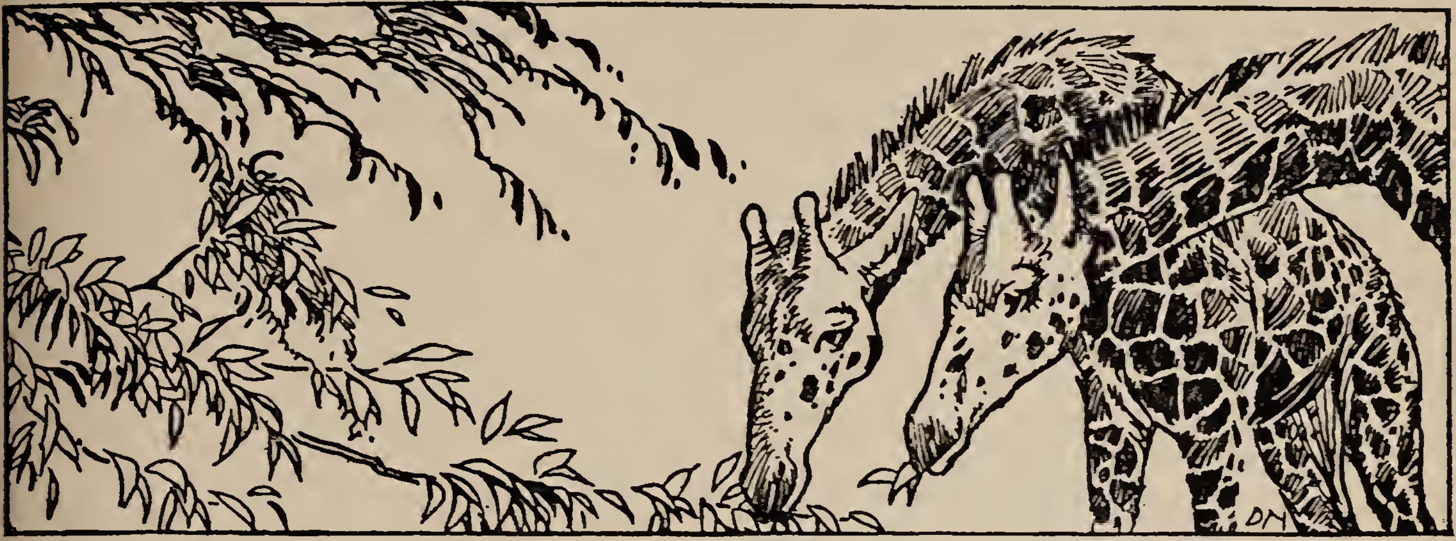
The mimosa tree with its black stems, lacy leaves and sharp thorns, we always like the best.

These mimosa trees grow rather low, and their large branches spread out quite a long way. I like to stand under these leafy branches because they give a cool shade in the heat of the day, but Father and Mother are too tall to take shelter under the mimosa tree, unless they lie down upon the ground under the branches.

It is very useful, too, to be tall enough to look over the top of a tree. We can see a long, long way across



Father and Mother are too tall to shelter under the mimosa



By rolling our eyes backward we can see behind us

the country and keep a sharp lookout for our three enemies—the lion, the leopard, and man.

We are not able to defend ourselves against a man if he has a gun, but we very often fight off a leopard, or even a lion, if they come too close to us.

It is easy for us to keep a good lookout for our enemies, because we have had very special eyes given to us—eyes different from the eyes of most animals.

First, they are very large. Then, they are set wide apart, and right behind them there is a deep groove in our head so that by rolling our eyes backward a little we can even see what is coming behind us. This is something very few animals can do, and we often escape from danger this way.

But sometimes a lion will lie in wait for us in a thick clump of bushes where we cannot see him. Or he may run us down until we turn and stand at bay. Then comes the time when a fight will have to take place, and though we are by nature very peaceable, we certainly will fight for our lives if we are in danger.

Before a fight with the lion we both rest for a few moments; for we are hot and tired and out of breath.

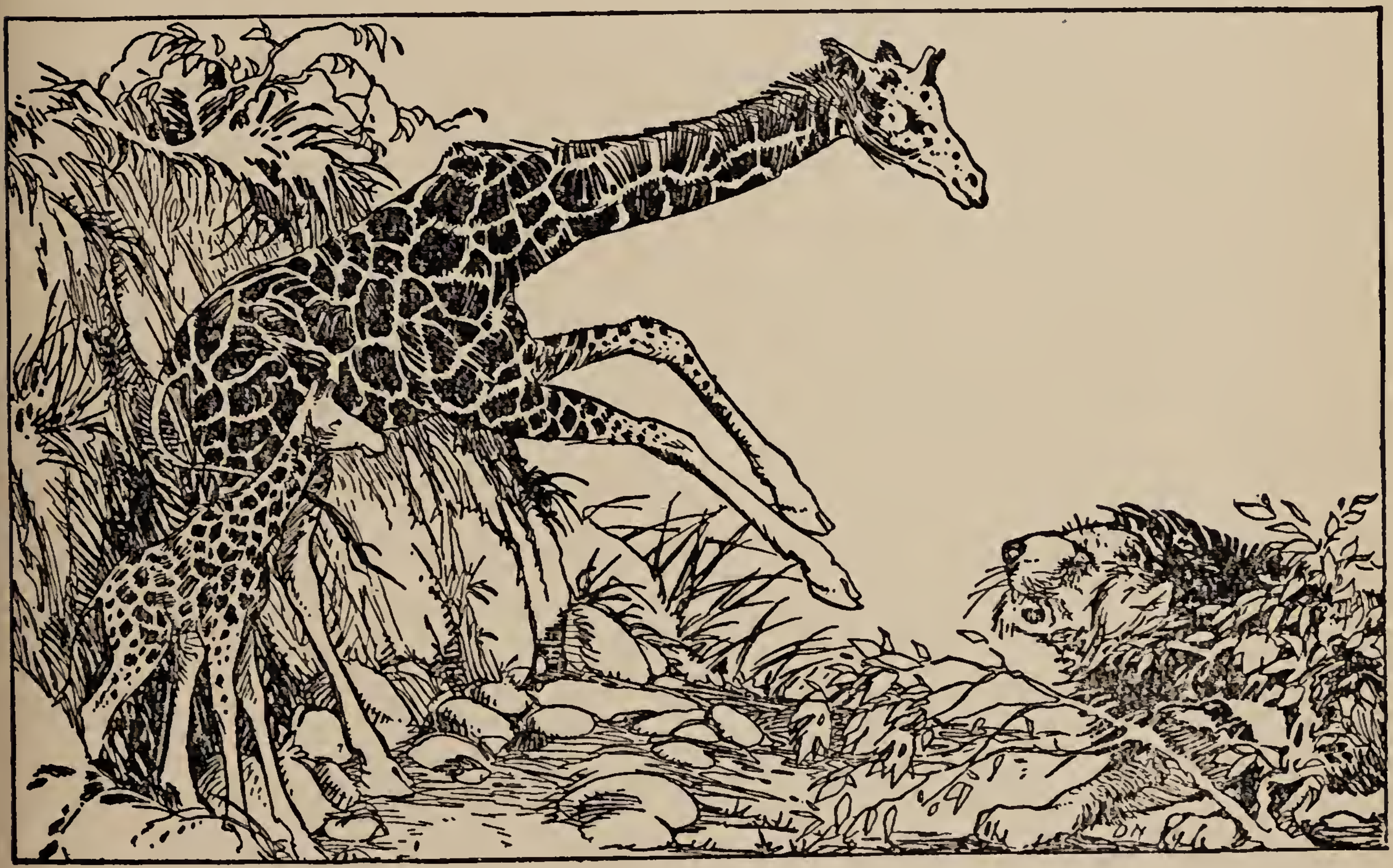
The lion will crouch on the ground and pant, and his long tail with the tuft of black hair at the tip will whip round and lash his sides. And every time his tail hits his side he will give a deep growl.

Then *we* will edge farther back against the thorn trees or the corner of rock where we have taken refuge. We never come out of our refuge if we can help it; for we know we have a better chance of winning the battle if we can keep the lion in front of us.

The way we fight the lion is by striking out at him with our big strong hoofs. We are very clever at fighting; we give such a rain of kicks that sometimes the lion, big and strong as he is, is driven right off, and has to look somewhere else for his supper.

I will tell you how it is that we are able to drive away the lion this way. It is because we have specially strong leg bones and are able to give such powerful kicks. Most animals have porous leg bones, but ours are solid, almost like a piece of ivory, and this makes them strong.

We giraffes are very fond of company. If you were to come to Africa to seek us out and study us, you would see that we are more often found in company



We fight the lion by striking at him with our hoofs with *Indube,* the zebra, and *Imbutana,* the gnu, than by ourselves.

Indube, the zebra, is very useful to us at times. He is useful to us, because the zebras always have one or more of their number acting as a lookout for the herd while they are grazing, feeding, and resting.

He keeps a keen watch over the country and if he sees something moving towards the herd, something or somebody whom he knows is an enemy, he—

What do you think he does, this zebra sentinel? Kick up his heels and plunge down the little hill, and go galloping round the herd, giving the alarm to all the others that danger is near and that they must fly for their lives?

No, he does not do this, but he does give an alarm all the same. He remains standing on his little hill, and he begins to send out the alarm to the rest of the zebras, and to the giraffes, and to the gnus, all browsing together in such a nice little company.

This sentinel zebra stands there on his hill and begins to bark!

Now I expect you will say that horses and ponies do not bark, they neigh. You are quite right. But the zebra does not neigh, he barks sharply just like a dog.

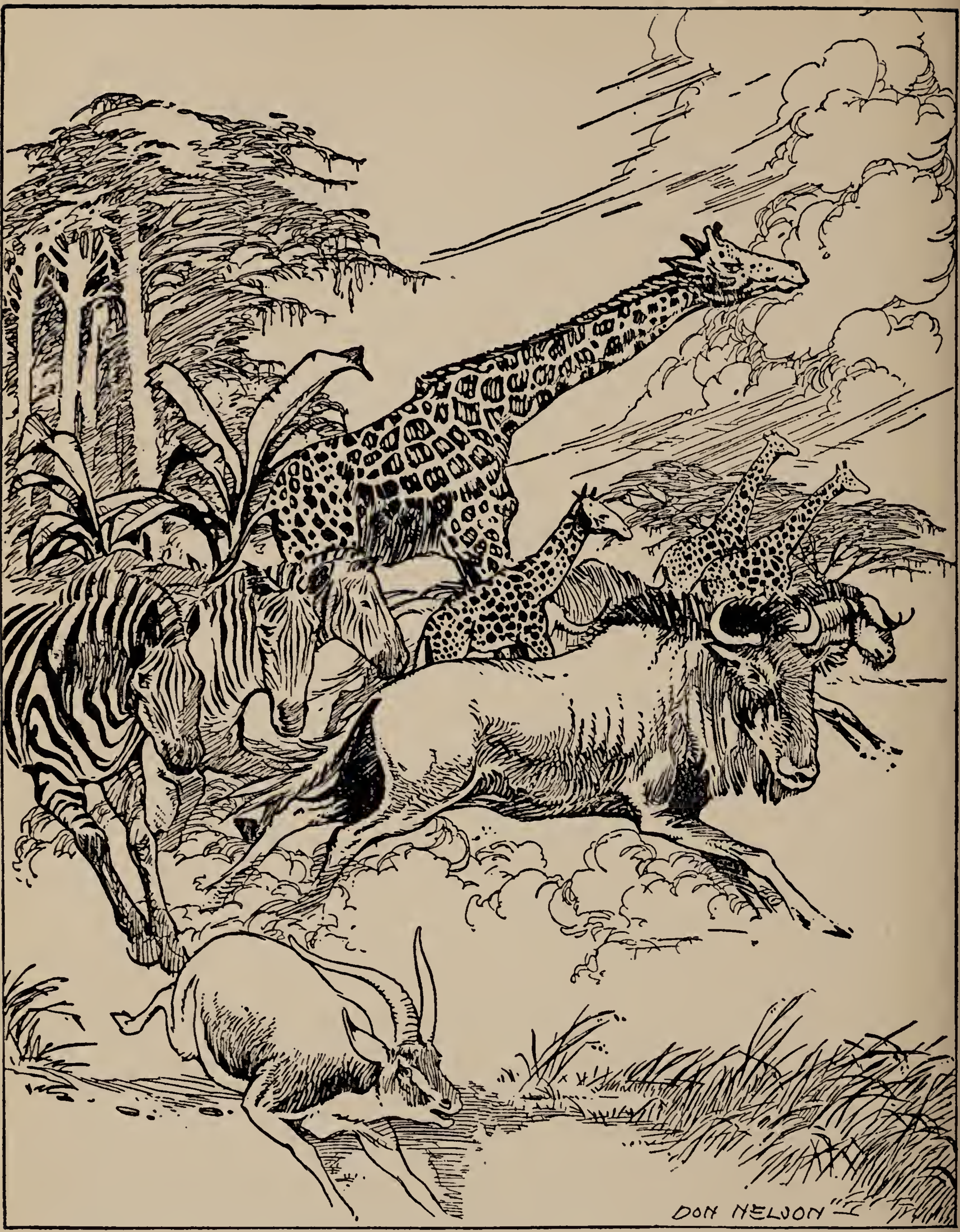
And when the other zebras and the gnus hear him barking, they know there is some danger near by. They stop eating, and jump up from their grassy couch, and gallop away as fast as they possibly can.

We giraffes begin to run, too, and the whole company of us—zebras, gnus, and giraffes—leap and run and gallop until the earth seems to shake under the thunder of our hoofs. We do not all run the same way, as herds of antelope do when frightened.

We giraffes make for the shelter of some shade trees, so we can stand behind them and look over to see what the danger is. We want to know if we must go on running or if we can stop there for a bit and hide.

It is not easy to see a giraffe in the distance, as our beautiful coats with the red and brown patches on them appear to melt away into the background where we are standing. This has been arranged by nature, and it is called "color protection."

We can go for a long time without drinking, and you will often meet us in dry sandy places.



The earth seems to shake with the thunder of our hoofs

THE GIRAFFE

Would you like to look at our picture? At the first glance it will seem to you that our fore legs are much longer than our hind ones, but this is not so. It is the way our shoulders slope and the length of our neck that make us appear to have longer front legs than back ones.

If you would like to make sure of this, place a piece of paper across us in the picture, just where our legs join our body, and you will see for yourselves.

Do you admire our two smart little horns, covered with soft skin? We have another tiny, tiny pair of horns at the back of our head; they never grow big. And we have another piece of bone which grows bigger on our forehead as we grow older, until it looks almost like the front horns.

Though our neck is so long, we have very few bones in it—only seven; so we cannot turn it as quickly as some other animals can turn their necks. Why, do you know, the little ordinary sparrow has twice as many bones in his neck as we have.

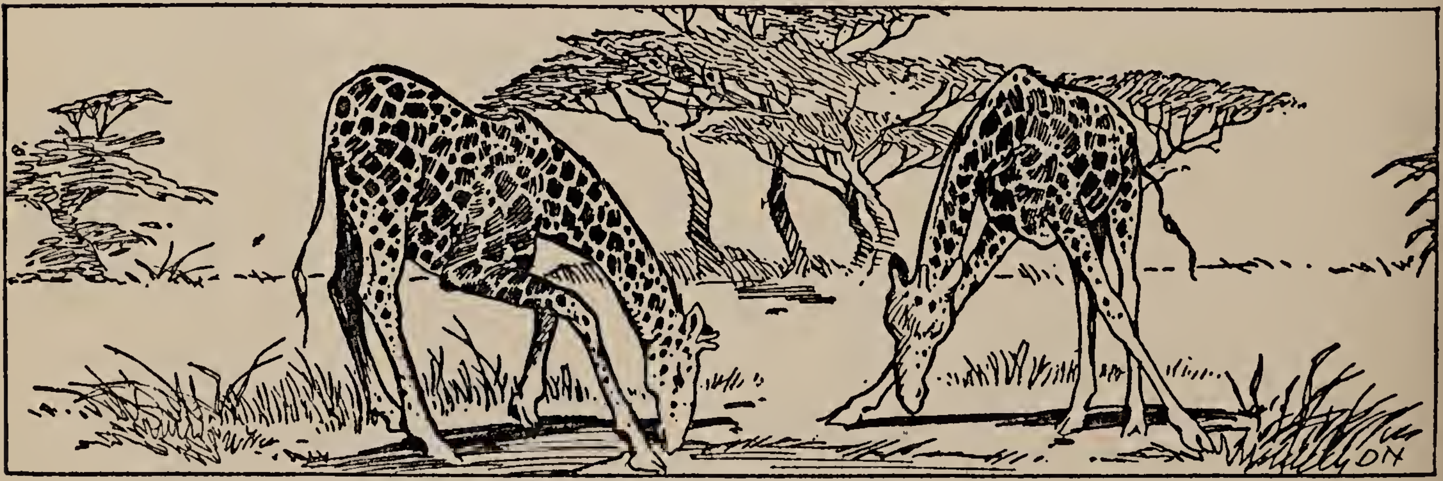
We giraffes are silent creatures. There are some persons who say we cannot make any noise at all.

Certainly, we do not growl, or bark. But before you say positively that we can make no noise at all, come out to Africa, and spend as long a time as you can near us. Perhaps you may hear something, and perhaps not, but very certainly you will learn one thing, and that is—that we talk with our tails!

Yes, we talk with our tails. We give signals and warnings and news of different kinds with them. Our tails are very well suited for this, as they are long with a fine tuft of dark hair at the end.

I saw something funny happen yesterday. Would you like to hear what it was?

My tall father and mother and I had been walking about gathering our food, and as we were a little



Though our neck is long, we have few bones in it tired, we walked into a thicket of mimosa, and Mother lay down in the shade.

Father stood near her, as far under the trees as he could get. He closed his eyes, and soon his head was nodding; he was going to sleep standing up, as we giraffes often do.

Everything was very quiet, and after I had taken a little nap, I saw on the low branch of a tree a little way off some of the nice wild gum of which I am very fond.

I got up quietly and walked over to get it. I ate all I could find and was just going round the tree to look for more, when I saw a thing that looked rather like a large ostrich egg moving over the tops of some low bushes.

This *was* strange. I did not feel exactly frightened, but I watched closely to see what was coming out from the other side of the bushes. Presently I knew. It was *Catassi Moya,* a white huntress, and the ostrich egg was the white top of her solar topee, or sun helmet. I had seen *Catassi Moya* before and I knew she would not hurt me; so I kept quite still.

She was holding a black box in front of her, and she saw me at once. She stopped and pointed the black box at me, and I heard something go "click."

Then she pointed the box at Mother, sleeping with her long neck and head stretched out flat on the ground. And I heard another "click."

Then, stooping down, she started round the clump of bushes. Softly she went, with her head bent low. She came to where Father was standing, and directly she saw Father's legs there right in front of her, she stopped short. She did not move—not an inch.

Then Father opened his eyes. He made the signal "come along" with his tail, and started to walk along the tree, picking the green top shoots.

He did not look down, so when he came to *Catassi Moya* he walked right over her. This startled him so he set off at a gallop, which woke Mother. And she and I ran after him as hard as we could go.

Catassi Moya sat on the ground with her solar topee over one eye, laughing.

An African Riddle

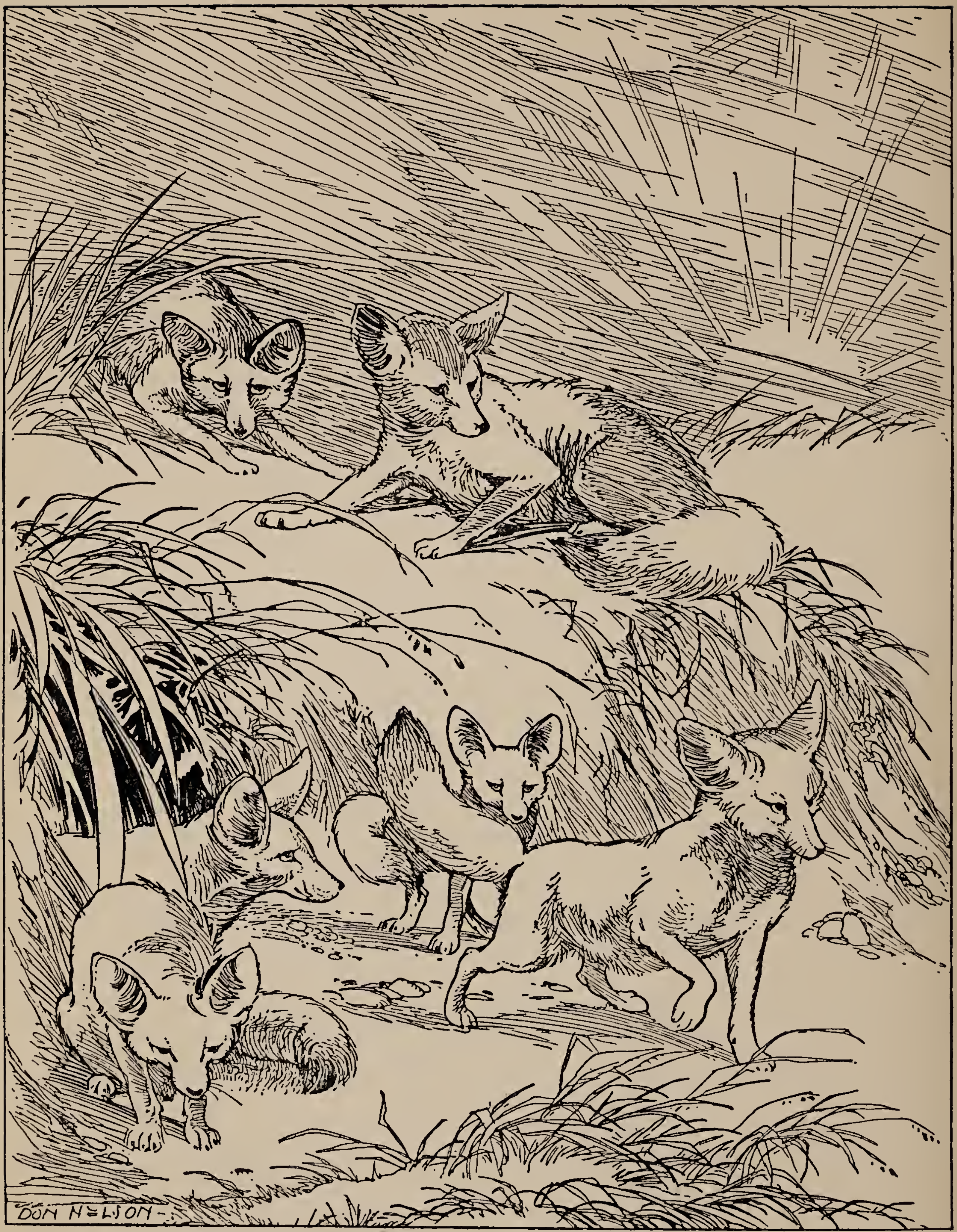
Taller than a tree top,
Coat of red and white,
Big strong hoofs and twinkly tail —
Who can guess this right?

Who has solid leg bones,
Seven bones in neck,
Who spreads wide his hoofs to drink —
Who is this on trek?

Here is some one fighting,
Does not claw or bite,
Stands at bay and merely kicks —
Such a splendid sight.

Who is very silent,
Who can see behind
Just by rolling round his eyes —
Who is calm and kind?

Who appears to "melt away"?
Now I see you laugh.
You have guessed the riddle —
'Tis the tall ——.



We come out of our burrows just before the sun sets

The Desert Zerda

I AM a little fox and I have two names, one is *fennec* and the other is *zerda.*

You will find fennecs in nearly every part of Africa, but our especial home is in the desert of Sahara. If you look it up on your map you will see what a large home it is.

I think now it is a wonderful place, but when I first came out of our cozy, cool nest and looked about me, I said to Father, "What a big empty place the world is!"

You understand I was only a baby zerda, and all I could see was sand, golden-yellow sand, green and blue sky, and the plant tuft standing straight and tall over our nest. This did not look very interesting.

Father blinked his eyes at the setting sun. It was still shining brightly, though it had more than half set, and he said:

"You have a great deal to learn about your wonderful country, my son. You must not think the desert is all like this. Look over there, away from the sunset, and tell me what you see."

I looked in the direction Father pointed out to me.

"I can see big lumps over there, Father," I told him, "as if some clouds had fallen out of the sky and were sitting on the sand."

Father sat down on his bushy tail and laughed.

"Those big lumps, son, are tall, tall mountains, over sixteen hundred feet high."

I looked at my feet and wondered how many sixteen hundred were, and what they would look like if they were all piled up high; but I did not interrupt Father. You must remember I was only a baby.

"So high," Father went on, "that we shall never go up to the top of them. But there are rocky hills near by, where we run about in the moonlight, and there are wonderful salt lakes and marshes in this desert.

"There are springs and wells in many places; yes, and deep valleys, as well as hundreds of beautiful oases, which you will like best of all because you will find there the sweet things we all love to eat."

"What is an oasis, Father?" I asked, eager to learn.

"An oasis," answered Father, "is a beautiful place in the desert where there is a deep well of good water. Grass and trees grow in the sand around the well, and there is shade there from the hot sun."

I asked Father why he had not made our burrow in an oasis, since it was such a nice place.

"Because we all like the dry sand best," Father told me. "A fennec digs a deep hole in the sand and makes a real nest there if the sand is perfectly dry. A fennec will not live in a damp nest. He will generally choose to make it under the shelter of a big shrub of tough desert grass. Desert grass grows in thick clumps; it is tall and very strong, the roots go deep into the sand."

I thought this over for a little while, then I said:

"I should think the sand would fall in on the nest, Father; it is so loose and dry."

Father looked very pleased when I said this.

"You are growing up, Zerdie," he said, "and beginning to think. That is a very sensible remark to make.

"Yes, the sand would fall in and bury us if we dug a hole without any shelter at all, so what we do is this:

"Sometimes we find a big overhanging rock. It is easy to make a good nest under a big rock, you see, for the rock forms the ceiling of the burrow and there is no danger of the sand falling in on us. But we make just as many nests out in the open desert. We choose the big shrubs and dig in among the roots. We are careful not to break more of the roots than we must, for they help to 'bind' the burrow walls and prevent the sand from falling in on top of us.

"We make a lovely nest in this burrow; it is the sweetest, the cleanest, and the most dainty nest that any animal makes in Africa.

"We line our nests with soft leaves, hair, feathers, grass—anything soft and clean that we can find.

There is never anything untidy in it, and it is always perfectly clean." All this my father told me the first day I came out of our cozy, cool nest.

We are very particular little foxes. We are rather like dogs to look at. We have teeth like a dog, and we bark like a dog, only with a higher note. We are very small, only about fifteen inches long; but our tail is seven inches long. It is pretty and bushy and has a black tip to it. We have small pointed faces but large eyes and very long and broad ears.

These ears put us in a special class all by ourselves; they stand bolt upright, and give us a very comical look, as if we were always listening for something.

We are a pale, creamy golden color like the sand, but we have a beautiful white waistcoat which we always keep spotlessly clean.

We are gentle and friendly and live in small companies, several burrows within a short distance. But we do not run about in the daytime because we cannot bear the strong light of the sun. We come out of our burrows just before the sun sets and lie on the sand until our eyes become used to the light.

Look at us now; we are all coming out of our burrows—fathers, mothers, and babies.

Father and Mother lie on the sand, but we babies run about and have a grand time. We find lots of things to play with—pieces of ostrich shell, feathers half buried in the sand, and dried-up gourds on long withered stems, which have been blown a great way and which rattle when we shake them.

Best of all is a long piece of palm-leaf stem. We have a great game with this. We take sides, holding the ends of the palm leaf in our little teeth, and pull hard—like tug-of-war.

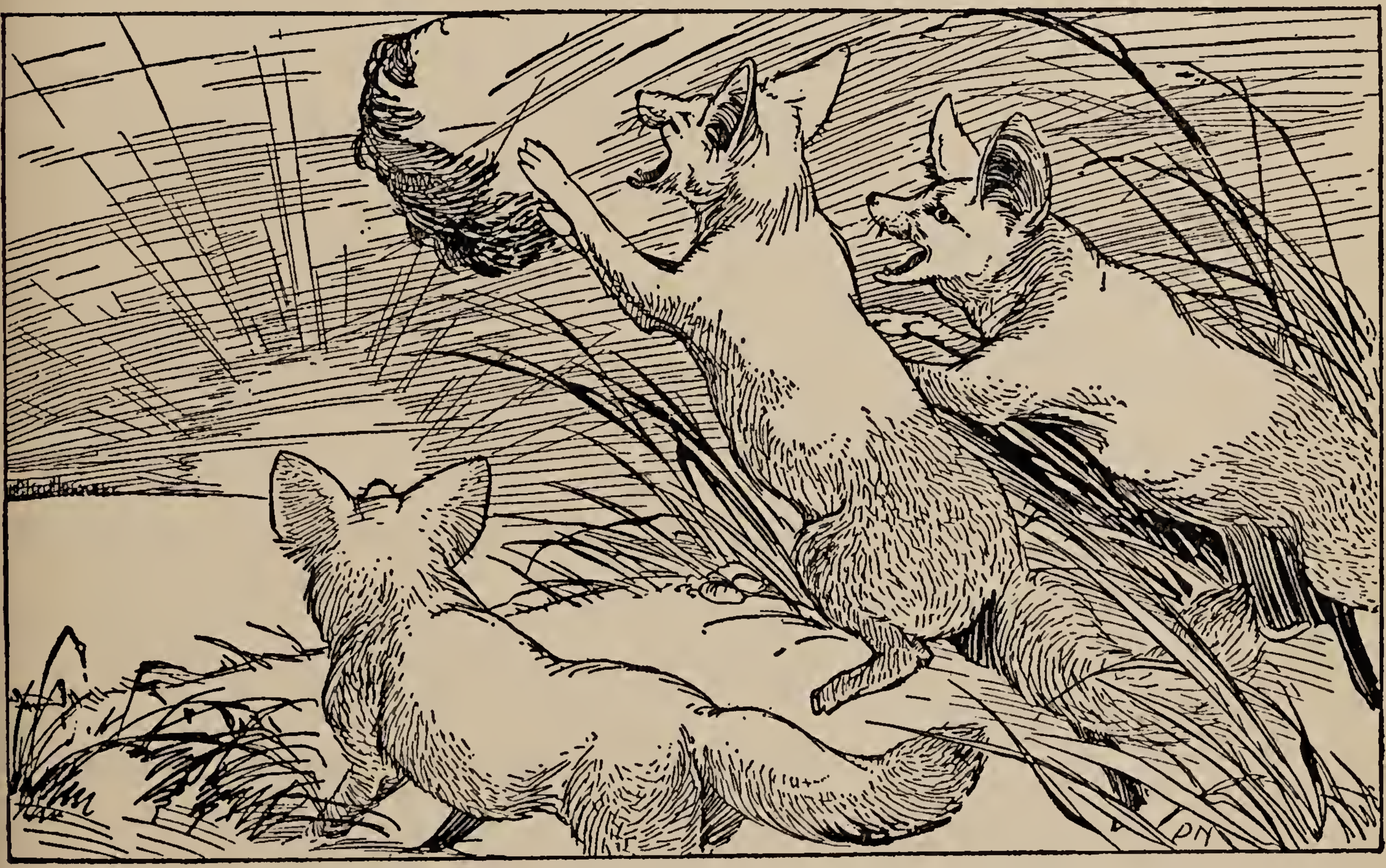
But we do not have a long time to play, as we do not come out of the burrow until the sun is going down, and we have to run back as soon as it has set, because we are babies.

We may not hunt in the nighttime as our parents do. We have to go back to bed, where we have been all day, while they hunt for food. But when we are bigger we shall hunt, too. This is what we shall do when we are grown up.

As soon as the sun has set, we shall start off to drink at a fountain or spring. A fennec always drinks before he eats; he gets thirsty in his dry burrow.

Then we shall find some dates which have fallen from the date-palm trees. We are very fond of these; they are juicy and sweet, and we love sweet things.

There are many sweet things to eat in the Sahara Desert, though you might not think so. There are melons, and there are nice, sweet wild grapes, and sometimes we find figs.



We have a grand time, playing with an ostrich feather

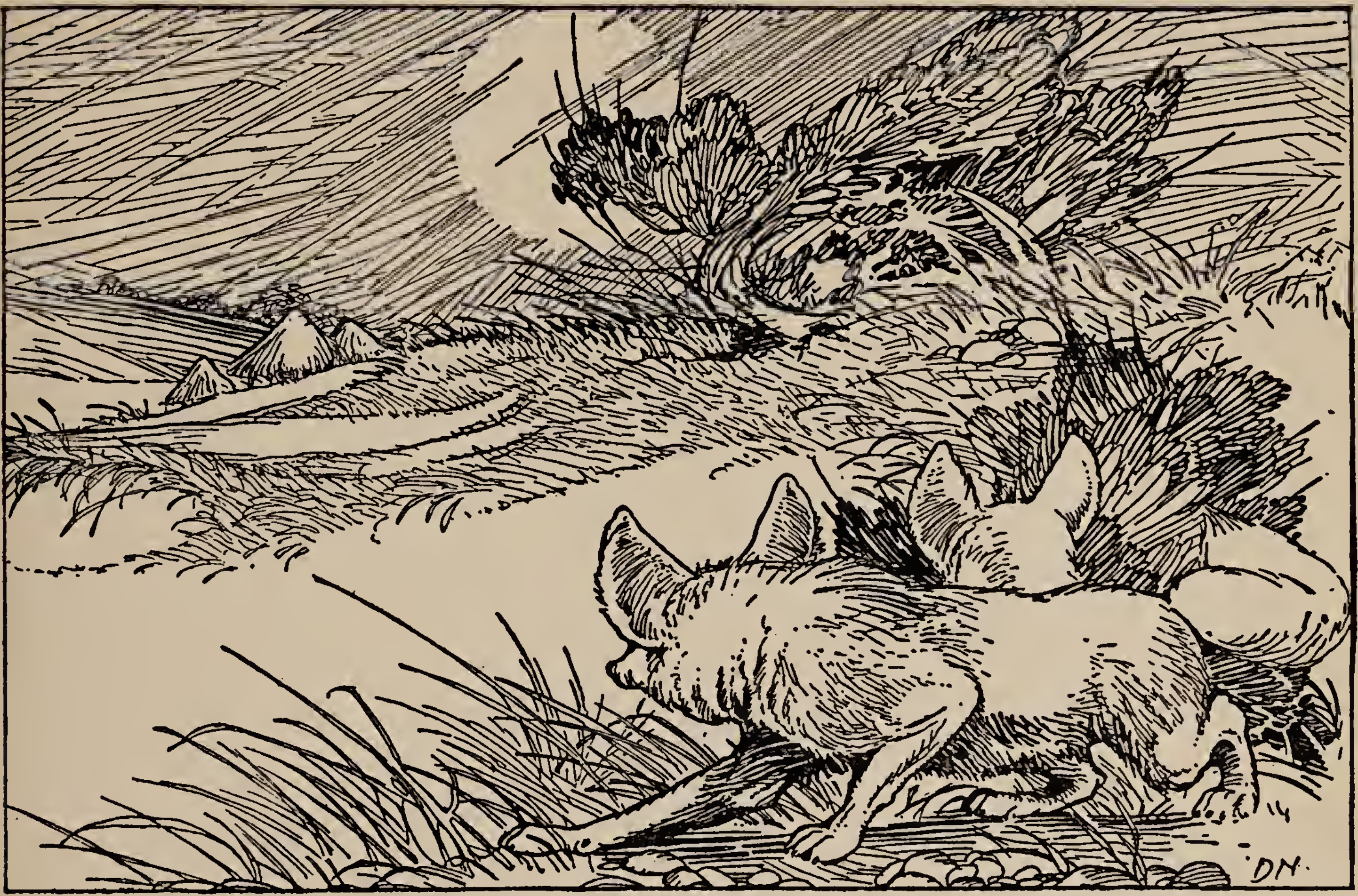
Perhaps an Arab caravan will pass by the oasis and halt for the night. Now an Arab always carries seeds with him wherever he goes. Sometimes he will plant some of the seeds in the damp sand, and often some seeds will fall out of the Arab's bundle.

These seeds will take root, and if they are near enough the water they will grow into patches of sweet vegetables. Then we come along, and dig them up.

We eat mice for a change, and a queer kind of snail which we find by digging among the roots of the desert grasses.

When we go to our drinking places at sunset, we do not walk or run straight across the desert. We always like to trot down into the hollows and around the rocks and into ravines. We like the protection of the lower places and the rock walls.

Around our drinking places, away in the hollows, the moist earth is covered with thousands of our little footprints. Some of these are baked as hard as rock by the sun; they are not at all pleasant to walk on. I think it would make you smile to see how daintily we step among our own hardened footprints.



About five hours from our burrow are three small huts

About five hours quick trotting from our burrow, there live a few people in three small huts, which are sheltered under some very large thorn bushes. These people build little stacks of corn and place them on pieces of wood about two feet high in order to protect their grain against the *kusu* and the *gara,* the mouse and the white ant.

These little grain stacks are covered with a thatched roof like that of the huts, and Father and Mother go sometimes to eat the grains of corn which have fallen from the stacks. I have never been there; it is too far for me to go—you know I am only a small zerda.

But if I can't tell you about great adventures in this wide desert of ours, I can tell you more about the beautiful nest we have. I think it must be the best nest in the world. What do you think it is lined with?

Why, with ostrich feathers! with long, soft, wavy, ostrich feathers. Are you wondering how we come to have a nest lined with the plumes of the ostrich? I will tell you a story about it.

One night, when Father and Mother were out hunting, they came across an ostrich lying dead upon the sand. Just a little way from her was a large round nest, full of big ostrich eggs.

They went close to the ostrich, and found that she had been killed by a desert lion. He had eaten most of her for his supper, but he couldn't eat the feathers.

There they were lying, strewn about on the sand. They were such beautiful feathers, long and soft.

Father and Mother picked up a lot of them. They took them by the stem end and laid them in a little bundle on the sand. Then they took the stems in their mouths and carried them all the way home. They took them into the burrow and put them on top of the leaves and dried grasses. And then they carefully bit off the feather stalks and carried them outside.

We often see the Arab caravans passing over the desert. We like to watch them stop their journey on purpose to say their prayers five times a day. Arabs always wash their hands before they say their prayers. If they find no water where they stop in this great desert, they wash their hands with sand. There are not many besides us little fennecs who have seen them do this.

Sometimes, right on the horizon we see a line of moving objects which look like walking trees. Father says they are giraffes. I have never seen them close, but I think that to be so tall must be rather lonely. I would rather be a fennec.

And one of the very nicest things about being a fennec is the few minutes before sunset. Much as we enjoy hunting, the few minutes before sunset, when we have just come out of our burrows, is the best of all. Everything seems to change then, and all the desert glows like gold.

Sometimes a Sahara "smoke" will begin. Just a faint wind will start it; it blows the fine top sand along until the ground seems covered with smoke. We sit and watch it.

When this happens, the desert will "sing." It is a faint sweet sound, and it is made by the rubbing of the grains of sand against each other. We like to sit and listen to this music.

When the wind stops blowing, the "singing of the sands" stops, too, the sun quite disappears, and our time for hunting has come. We run about in the moonlight, feeding. And when the sun lays his pink and yellow fingers across the sky, we know it is time to go back to our cozy feather-lined nest; and we nod to him the Arab morning greeting, which we have learned from the caravan traders who cross the great sandy desert.

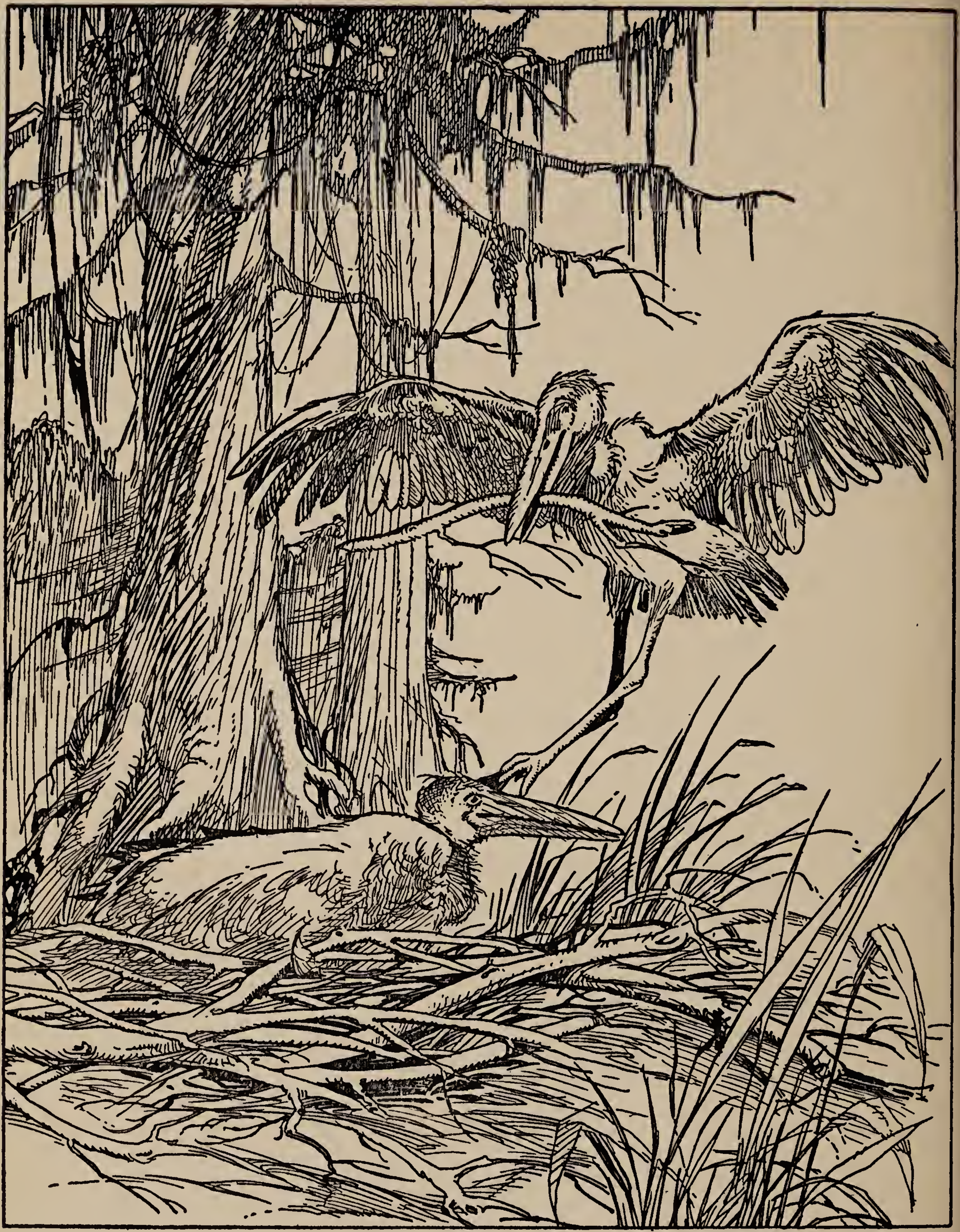
"Sabal Kher [God bless thee]," we say, as the crimson top of the sun sends us back to sleep away another quiet day.

The Desert Zerda Song

The sun rides high,
But cool and dry
The desert foxes band,
And sleep all day
While the sun's hot ray
Shines on the desert sand.

Low sinks the sun,
The day is done,
The foxes stir and wake;
And bright eyes peer,
For the time is near
The evening walk to take.

The sun sinks low,
And to and fro
On the sands the foxes run;
While hunting for food
In a merry mood,
The zerda has lots of fun.



Father took a lot of interest in building our nest

The Marabou

FATHER and Mother are two big, happy, marabou birds living in Africa. They did have four eggs in that great big nest you see in the picture.

Now those four eggs have hatched out, and there are four little marabous sitting in the nest, enjoying themselves very much indeed.

Their four names are Ma, and Ra, and Bo, and U. I am Bo; my two sisters are Ma and Ra, and my brother is U.

We are very busy learning our rules. All marabou babies have to learn rules. You will find these rules at the end of this story if you would like to know what they are.

Father and Mother built this nest for us under the wide-spread tree at the edge of the Purple Lagoon.

Father took a lot of interest in building our nest. Mother tells us sometimes, when he is away fishing for us, how particular he was in having the sticks laid and how he *would* have the nest big enough.

After our nest was built and during the time Mother was hatching her eggs, Father would march round the tree keeping guard.

If he saw anything coming towards the nest, he would become very fierce and run at the enemy, clapping his long beak. He would spread his wide wings and beat the air until he had turned the enemy away from his comfortable, new home.

Our nest is so big that I do not see how we little ones are ever going to get over the outside edge for our first walk. Perhaps Father will make a little pathway for us through the branches. We think he could not have found a better place for our first home in all Africa than here at the edge of the Purple Lagoon. We think it must be the loveliest place in the world.

The reason we have given it this name is because of the thousands and thousands of purple gallinule birds who live upon it and among the reeds where the water is shallow. The purple gallinule is the king reed-hen. Yes, that is his proper name! It does sound funny, as if a hen could be a king, but it is only a name, after all.

The king reed-hen is one of the most wonderfully colored birds in all Africa. He is nearly all purple, and when there are hundreds of these birds all together on the lagoon, they make a splendid patch of violet color.

Sometimes, when we are watching them from our nest, we see this purple patch moving over the surface of the water. It shines in the sun and is most beautiful. Then, all of a sudden, the purple patch will disappear and there is nothing on the water but the deep blue of the sky. The blue water waves as though the sky itself were moving backwards and forwards. We wink our eyes, and wonder what can have happened.

Suddenly the purple patch is there again, swimming along as if it had been there all the time.

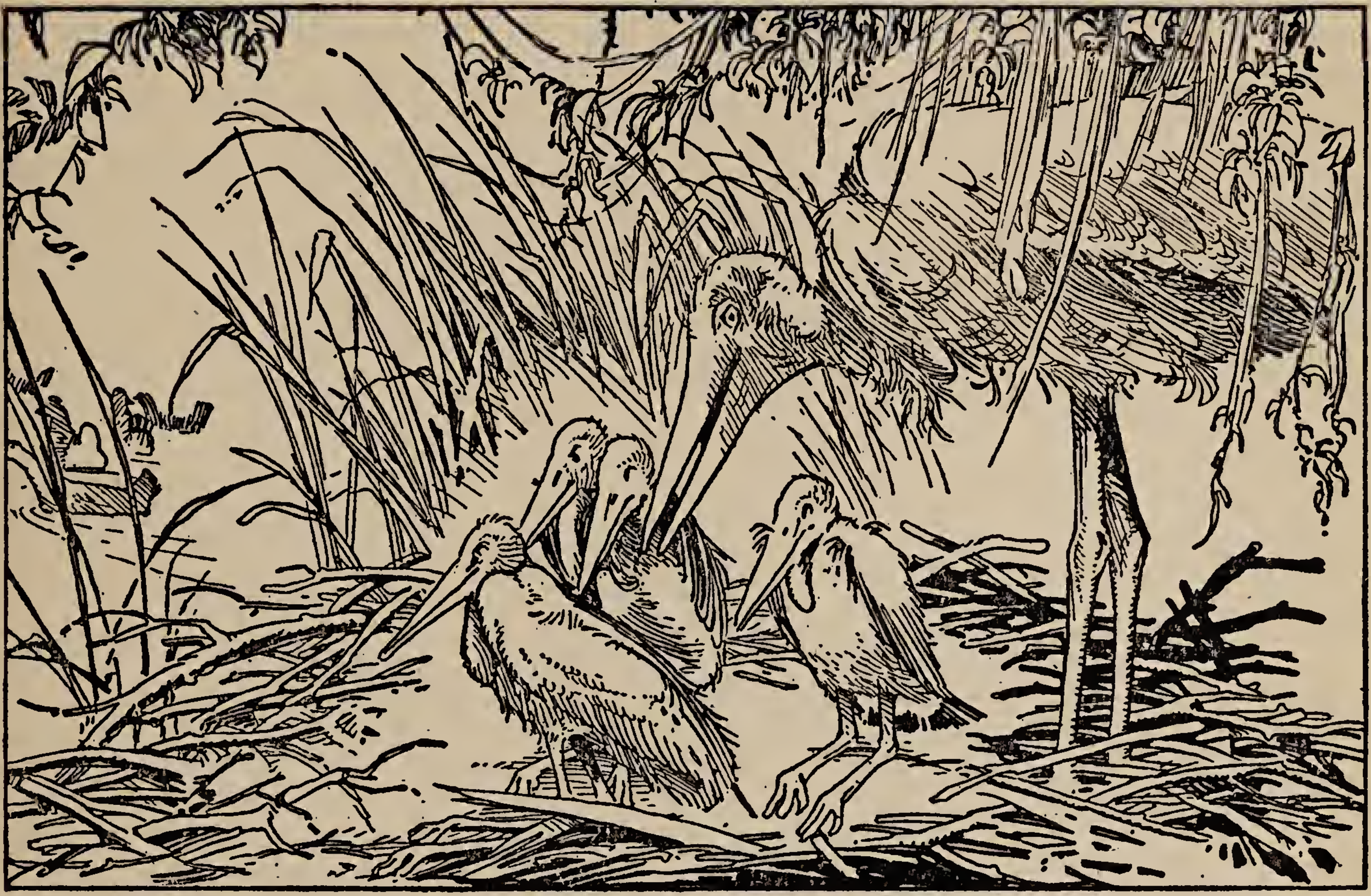
This is very strange. We ask Mother the meaning of it, and she clatters her beak very gently.

"Watch the purple patch, my dears," she says, "and perhaps you can find out for yourselves."

We sit there on the nest waiting, with our little legs stuck straight out in front of us (you can see how we sit in the picture), and the leafy branches overhead rustle softly in the breeze which strays over the lagoon. The little breeze moves on and loses itself among the tall reeds and buffalo grass, and we watch the purple patch.

Suddenly the violet birds vanish, and a number of little three-cornered white patches appear instead. They are the underneath parts of the queer little stick-up tails which the gallinules wear! Then the white bits disappear as well.

Now we see and know what happens; the king reed-hen is a diving bird. And it is his quick diving that makes the purple patches disappear and then appear again.



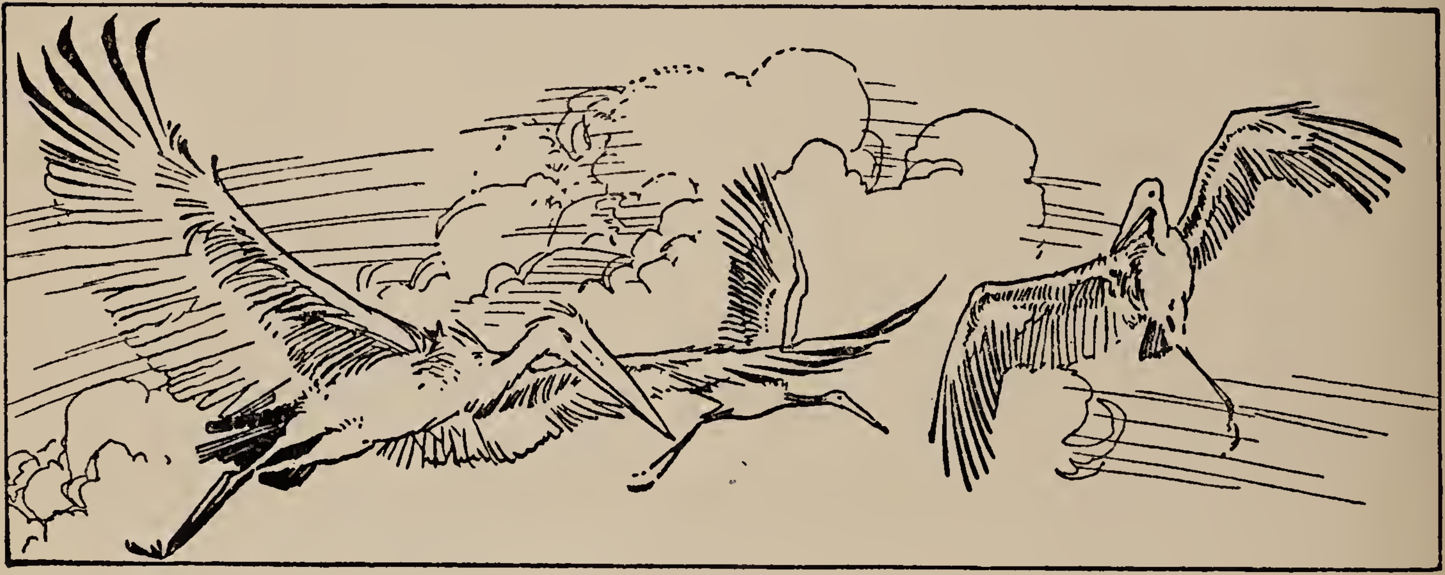
We sit there on our nest waiting

We had seen the purple gallinules walking about on the little islands of the lagoon and along the shore, but we did not know then that they were diving birds. Now we watch them dive. They are really splendid and can stay under the water quite a long time.

I should like to dive, too. But Mother says no, we may catch fish and wade in the shallows, but we must not dive, as we are not made or fitted for it.

Father says, to console me:

"Never mind, son. Remember we are the highest fliers of all in the air. Some day I will take you up and up until you will be able to see the clouds blowing along beneath you. Then think of the joy you will have when you wish to come down to earth again.



We love to soar high up in the air

You will stick your legs straight out in front of you, spread your wide wings and gently float upon the air instead of the water. Will that do instead?"

I tell him I think it will be much better, and I ask him when I may go up into the sky with him.

"When you are much bigger, Bo," he says. "Your wings are not strong enough yet to beat the air."

I ask Father why it is we fly so high.

He tells me it is to look for food; also that we are strong and love to soar high up in the air—far, far from the sight of anyone on the earth—far above the vulture and the turkey-buzzard.

We are birds who have very large appetites. We are always hungry—perhaps because we are so big. We really do not mind at all whether we hunt for and kill our own dinner or whether we see it lying on the ground far beneath us. We are just as pleased to find it as to catch it ourselves; so for miles and miles the turkey-buzzard, the vulture, and we marabous hover over the jungle, plains, and lagoon to watch out for anything lying quite still.

Sometimes the lion will leave some of his dinner and we like to finish this up.

When the turkey-buzzard, flying lowest, sees an animal which has been killed, he folds his wings and drops a little way; then he flies straight down to the dinner which is waiting for him—for him and for dozens of other birds who are still high up in the air, all keenly on the watch for something to eat.

When the turkey-buzzard drops, the vulture over him drops, too; and Father, hovering highest of all, sees the vulture shoot downwards, and lets himself down to earth in his own special manner.

He does not close his wings, nor does he fly down. He lets himself down in a very lordly fashion; he floats down as a large leaf might float down from a high tree, and when he sees the vulture and the turkey-buzzard beginning their meal he stalks up in a very composed way.

He gets up upon the dinner and looks at the other birds and then he clatters his beak. They fly away a little distance and wait until Father has had a first share. He is not alone there for long, though; other hovering birds are coming from all directions out of the sky.

In a very short time there are dozens of marabous, vultures, and turkey-buzzards, dining and having a good feast.

When the marabous have eaten, they leave, and the others make a rush for the meal. Then there is such a noise of hissing from the vultures, and croaking from the big black and white crows, that Mother has taught us our good behavior verse to tell us we must never hiss and croak like that.

Sometimes Father flies with the stork to catch locusts, just for a change of diet. He tells us, too, that it is a good plan to search under bush cover for remains of food which the lion has dragged there on purpose to hide from the hovering birds, that they may not see it lying out on the open plain. Turkey-buzzards and vultures do not hunt in this way, only marabous.

We are very sensible birds, and if you come to Africa and make a camp in the wilds you may find that a marabou or two will come to visit you. If they do, you may be glad, indeed, for we become very tame and fond of a white hunter if he is kind to us. We will even stalk to meet him on his return from a day's hunting, clapping our beaks and trying to make him understand that we are glad to see him come home.

Besides this, we are very useful to a hunter as we clear away all the rubbish which may be lying around the camp, and keep it sweeter and cleaner than many a black boy will.

And if you are very, very kind to your camp marabous, and feed them well, and do not allow your black boys to tease them, it is just possible that we may even start to build a nest quite close to, or in, your camp.

If we do, you may take it as a great compliment. Remember, though, that we are always particular that no one shall come near the nest. Father, especially, will not allow any one to take even one stick from it.

Yes, we are the birds who wear the beautiful, soft, fine, drooping white plumes which are so precious. We wear these plumes under our tail, and they are at their very best when we are building our big nest.

Some years ago hunters would kill us on purpose to obtain these beautiful plumes. They used to take them to the town, and sell them for a great deal of money. Then the pretty eggs would lie lonely in the big nest, getting colder and colder because there was no Father or Mother Marabou to keep them warm so that they could hatch out into little marabous.

Then some wise men of Africa made a new rule for the land. They forbade any hunter, white or black, to kill any marabous at all. They saw that if they did not make this rule, very soon there would be no more marabous left in Africa.

So now the marabou is "protected." No one may kill him, because he is a very useful bird. He helps to keep the country sweet and clean by eating up all manner of things which otherwise would lie about making Africa untidy.

Father is coming back over the lagoon, balancing gracefully downwards now with his long legs stuck out in front of him. How splendid it will be to be able to go anywhere we like, right up above the clouds, and on the top of the highest mountains and trees!

When I am grown up I think I shall build my nest in a tree. I asked Mother if I might, and she said, "Yes, Bo, certainly you may, but you will find that you cannot build such a big nest in a tree as you can on the ground. It will have to be much smaller." So I must think again about this!

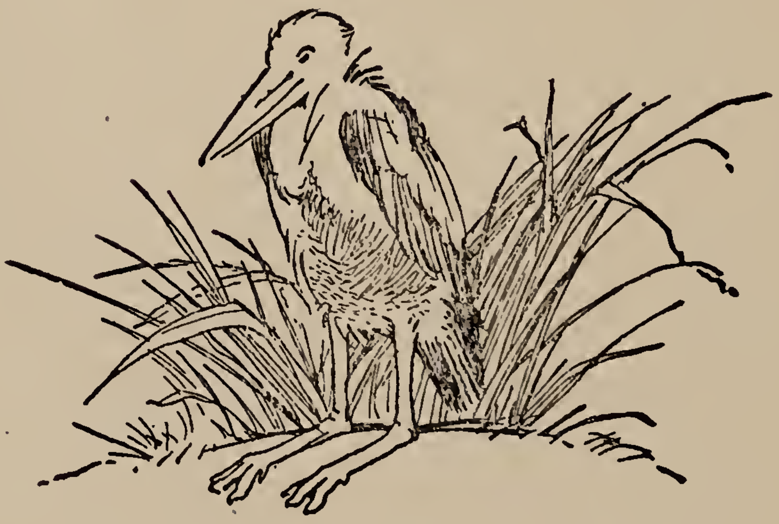
Mother asks Father, *"Abu Scin,* where is the dinner today?"

"Right here," answers Father, trotting into the bush and bringing out a large piece of antelope. "We are to practice eating meat from the piece today."

There is one thing which U and I have never been able to understand, and that is why Mother always calls Father *Abu Scin.* U often tells me to ask Father the reason and I always answer, "No, you." But today he heard us talking about it, and he told us it is the name the Arabs have given him.

Abu Scin means "The Father of the Leather Bottle," and the Arabs call the marabou *Abu Scin* because he has that curious pouch under his chin.

Now we are going to have a race to see who can get over the outside edge of the nest first, and the prize is the first bite at the dinner waiting for us!

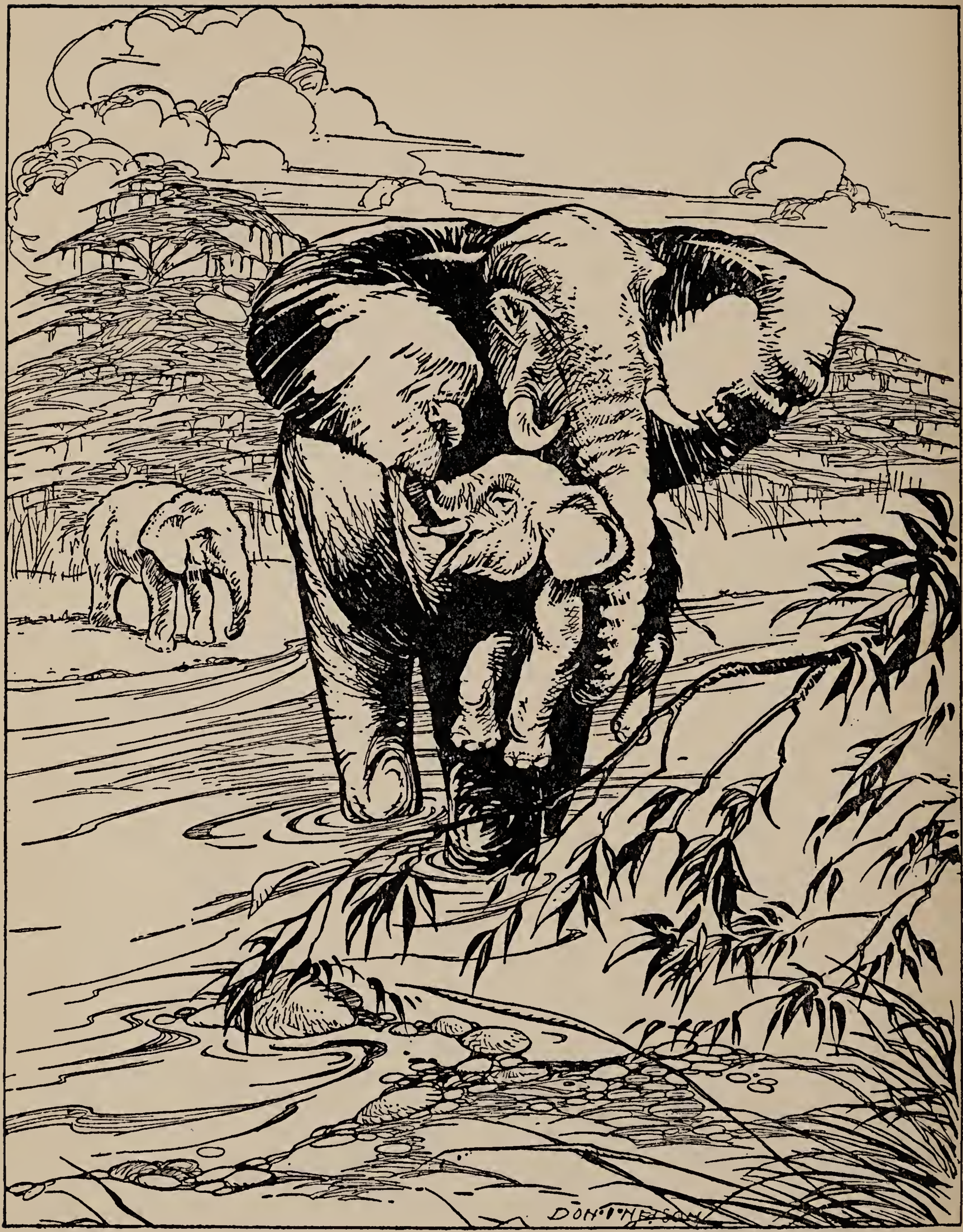


Rules for a Marabou Baby

A marabou baby may not hiss
Nor croak in a creaking way;
He may not quarrel or brawl, for this
Is undignified, churlish, we say.
"Clatter your beak,
When you wish to speak,
And eat in an elegant way."

A marabou baby may not swim
Or dive in the Purple Lagoon;
He may not ramble across the rim
Of the nest 'neath the shining moon,
But quietly sleep,
While the waters deep
Lull him with ripple and croon.

A marabou baby must learn to fly
High in the wavering air;
Up he must flutter, so high, so high—
Higher than any birds dare,
Then gracefully sink
Through clouds, white and pink—
Who could wish for a pleasure more rare?


DON·I·NELSON

Umboko took hold of Mother's ear and held on tight

The Elephant

WE ARE two little *indhlovu*—two little elephants. *Indhlovu* is the Zulu word for elephant and I am glad to tell you this, for it would be a pity if it were to be forgotten.

In different parts of Africa we are called by different names. There are twenty-one names in Africa for the word elephant. I cannot tell them all to you, for it would take too long, but twenty of them are used in one tribe and another many times every day.

The one which is not used any more is the Zulu word *indhlovu.* The reason why it is no longer used is that there are no more elephants left in Zululand. There used to be plenty of elephants there, but they have all been killed.

The last elephant who lived there was killed by a native boy about twelve years ago. This boy did wrong to shoot this elephant, for people knew he was the last one in that part of the country. He had been protected for many years, and he was very old, perhaps nearly two hundred years old.

In other parts of Africa, though, there are still many elephants.

In South Africa there is a large and dense forest called the Addo Bush. It is not far from Port Elizabeth on the east coast.

The Addo Bush is a very dangerous bush for men, because in this dense forest there live a number of very wild elephants. These elephants have been hunted so much, and frightened so often, that they will chase a hunter if they see one.

The reason that they have been hunted until they have become so very savage is that in the country which lies around the Addo Bush there are many large farms. The farmers here have been worried for a long time by the elephants, who come out of the bush and eat up, or tread down the farmers' crops. They put up strong fences of stout wire, hoping that when an Addo elephant came to it, he would turn away and go back into the forest. But the elephant smells the sweet, green, growing things, which are so good for him and his children, and he does not go away. On the contrary, he is so eager to reach the nice crops that he tries to get through the fence; and, of course, he finds this quite easy to do because a big elephant is such a strong beast.

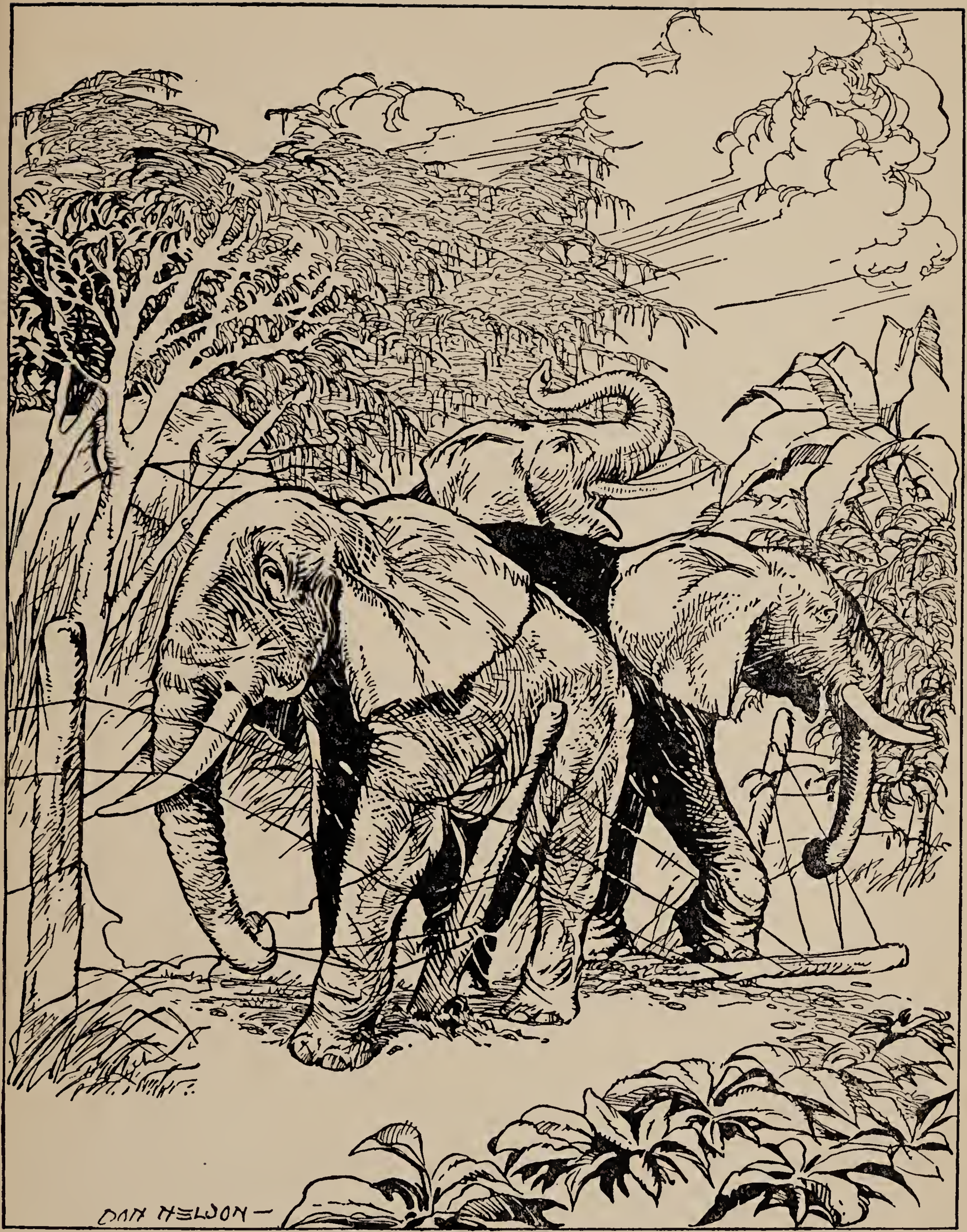
The Addo elephant just *leans* against the wire fencing, until it gives way, as his weight drags the posts out of the ground. Then all he has to do is to put his large feet on the wire and walk over it. He leaves a tangled mass of wire behind him, and goes on to find a good meal in the farmers' fields.

Now this makes the farmer very cross. He does not want to lose the crops he has worked hard to plant, and he has to repair his fences very often. So when he sees one or more elephants over on his side of the fence, he and his men will shoot to frighten them away. All this shooting and noise makes them even more savage and even wilder than they were before.

The farmers have other ways of frightening the elephants. They make noises in many ways and sometimes these strange noises cause a stampede among the elephants, and for a long time they stay away. The farmers also stampede the elephants by fixing up spring guns, which the elephants themselves explode. There was one old elephant once whose name was "Long-toe." He was called Long-toe because he had a deformed foot. He was a great robber, and many men knew him well. Long-toe really shot himself by stepping on a string attached to a gun.

So, you see, there are two sides to the story of the savageness of the elephants of the Addo Bush. Though it is very sad that the Addo Bush elephants have to be frightened so much, it is sad, too, that the farmers have to lose their crops.

Most elephants will run away if they see or hear a



The Addo elephant just leans against the wire hunter coming, but in the Addo Bush they do not run away. If they see a man, they will charge him, and kill him if they can.

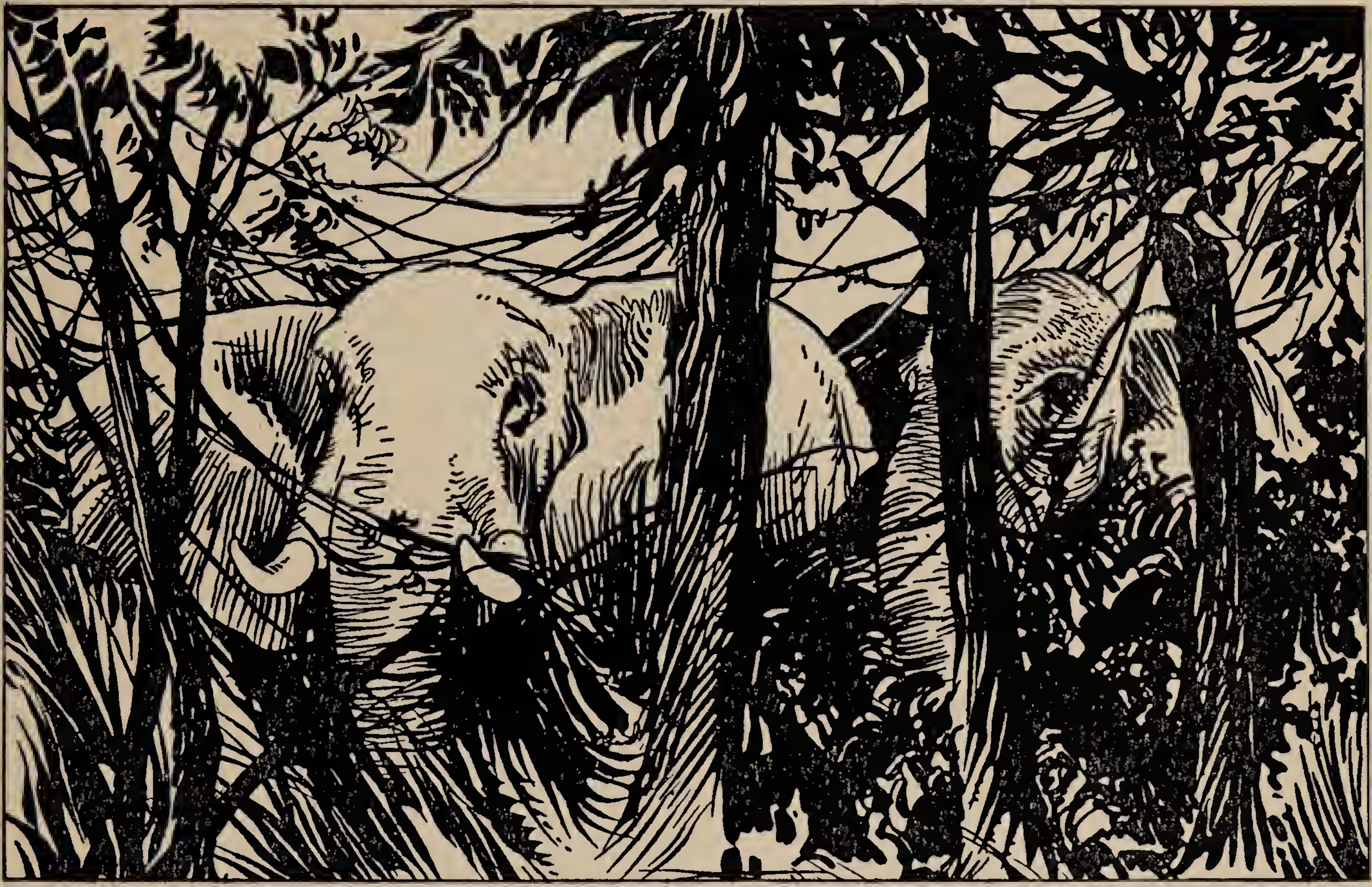
In the thickest parts of the Addo Bush the elephants walk in single file. You would think that their pathway must be quite wide, but it is not. It is very narrow, and the trees grow so thickly that each elephant as he passes through, has to part the branches with his great head. The branches and leaves brush along his sides, and close in again behind him.

Then will come another elephant who parts the branches and disappears in the thick bush; then another one, until all the herd have passed through.

Sometimes an elephant will stop to pull up and eat a certain kind of large lily bulb which grows in the Addo Bush. He will put it into his mouth and chew and chew until he has got all the sweetness out of it, then he will throw the chewed parts away, and where they fall they shine as white as snow.

A herd of African elephant has from ten to forty in it, but a large herd may have two hundred or more.

You do not often see one elephant by himself.



In the thickest parts the elephants walk in single file

About the only time you will see this is when a bad old elephant has been driven out of the herd because he is so ill-tempered, or when a mother elephant with her baby is resting quietly and alone in the still bush.

The big herd will not go very far from the mother and baby elephant, and the baby elephant soon learns to run along with the rest. He trots along bravely and waves his little trunk and flaps his little ears, which are really very big ears for a baby.

For the African elephant has the biggest ears of any animal in the world. A father elephant will have ears about fifteen feet around. Rather large for an ear, isn't it?

My brother and I are quite small—we are still wearing our fur coats. Did you ever see an elephant wearing a fur coat?

I suppose not; for it is only we baby elephants who have them, and we do not keep them very long. When we grow up we lose our fur jackets and wear only thick skin with very few hairs on it.

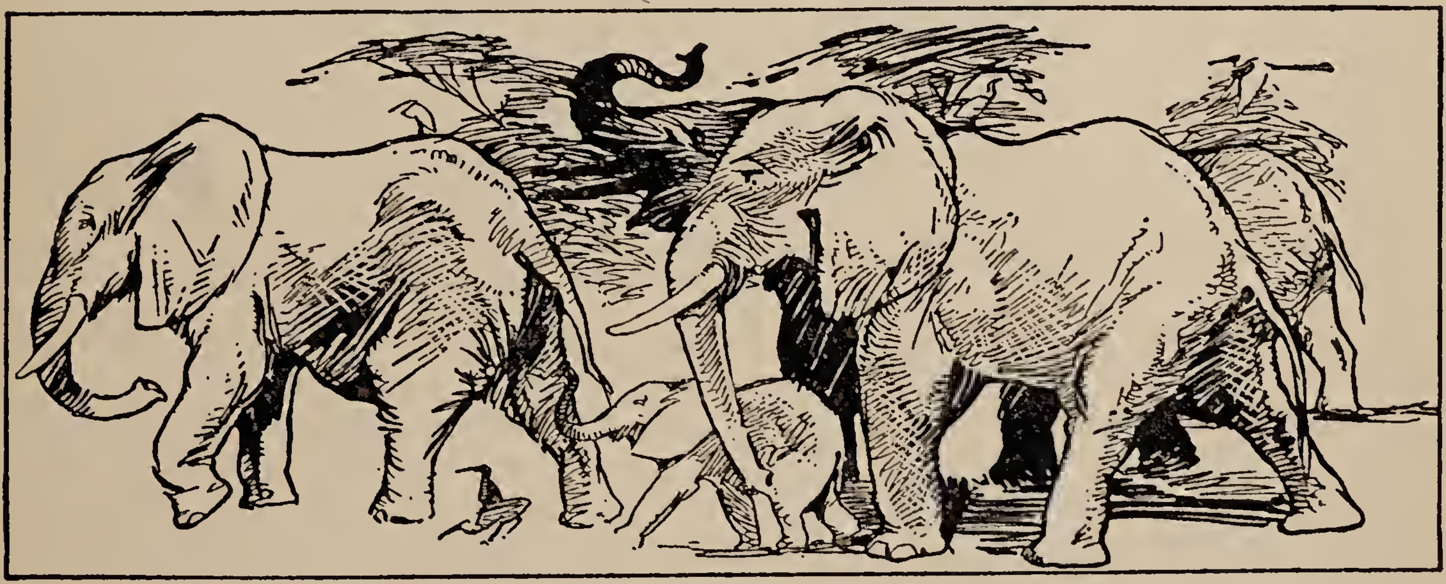
Although we have few hairs on our body, we have some very thick ones on the end of our tail. If you can manage to get one of these thick hairs you can have it made into a nice bangle, and it will last as long as you can possibly want it.

We shall be small elephants for a long while; for it takes us about thirty years to grow up to be really full-grown, but we live for a very long time.

When we are big we shall have great, fine tusks like our mother's, and we shall take good care of them. For an elephant's tusk has a hollow running down the center of it, and in this hollow there is a long, soft, delicate nerve. If the tusk is injured, and this nerve is hurt, the poor elephant suffers a great deal. He gets toothache—bad toothache—so he takes great care of his tusks. He knows, too, that if one of them is badly hurt or broken it will not grow again.

If elephants live in a dry part of the country, where they cannot find much food, their tusks will grow quite hard; but if they live in a green part of the land, where there are many water holes and plenty of food, their tusks will be larger and much more valuable.

An elephant takes great care of his trunk, too, as it is the most delicate part of him.



The baby elephant soon learns to run along with the rest

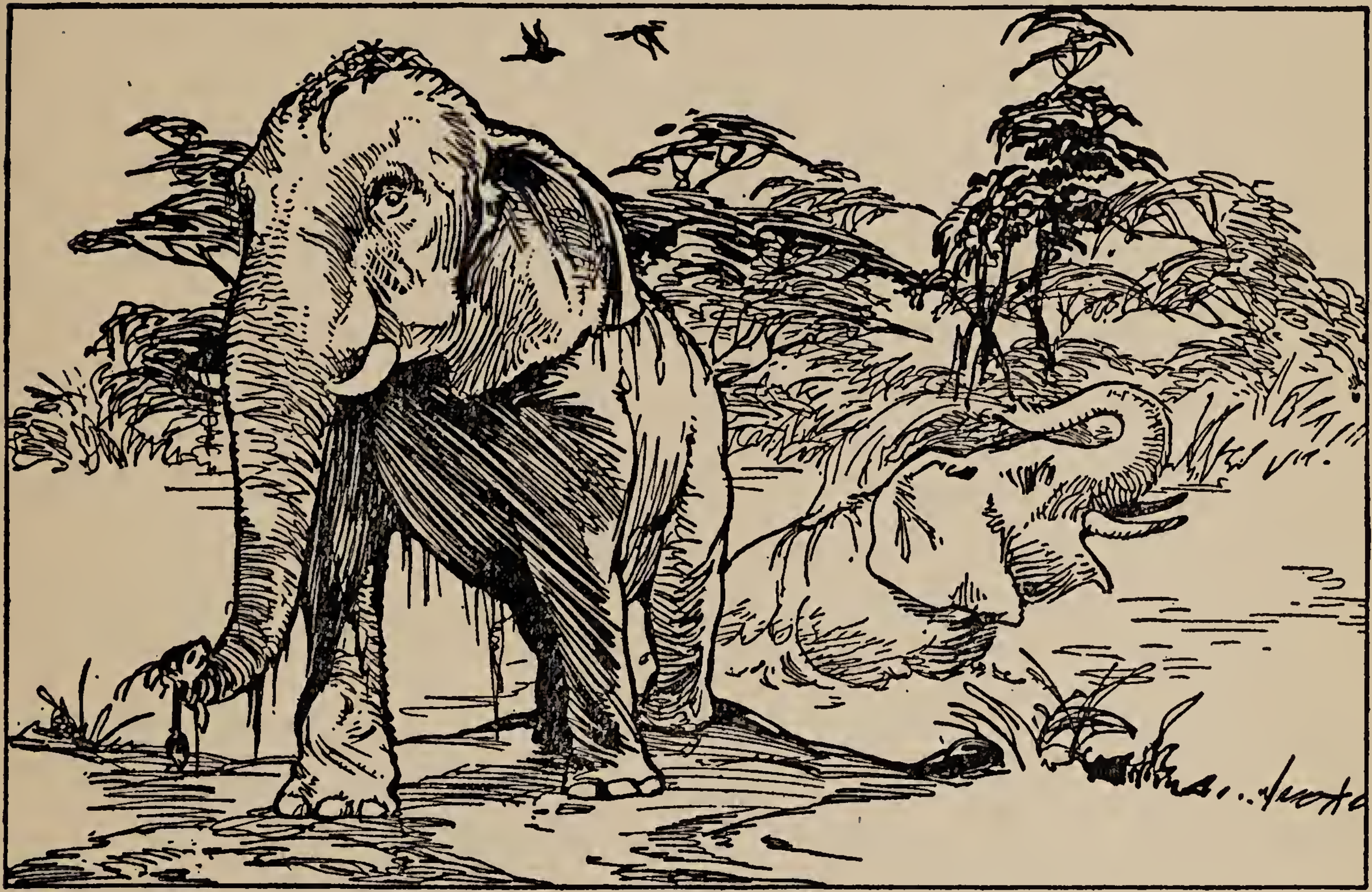
Mother tells us how to take care of our little trunks when we are babies. She tells us we must roll them up when we think there is danger ahead, or when we are fighting, or charging.

Our trunk is a powerful arm, a very clever hand, and a delicate nose, all at the same time.

We eat grass, seeds, leaves, bark, shrubs, wild fruit, and young bamboos. We even eat the tobacco plant, when we can find any. There is plenty of tobacco growing in Africa, but not as much as elephants would like to find.

We often rest in the thick jungle during the great heat of the day, and we like to lean against a tree and doze. Sometimes we throw our trunk over one tusk; the tusk takes its weight, and rests us nicely.

An elephant is always happy when he comes to a stream or water hole; he loves to stand in the water and throw soft mud over his shoulders. He does this to keep cool, and to keep the hot rays of the sun off his back. He will come up out of the water hole with thick wet mud all over him, and for a little while he will feel very happy.



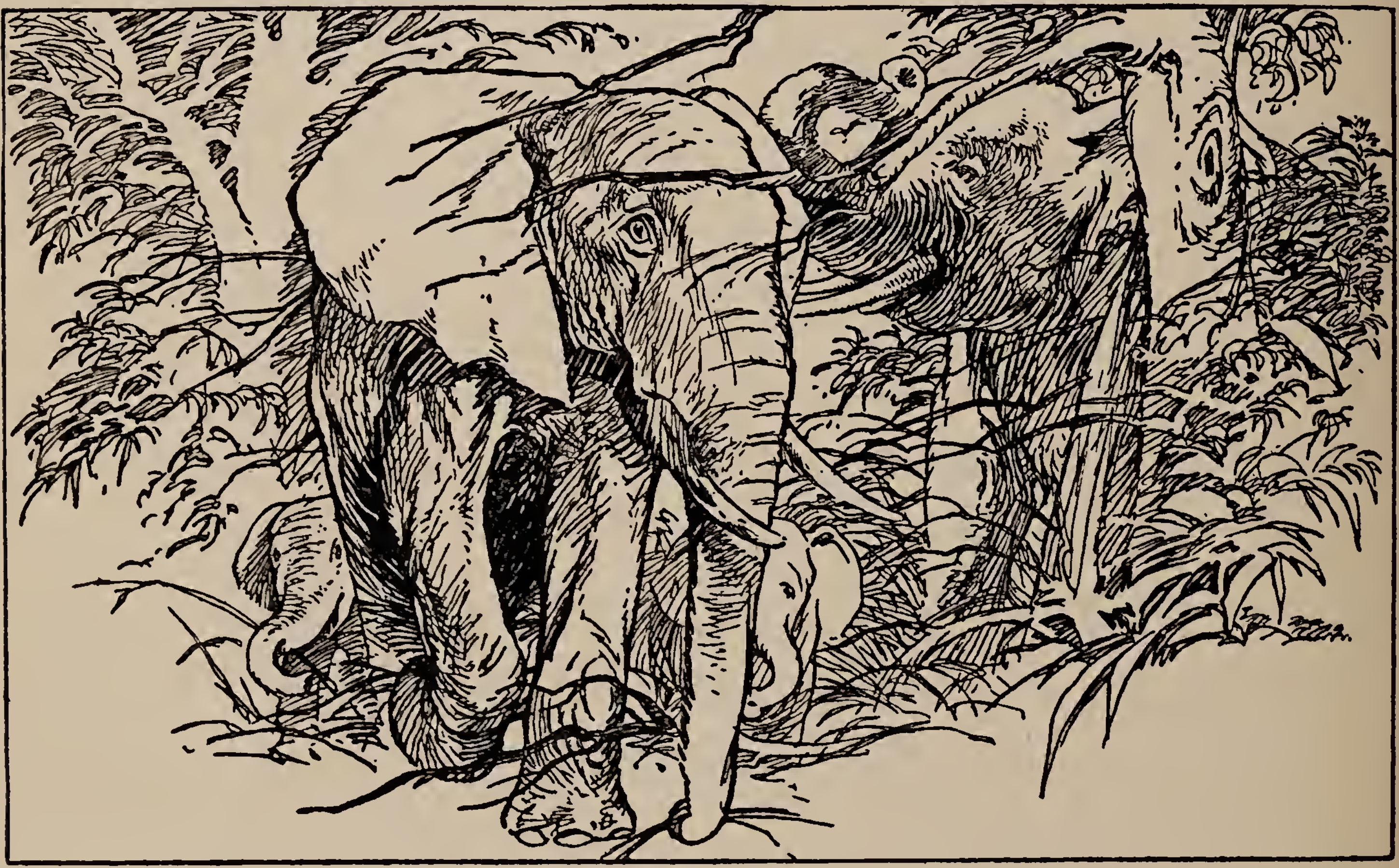
He will come out of the water hole with mud all over him

Then he will become uneasy. The mud has dried on his skin and is teasing him, but he knows well what to do next. He walks into the jungle, and he looks for some tree which has a rough bark upon it; he leans against this tree, and begins to rub his back and his sides against the rough bark.

He is rubbing away the caked mud from his coat. He will walk round and round the tree, and he will stamp his feet upon the ground. The ground becomes so hard with his stamping that no blade of grass can grow there.

An elephant always walks very, very quietly. A herd of elephant can walk through a thick forest, and make no noise at all. Each elephant is careful where he puts his feet. He does not crack or break fallen branches or pieces of wood lying in his path; he steps over and around them.

Mother teaches us to walk quietly, and we trot



A herd can walk through a forest and make no noise along by her side making no noise. We know this is the right way to walk.

Our mother is old and very wise. We love her dearly and she is fond of us. She takes care of us all the while and will not let us stray away from her. When she is standing in the jungle, and swaying and rocking from side to side, as elephants love to do, we stand by her and rock and sway, too. We like to imitate her for a while; then we go off a little way and play games.

Usually a mother elephant has only one baby at a time; but when there are two, the two babies have fine fun together.

Shall I tell you our names? My brother's name is *Umboko,* and it means "trunk of an elephant." My name is *Upondo*—this means "an elephant's tusk." Quite nice names, do you not think so?

I will tell you a little story about Umboko and me.

Once when we were very small, Mother was walking along with us when we came to a spruit—a spruit is a stream of water.

Mother walked right into the water, as she wanted to cross and go up the bank on the other side of the spruit. Then she stood still in the water and looked back to see if Umboko and I were coming along.

But we were not coming. We were still standing by the water's edge. We were afraid to step into it.

Mother walked out on to the other bank, and stood looking at us, and nodding her big head up and down. She was coaxing us to follow her, but we were too much afraid. We shook our little heads, and we waved our little trunks, and we stamped with our feet. We would not move; so she came back. She came close to us, and put her big trunk round Umboko, and lifted him off the ground. She was going to carry him across the spruit.

Umboko took hold of Mother's big ear with his little trunk and held on tight, tight. Then Mother carried him into the water and across the spruit. She put him down gently on the other bank of the stream, and came back for me.

I knew Mother was going to carry me across, too, and I was still so frightened that I started to run away, down one of the narrow, sandy, jungle paths.

But Mother put out her long, gentle trunk and caught me by my tail, and stopped me. Then she picked me up, too, and carried me across the water, and put me down beside Umboko.

Then I was glad that Mother had carried me across, and Umboko and I began to play ball together.

Did you know that elephants make a big ball of mud and clay, and roll it about and have a great game with it in the jungle? They roll it with their feet, and they push it with their coiled-up trunks. They certainly do enjoy their game of jungle ball.

When Umboko and I became tired of playing ball, we went to a rather high part of the bank. Here was a large boulder which was steep and very slippery.

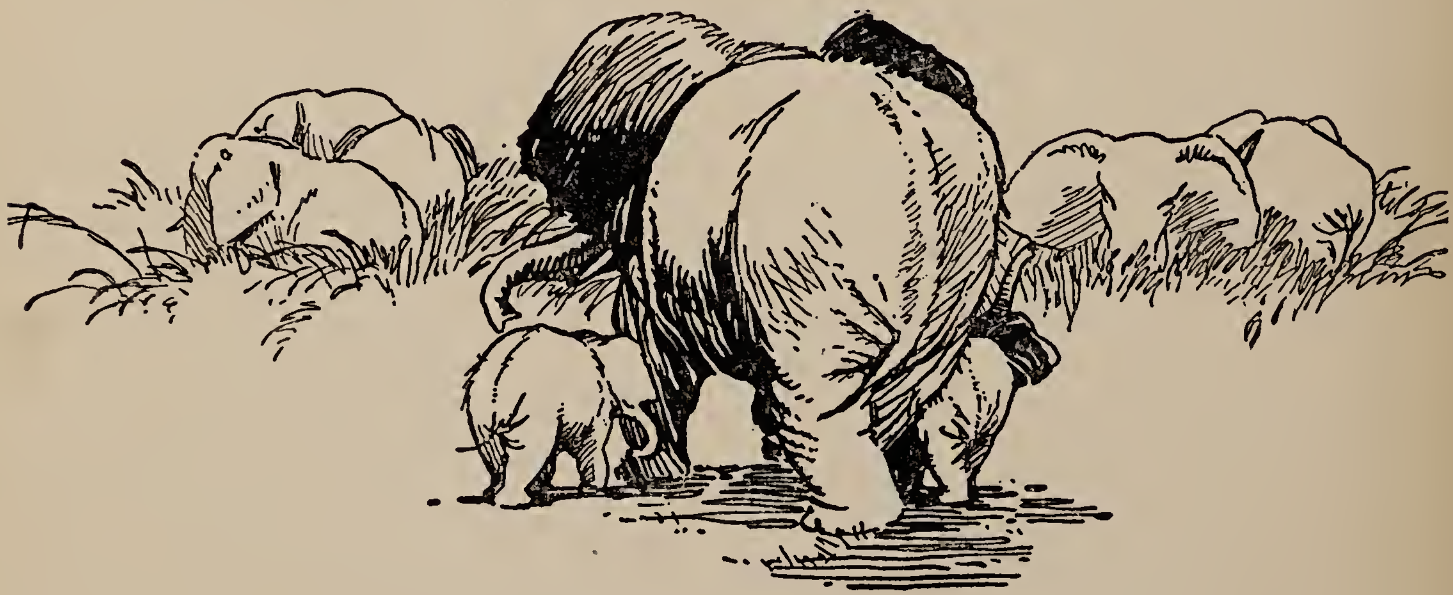
This sloping, slippery boulder had been used for a great many years by elephants as a slide down into the water; so we got on top, and no sooner were we there than we both went sliding away into the stream.

The boulder was shiny and polished, and we made a big splash when we hit the water. We were frightened at first, but it was great fun, and we soon climbed up again and had another slide.

By this time Mother wanted to join the herd, so we all went off to find them. We saw them beginning to climb a hill. We followed them, but when we got to the hill, Umboko and I were so tired we could hardly begin to climb. We had been playing so much we were quite weary.

Then our kind mother came to our help once more. She came behind me and she put her big head down low, and she pushed me up part of the hill and left me standing there.

Then she went down the hill again to Umboko, and she pushed him up in the same way. So when we got to the top of the hill, we were able to join the herd before they had gone too far off.

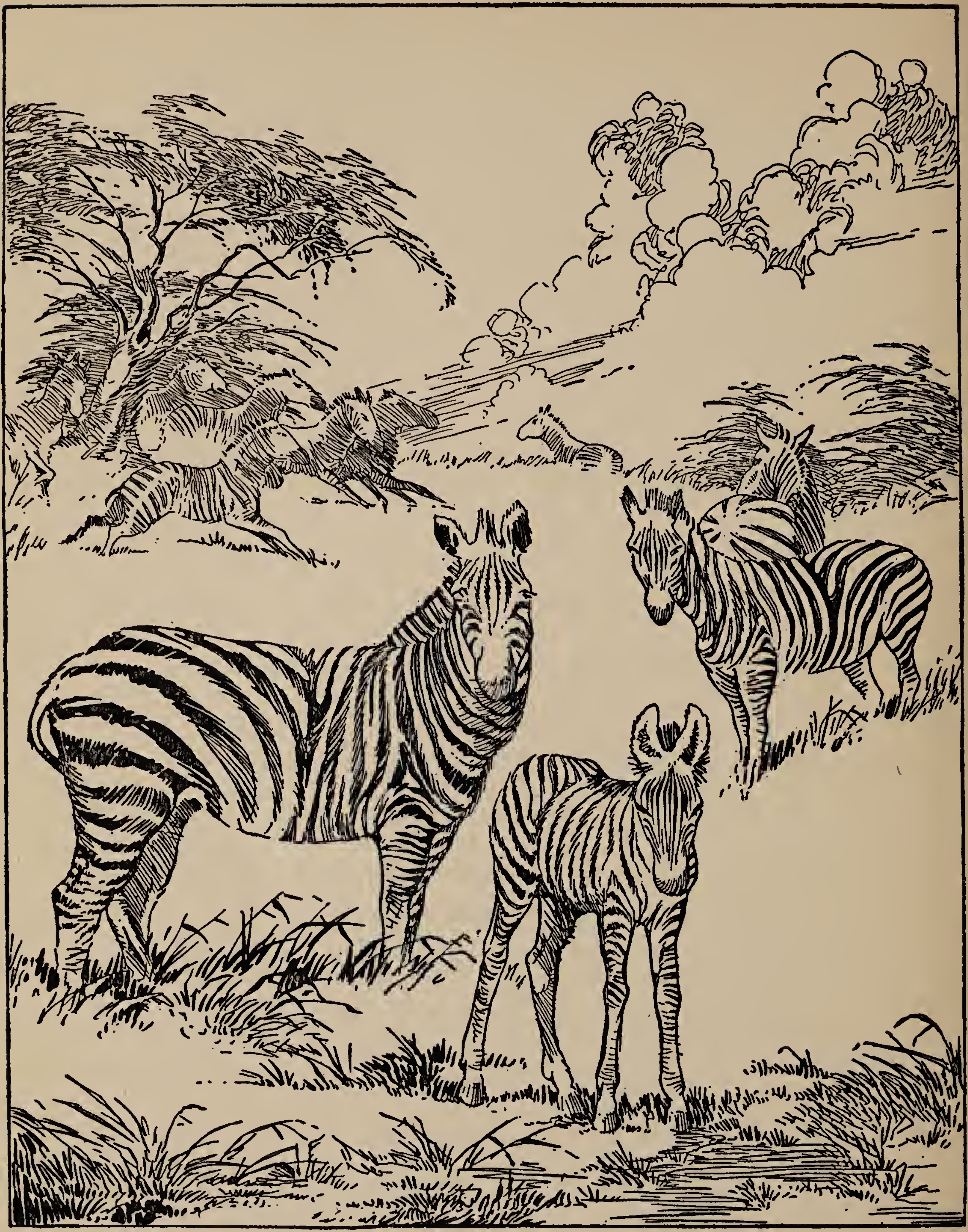


The Elephant Song

In forest cool, in darkened shade,
Where ferns grow green and flowers fade,
The mother elephant loves to hide.
She says to her baby at her side,
"Just a little while we will rest —
It is best.

"By and by we will take the track,
Mind where you tread, and do not crack
Any dry twig, or withered gourd.
Presently we shall come to the ford
Where there is mud at the side of the pool,
So cool.

"There you may tumble, and play, and roll,
Just as you please, at the water hole.
Roll up your trunk if you mean to charge,
And don't choose anything very large.
You are only a baby yet, you see,
Not BIG, like me."



Africa is the only country where you can see the zebra free

The Zebra

WOULD you like to see a most wonderful company of beautiful wild ponies—hundreds and hundreds of them—standing in a solid mass, or drove, on an open plain, and each wearing a coat of a "thunder-and-lightning" pattern?

Would you like to see how the ponies herd the little ones into the middle of the drove, and how the mother ponies stand by to guard them from harm?

Would you like to see the biggest ponies, trotting up and down outside the massed herd, pricking their ears, making little short runs here and there, and thumping on the ground with their fore hoofs?

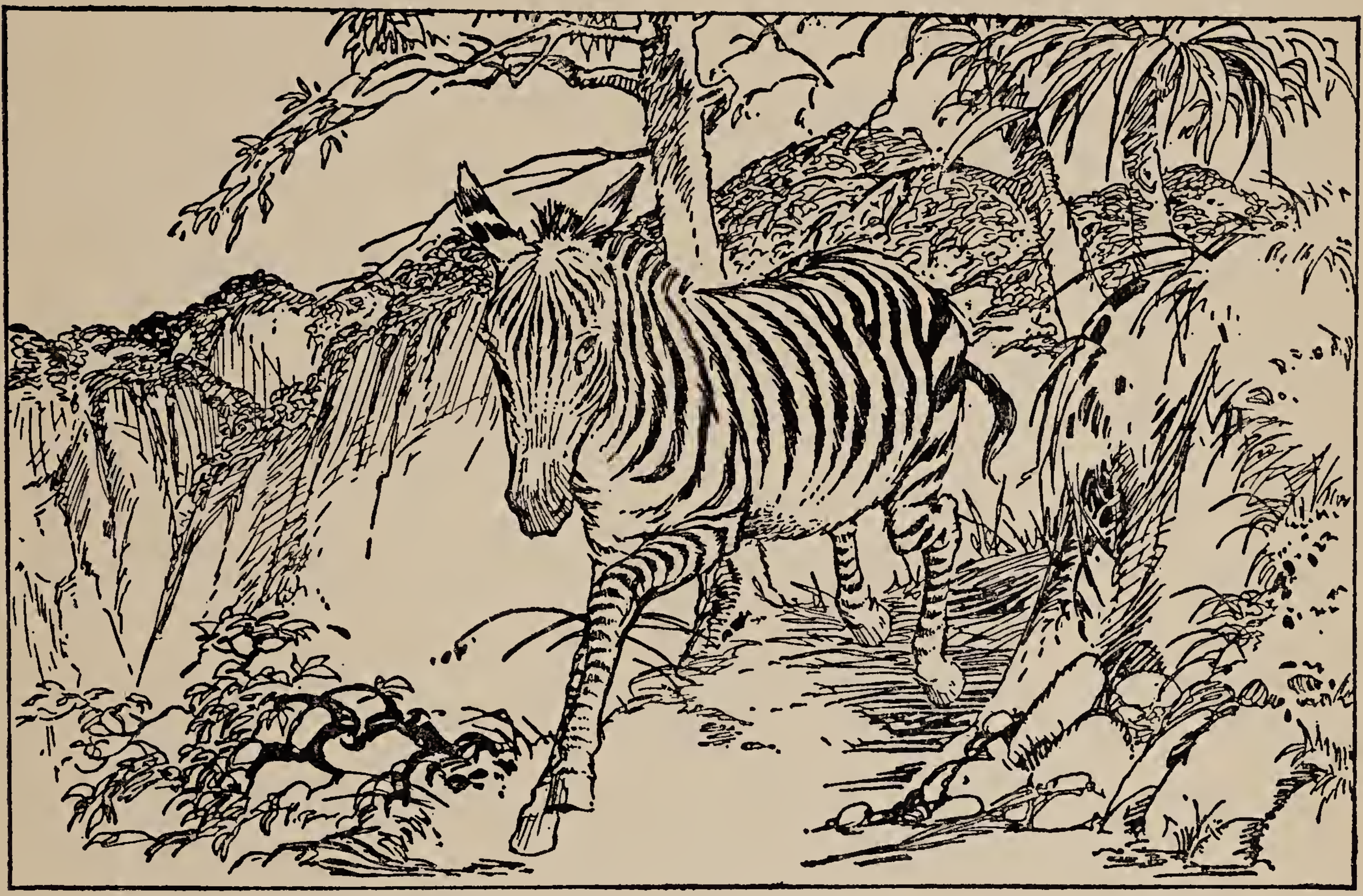
Would you like to see all these strange ponies take alarm at exactly the same time, and start to run across the plain, their thousands of galloping hoofs sounding like thunder, and the earth shaking beneath them?

If you would like to see all this, you will have to come to Africa. For it is the only country in all the world where you can see the zebra, free and in his native home, in herds many hundreds strong.

There are different kinds of zebra, although they are really the same animal with a little difference in size, a little difference in the way their coats are marked and in the shape and size of their ears.

There is the mountain zebra, and the Grant zebra, and the Burchell zebra, and the Grevy zebra. Except for the mountain zebra, they take their names from the men who found they were different from the kinds of zebra already known.

There are some herds of the mountain zebra "preserved" in South Africa, but most of them live in the



The mountain zebras live happy lives among the hills

mountains. They like tall mountains best, ones so difficult for men to climb that the zebras who live up there need not be afraid of being hunted by men for their beautiful coats, that the men may make leather of their firm and strong skins. They live happy lives in the mountains and among the rocky hills of Africa.

The mountain zebra is the smallest of all the zebras. He really looks more like a striped ass than a horse, with his long, narrow ears and his special form.

He has a short mane, and his tail is not quite as fine or long as the tails belonging to the other zebras. The mountain zebra has a most beautiful striped coat; the stripes go all the way down to his heels, but do not quite meet under his body.

A zebra is not always black and white; he may sometimes have deep seal-brown stripes on a cream-colored ground. But whichever coloring he has, he is always beautiful.

There is also a white zebra. One of this type was collected in East Africa a little while ago, and is a very interesting animal. His coat is white, and where, as a general rule, the black stripes would be, there are faint shadow stripes.

He is now in one of the galleries of the British Museum in London, England. When you go to London, pay a visit to the British Museum, and see this zebra.

If you go to Africa you may possibly see a live white zebra if you are fortunate, but they are rare.

A few years ago, you could have seen another kind of zebra running in thousands on the Great Karoo, in South Africa. The great, grassy plains of the Karoo and of the Orange Free State were the home of that special kind of zebra called the *quagga.*

The quagga was the zebra which was only partly marked. His head and back were banded, but he was not striped as the present-day zebras are striped.

The ears of the quagga were short, and his head was small. He was a peaceful creature, and he used to come from his mountains and plains to join the herds and droves of cattle belonging to the Dutch settlers. He would feed with the cattle, and the Dutchmen were always pleased to see him join their herds.

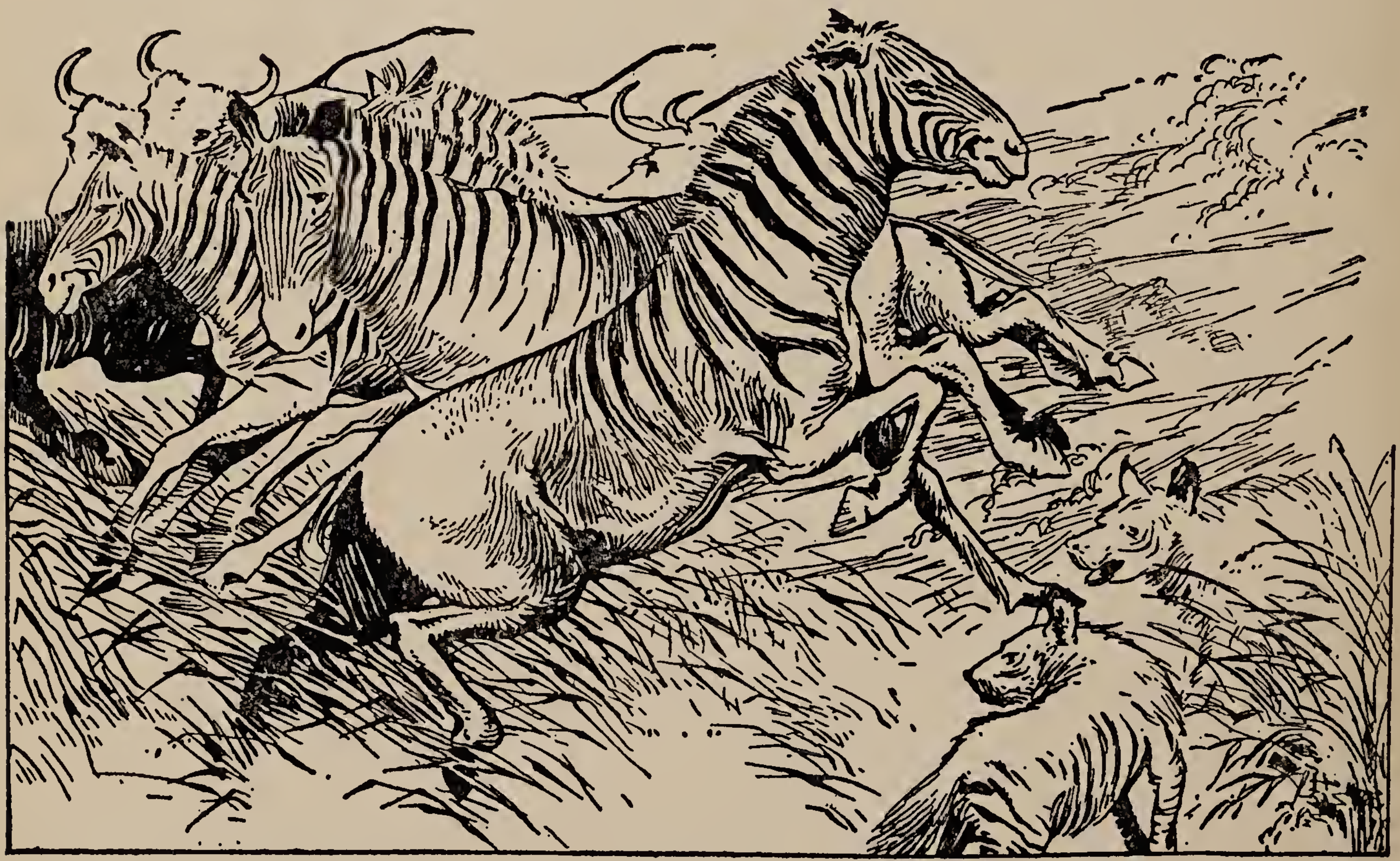
In days gone by there were many more wild animals living in South Africa than there are today.

There were a great many more hyenas, and jackals; and the hyenas were a very great trouble to the Dutchmen. They would come from far and near, in packs and singly, and walk boldly up to the *kraals* and to the cattle pens, and wherever the Dutchman's flocks were feeding.

In among the tame animals there would be sure to be some quaggas feeding quietly with the rest. The hyenas would slip in among the cattle, and perhaps would begin an attack upon them. The watchful quaggas would see and smell the hyenas, and they would begin an attack on their own account.

The quaggas would run at the hyenas, hunting them out of the herd, beating at them with their powerful hoofs, and sometimes even killing them

Of course this was very useful to the Dutch. But although the quagga was so gentle, quiet, and useful,



The quaggas would begin an attack on the hyenas so many people shot him that in time all the useful quaggas were killed.

There are supposed to be no true quaggas left alive in Africa now. Men found out that he was good to eat, and that his hide made good leather. The Dutch people would make the leather into saddles and bridles for their horses, and straps for their ox wagons. So the poor quagga was hunted and hunted.

What happened years ago to the quagga is going in time to happen again. It will happen to the beautiful giraffe, to the lovely and gentle cheetah, to the great rhinoceros, and in time, even to the elephant. Unless they are very strictly preserved, presently there will be no more of these beautiful and wonderful animals. And that will be a great pity.

It would be a good plan if people were allowed only to take photographs of these creatures, instead of killing them. Then, if at any time some of them became too numerous, a certain number of animals could be "collected."

In a part of Africa called the Congo, there is a tribe of natives who collect the teeth of the zebra and make them into necklaces. They wear these necklaces, and they do something else with the teeth which we might not think quite such a pretty fashion. They make a hole in their upper lip, choose a specially fine zebra tooth, and wear the tooth in the hole in their lip. They think that this is being very fine and fashionable.

The zebra has had many names. Hundreds of years ago the emperors of other countries used to send their servants and men to Africa to collect and bring back with them an animal which they called the *hippo-tigris,* because they thought he looked like both the horse and the tiger. You know that *hippo* means a horse, don't you? Well, *tigris* means a tiger, and the *hippo-tigris* was the zebra. "Tiger-horse" was quite a good name for him, don't you think so?

The zebra is not a very strong animal. Sometimes people wonder why he is not used in Africa to carry loads, but the ordinary native black man or woman can carry a heavy load farther than a zebra could.

Up in East Africa, however, the Grevy zebra, the largest of its kind, is being taught to be useful to the settlers on their farms. It is being found out that this kind of zebra is far more useful than the ordinary kind, and he is being tamed and put to work.

This is very fine, because the zebra will live and thrive in the parts of Africa where horses, and very often oxen, too, get sick and die.

There are different kinds of animal sickness in Africa, and the settler never knows when one or all of his work animals will have a particular kind of illness and never get well again.

This is very hard for the settler, for he has no one then to labor on his farm as the work animals do. The native "boys" are often very good, but you cannot harness them to an ox cart and drive them many miles through a forest track.

So if the Grevy zebra can be trained to be useful to the African farmer, it will be a great help to him.

It is very interesting to make a cover by some big lake in the wilds of Africa, and wait there all night long. You will hear the animals coming down to drink at the lake, and if it is moonlight, you will be able to see some of them.

And very often through the velvet darkness, if you listen carefully, you will hear the zebras barking as they come down to the lake. If there is much barking, you may hope to see a lion coming to drink later on; for the zebra is the favorite food of the lion, after the donkey.

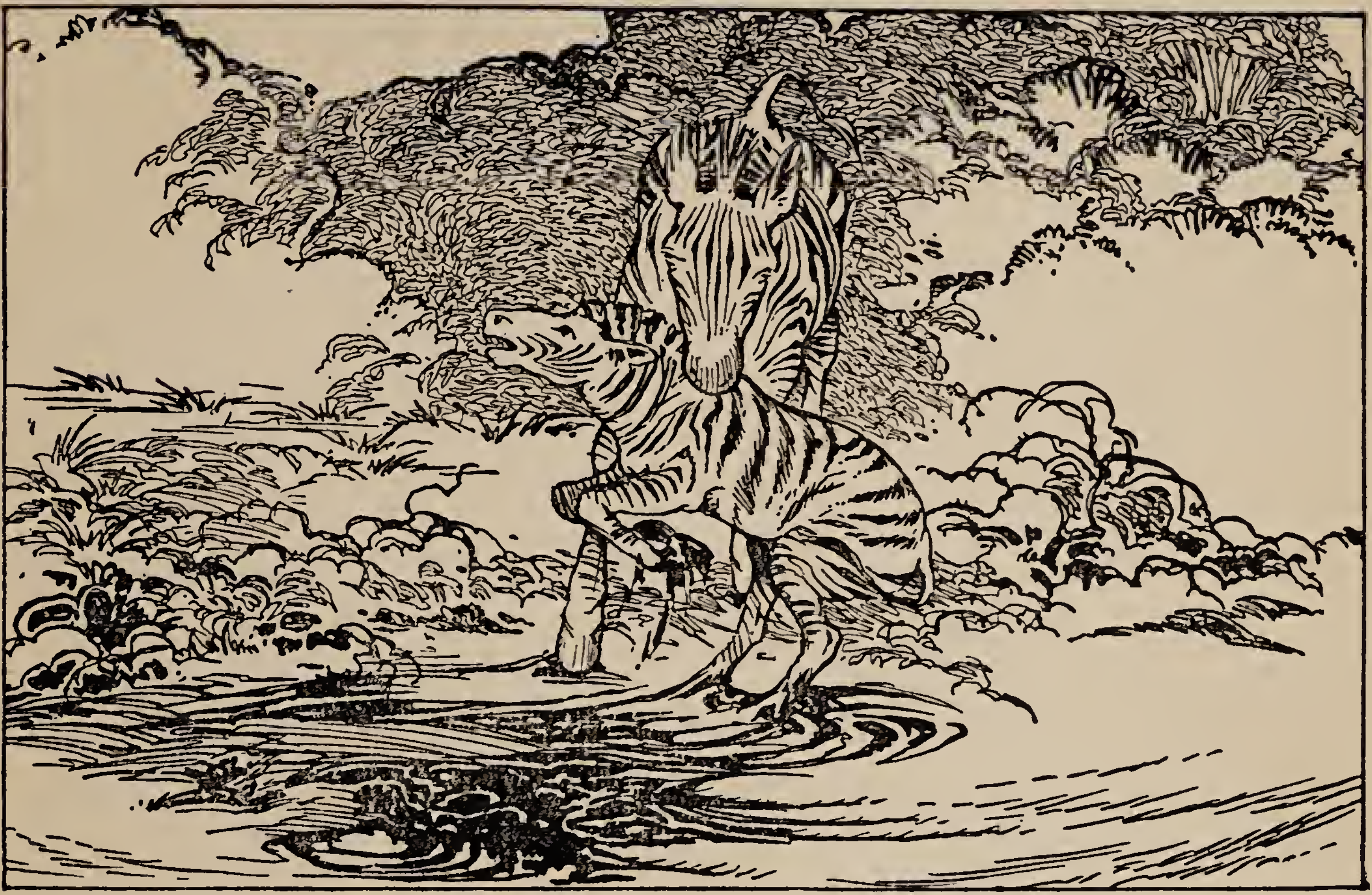
If, after you have heard the barking, you hear presently the deep, rolling roar of the lion, you may be sure that the lion will have zebra for supper.

Would you like a little story about a baby zebra?

Once upon a time a mother zebra had a little son who was a very tiresome, wilful little zebra. Generally a baby zebra likes to stay with his mother, but this little zebra was always running away by himself, in order to find out something new or to play with other babies of the zebra herd.

He was always getting into trouble of some kind. Once he ventured too far into the soft clinging mud at the edge of a water hole, and there he stuck—fast! His little feet were held tight, and when he found he could not move, he sent out a call for his mother.

She came galloping up to the water hole and, stepping very carefully, she took hold of her baby son by



She took hold of her son by the back of his neck

the back of his neck with her teeth, and drew him out of the mud.

He did not like this because her teeth gave him a sharp pinch. You might think this would be a lesson to the little zebra to stay with his mother, and not run away by himself, but, oh dear me, no! Not at all!

The very next day he was off again. This time he followed a game trail, or sandy track, through the trees and grass of the bush veld.

He went jumping along merrily, when he saw on the sandy pathway before him a queer-looking thing, like a speckled rope.

He went close and was just about to make a dab at it with one of his forefeet, when there came a rattle of hoofs behind him, and his mother galloped up the trail.

She saw the speckled rope at once, and without waiting a moment, she put down her pretty head, and running at her naughty little son, she pushed him away from the speckled rope, which was not a rope at all but a big puff adder.

Another moment, and the little zebra would never have been disobedient again, for he would have been bitten by the dangerous snake. Then there would have been no little zebra to go back to the herd with his mother.

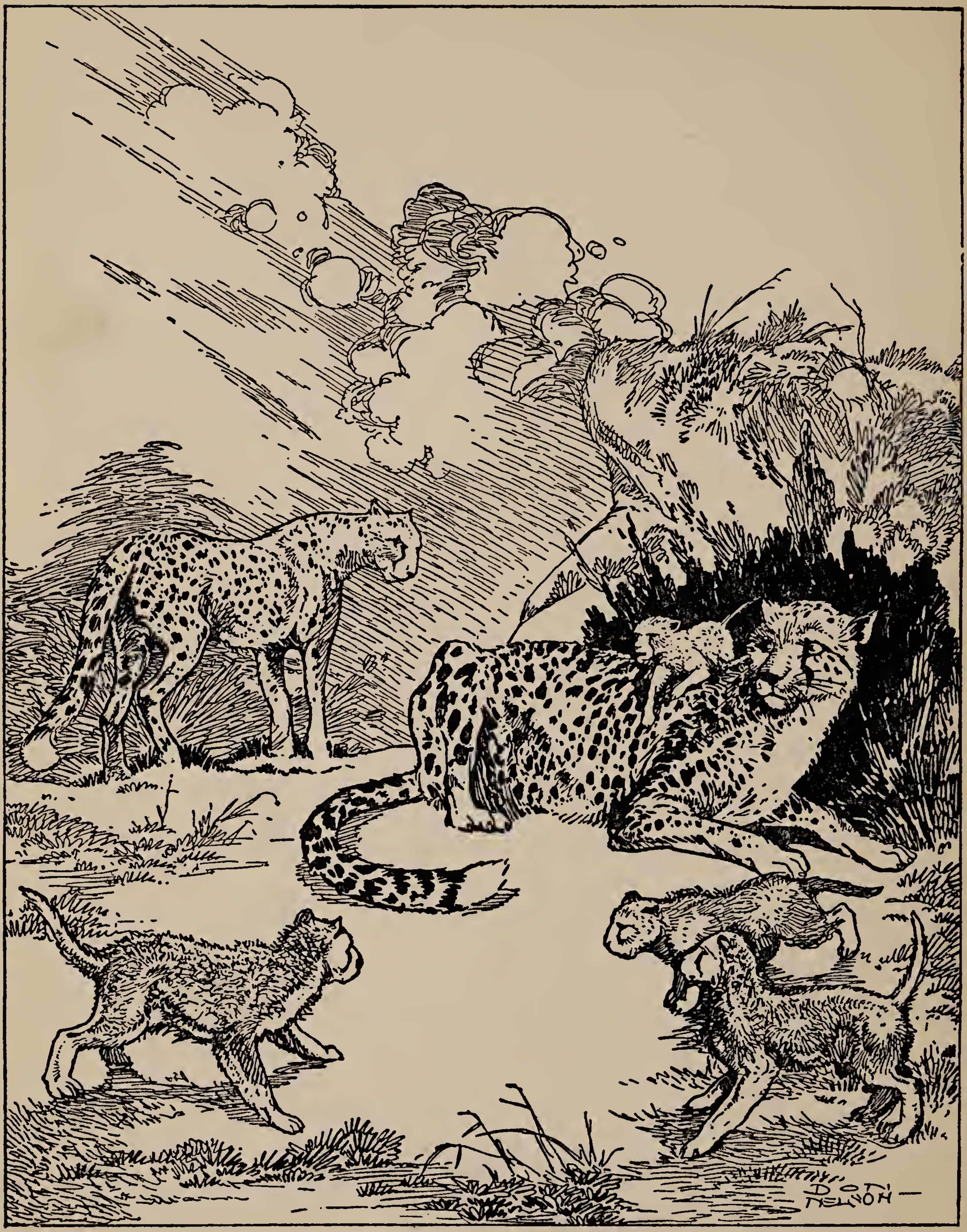
This time he was really frightened; for his mother made him understand he must never go near anything which looked like a speckled rope. It was a good lesson to him, and for the future he remained with his mother and became quite a well-behaved little zebra.

The "Yap, Yap, Yap" of the Zebra's Bark

When the night wind, stirring, ripples the lake,
Just when the dawn is beginning to break,
Away through the dark
You may hear, if you hark,
The "yap, yap, yap" of the zebra's bark.

Over the wrinkled and rocky ridge,
Where monkeys swing on a nature bridge,
The song of the lark
Is mingling—hark—
With the "yap, yap, yap" of the zebra's bark.

When the sun is high in a cloudless sky,
And Africa's ponies go galloping by,
While their beauty we mark,
We listen—and hark
To the "yap, yap, yap" of the zebra's bark.



Every day Mother gives us a lesson in tail-pouncing

The Cheetah

I JUST now thought I heard a child say, "This is a leopard"; but he did not guess right.

I am not a leopard, though you may think I look like one. The leopard is a cat, and so is the lion; but we are not cats, and we are not true dogs, either.

We are what is called the link between the cat and dog tribes. This makes us very interesting; we are interesting in many other ways, too.

We have the body of a dog, and we have a cat's head and ears. We have feet like a dog, but we have a cat's tail. We have the long legs of a dog, but we purr like a cat. We have coarse hair like a dog, and we run after our prey like a dog.

There are not many cheetahs left in Africa now, so many men have run them down on horseback and shot them for their beautiful coats. In past years there were a great many cheetahs, but now they have been driven into the high plains of Central Africa, and even there a hunter may search for a long time before he finds one of them.

Everything about a cheetah is beautiful and graceful, from his head to the end of his grand, curved tail. It is a very long tail, more than half the length of the head and body. It has a fine, white, furry tip to it, and we are ever so careful about the way we carry it. We carry it very proudly and never by any chance let it touch the ground. It curves upward in the most beautiful manner, and is very thick and furry. It is the best tail of its kind in all Africa!

Mother uses her tail to teach us to be quick in catching swiftly moving things.

THE CHEETAH

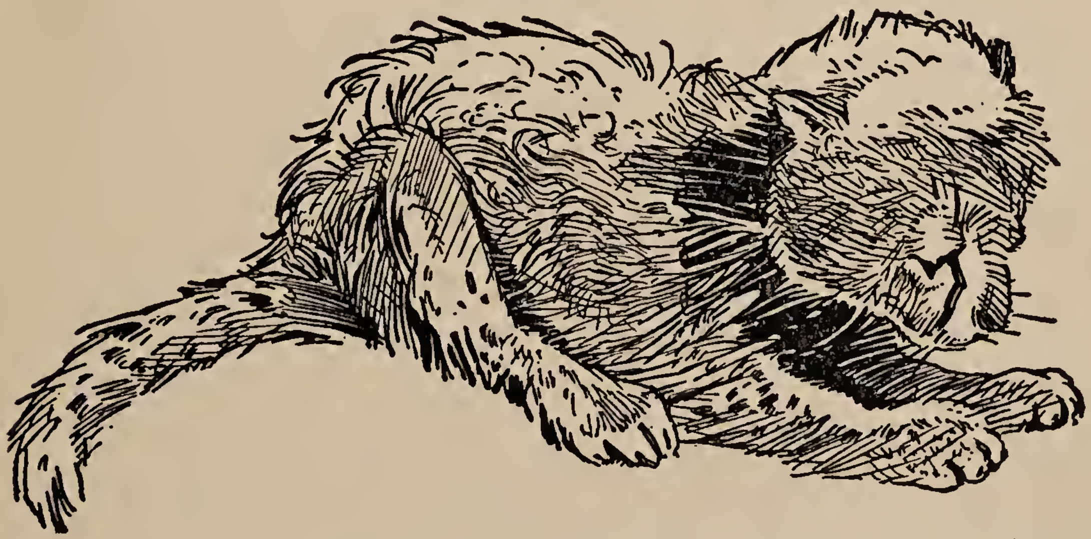
We are four small cheetahs, with a mother and father. And every day Mother gives us a lesson in pouncing.

She will lie on the warm rocks and purr to us, and her white tail tip will lie quite still.

Then sometimes she will say, "Children! Tail-pounce time!"—and we will all stop playing and jumping about.

Then she will flick her tail to another part of the smooth rock, and we will all try to pounce on it. But the white tail tip is never there when we jump; it is always somewhere else.

We have a beautiful coat. It is marked with black



A cheetah baby makes a charming pet

spots over a red and yellow ground. The spots look like velvet, and they are smallest on our head and largest on our tail.

We also have a beautiful white waistcoat, and there are two black lines on our face going up from our nose. Only the cheetah has these special lines.

Including our tail, we grow to the length of about seven feet. Our tail is sometimes more than thirty inches long, and we stand about thirty-two inches high. We cheetahs run down small antelope and hares, and we can even catch birds, we are so quick.

A cheetah baby makes a funny, and a charming, little pet. When we are brought up on a farm, we become very tame and we grow very fond of our master, if he is kind and good to us.

In Africa a porch is called a "stoop." We cheetah pets like to lie on the stoop.

Sometimes our master will take us out with him when he goes to hunt for something for his dinner. Perhaps it will be a large hare, or it may be a small antelope. He does not make up his mind, as a rule, what he is going to get.

Of course, you will find fewer and fewer settlers hunting with cheetahs every year, but where there is a farmer lucky enough to have one for a pet, he will certainly take it hunting with him.

If our master sees something really big, he will shoot, and there is our dinner. But it is not always necessary for him to shoot when he has us with him.

An antelope may spring up from behind a bush; then, quicker than our master can shoot, and swifter than any horse can run, we race after it and catch it before it has run many yards.

Then we stand by it until our master has galloped up and swung himself off his horse. He will pick up the antelope, throw it over the horse, and start off home again to skin it, and give it to the cook to prepare for dinner.

But he will give us some of the antelope to eat at once, because if it had not been for us, he might still be out on the veld, riding in search of food.

Sometimes our master will tell one of the black boys, his servants, to brush our hairy coat and make it look neat again after our run. Then he will let us come up and lie on the stoop to rest and cool off. He likes to have us lie there, and *we,* too, like to lie there very much indeed. I will tell you why.

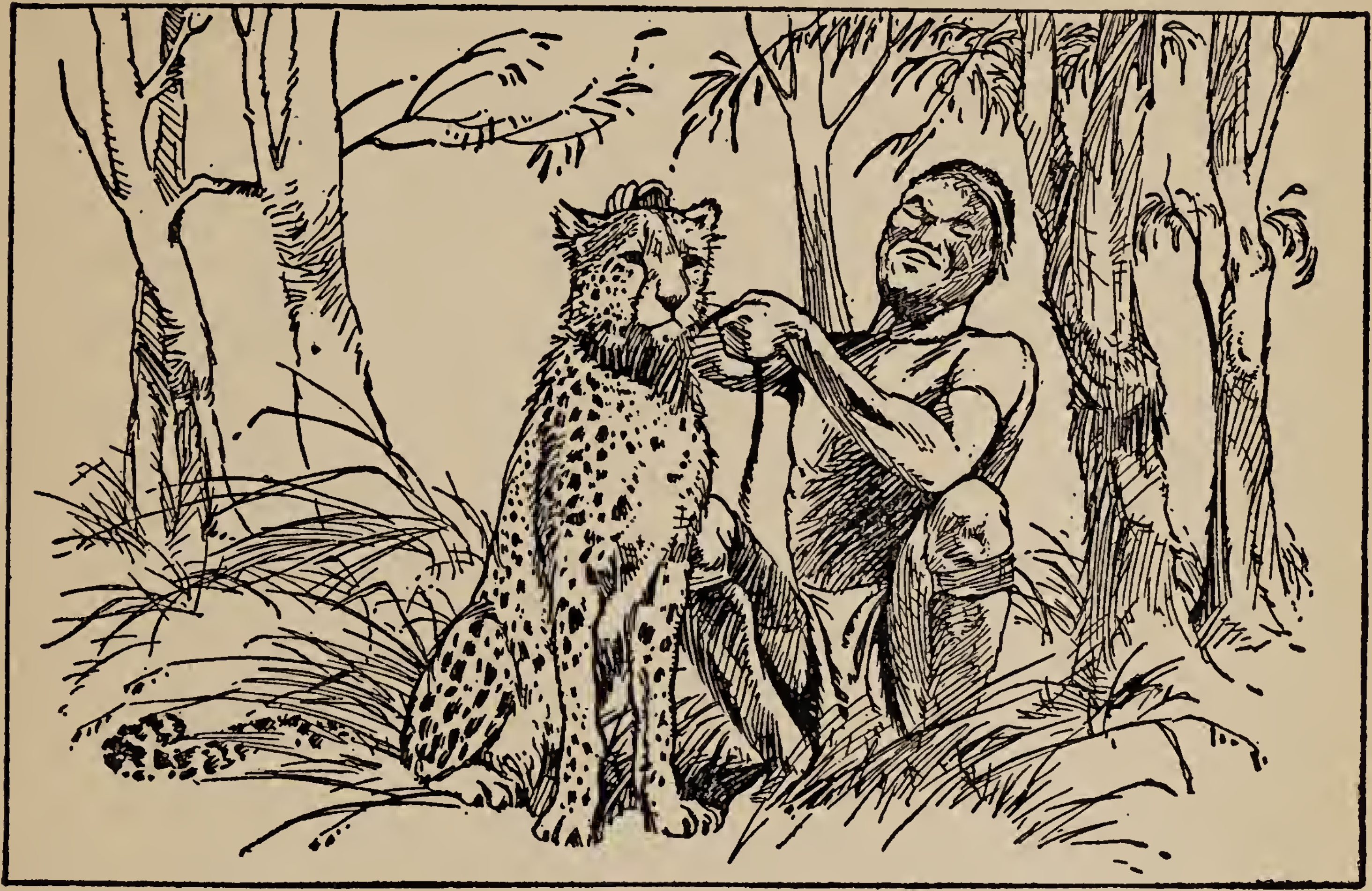
In Africa a white man will generally have a fine, deep stoop to his house. Sometimes the stoop will be built all the way around the house. On this deep stoop he will have a great many beautiful ferns and plants growing in pots and boxes and in large square tins.

To make the ferns grow very thick, wide, and tall, he has to keep them well watered. In very hot weather he will have them sprinkled with water two or three times a day. If he did not, the ferns would die in the great heat of Africa. They look most beautiful when they have been sprinkled and the drops of water are hanging from the tips of the fern fronds.

Now when the frogs find out that there is a quiet, cool, damp home for them among the ferns, a great many of them come to live in it.

They hop on to the stoop during the nighttime; they hop over the flooring, and they hide themselves among the cool, damp ferns and other plants.

That is why we cheetahs like to lie on the stoop. We



One of the black boys will brush our coat

get up very gently and quietly, and before Mr. Frog knows what has happened to him, we have scooped him out from under the ferns and eaten him up. We are very fond of nice little frogs to eat, and this is a good thing, because our master does not want too many frogs on his stoop.

He would not mind them at all, if they would only stay on the stoop among the ferns, but they will not always stay there. When evening comes the frogs go out for a walk, and many of them will march right over the front doorstep into the house and hide. They hide behind boxes and chairs; they creep under the piano, and hide behind the doors. Then they will begin to sing their night song; they croak and croak and the master has to find out where they are and chase them onto the stoop again.

That is why he is glad to allow his cheetah pets to lie on the stoop, and to catch all the frogs they can. He will praise them for it, and stroke them, and they will purr like beautiful tame cats.

Would you like a little story about a cheetah?

One evening a white woman, who was a huntress, was alone in her tent in the wilds of Africa, and her pet cheetah was lying on the ground beside her cot.

She was not asleep, because some hyenas had been singing their song around the camp, and no one can sleep when a band of hyenas choose to give a concert.

Presently she heard a soft rustle at the doorway of the tent. She sat up at once, very quietly, and she snapped on her electric torch. There in the doorway stood a large, black-backed jackal!

A jackal is an animal a bit like a coyote, but larger.

The huntress had no time to do or say anything at all; for the cheetah had seen the jackal standing in the doorway of the tent, and he had jumped to his feet and made a quick dash at it. The jackal got only a very little way before the cheetah caught him, gave him a good shaking, and brought him back to the tent.

The huntress praised the cheetah, and stroked and petted him. Then she called one of the boys of the camp, and told him to skin the jackal and give the meat to the cheetah. Afterwards she had the jackal skin "cured." It was very pretty, and she used it as a small rug in her tent.

The Cheetah Song

The cheetah is Africa's beauty,
The cheetah, the settler's pride,
As through the dark dawn,
Ere the daylight is born,
As comrades, they hunt side by side.

See there! where they crouch in the red grass,
The man feels the cheetah's quick strain;
But with hand on his neck
He will hold him in check
Till the sunlight rolls out on the plain.

Ah, then comes the rush, the quick coursing;
The bush buck has sped his last race;
For there is none fleeter
Than Africa's cheetah,
Who outstrips them all in the chase.